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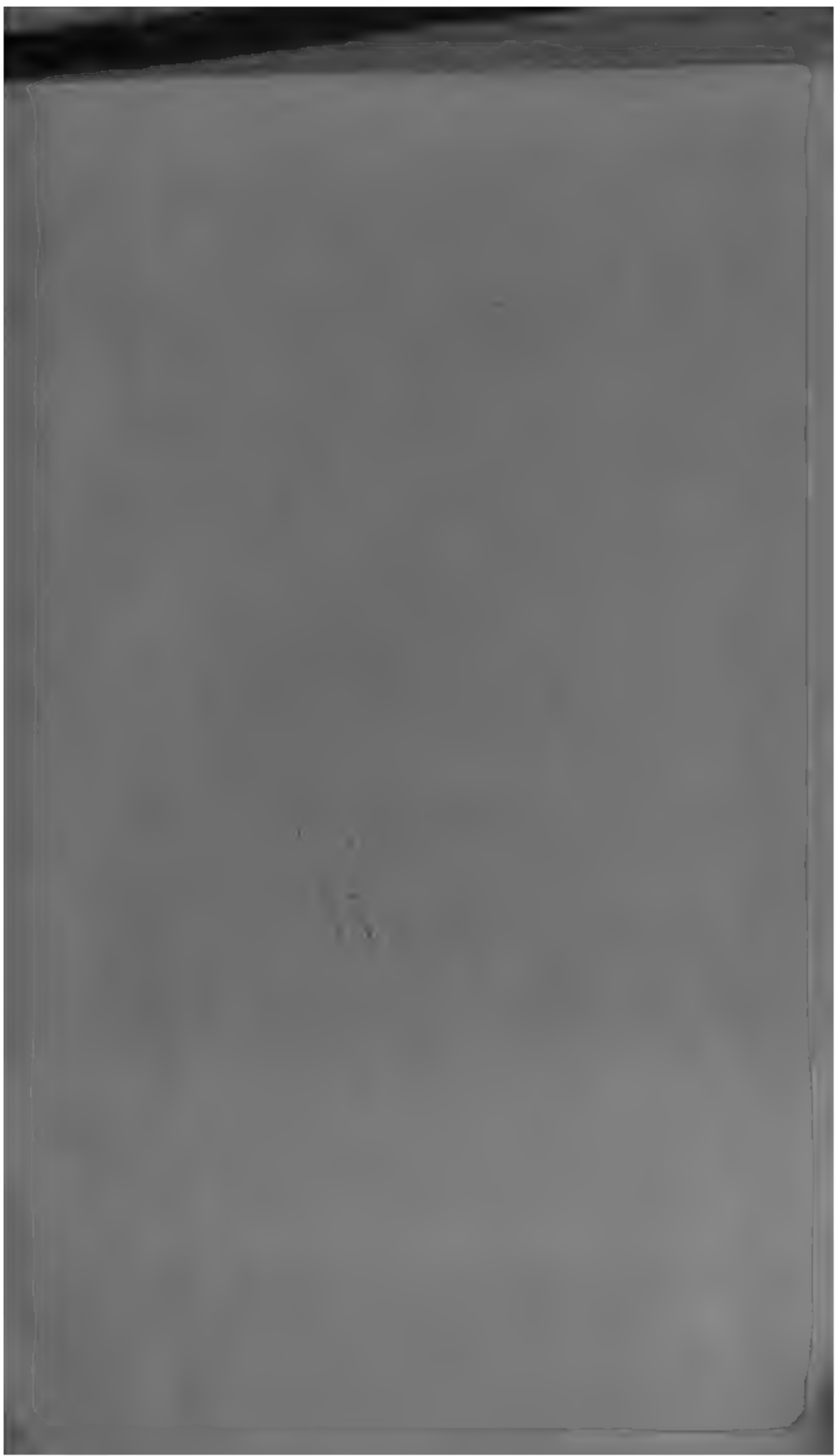


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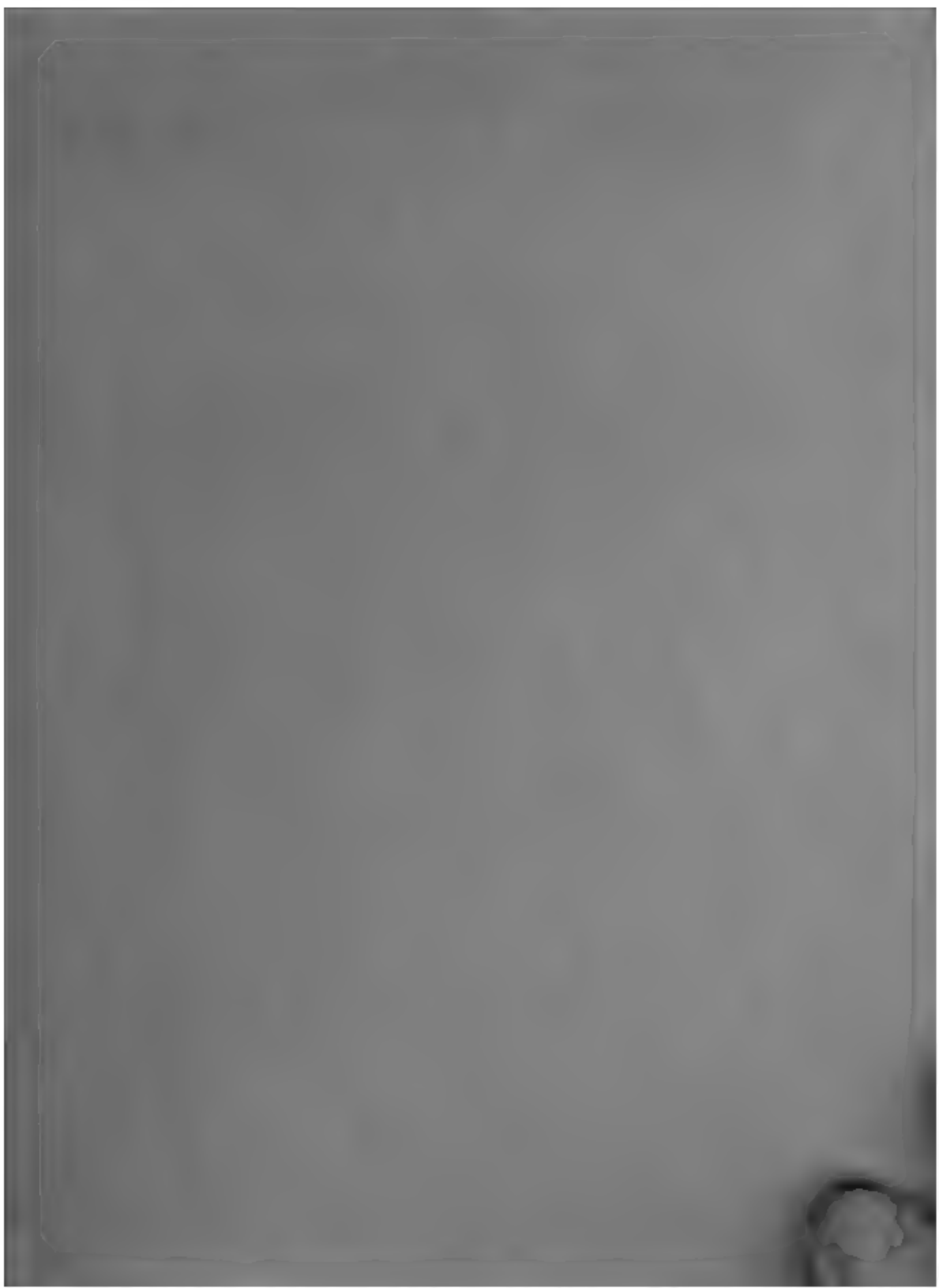
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THE ECLECTIC.

JANUARY, 1861.

I.

THE REFORMERS AND THEIR OPPONENTS.*

IN all epochs of transition and reform, we must expect to meet with much that is inconsistent. During violent reactions from past errors, men find it difficult to keep from excess, and moderation seldom comes till the victory is achieved.

There is usually a mixture of folly and evil in most movements, however praiseworthy in themselves, which makes what is good too often an offence to feeble minds, "who want human actions and characters to be riddled through the sieve of their own ideas before they can accord their admiration or sympathy." Yet God's heroes are not as man's heroes; nor would they satisfy the modern demand for ideal men, whose dogmas are to be exact in every iota, whose feelings are to be refined to maudlin effeminacy, and whose actions are always to be irreproachably graceful. Not moulded on such a conventional type were stormy Luther and rude John Bunyan—men who stemmed the torrent of this world's errors, like rough boulders cast into the bed of the foaming stream, not hewn by mortal hands, but torn in convulsive throes from their foundations in the mountains.

It may be very satisfactory for the amiable amongst us to suppose that the characters of Christian men are always to be

* I. *Lettres de Jean Calvin. Recueillies pour la première fois, et publiées d'après les Manuscrits originaux.* Par Jules Bonnet. 2 tomes.

II. *Des Lebens Calvin.* Hambourg.

III. *Leaders of the Reformation.* (New and enlarged edition.) Dr. Tulloch.

IV. *Etudes sur la Renaissance. Erasme. Thomas Morus. Melancthon.* Par D. Nisard.

V. *Michel Servet. La doctrine philosophique et religieuse. Giordano Bruno, et la philosophie au seizième siècle.* Emile Laisset.

VI. *Michael Servetus, und seine Vorgänger.* Heidelberg.

VII. *Jordano Bruno.* M. Christian Bartholmess.

universally esteemed, but "the blessed work of helping the world forward, happily does not wait to be done by perfect men," and a careful study of the history of the past may cure us of Pelagian heresy.

To understand the inconsistencies and errors in the lives of such men as Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Erasmus, Thomas More, or Cranmer, we must endeavour to form a clear idea of the confusion and tumult of the times in which they lived. Let us remember, that in the earlier years of the sixteenth century, Europe had been devastated by war, and decimated by the plague. After the discoveries of Columbus, the minds of many were intoxicated with the love of novelty and adventure. Science and philosophy, which had so long been confined to dungeons and cloisters, were ready once more to spread their treasures before the inquiring eyes of men. The Renaissance, with its handmaid, printing, was reviving the classical wisdom of antiquity. The false Aristotle was dethroned in favour of the real. The Neo-Platonist made way for the true Plato, and new thoughts were suggested to the minds of the most ignorant, which violently clashed with the opinions of the Middle Ages. And while the Renaissance was unlocking the libraries of antiquity, the Reformation carried men back to the scenes of primitive Christianity. Ignorance and pedantry had hitherto been impervious to all advances: but the Reformation dispelled the clouds, and disengaged Religion from the meshes of Philosophy.

On the one side, was a real and healthy creed, boldly measuring its strength with worn-out formulas and old abuses, whilst, on the other, were the scholasticism and ignorance of Eastern Europe contending against the light of genius from Italy.

Calm and peace-loving men, whose hearts had never been disturbed by the violence of political passions, and never affected by selfish considerations, now felt themselves stirred to the innermost depths of their being by the new and startling questions which were discussed around them. "How to do one's duty?" "How to serve God?"—these were the questions which absorbed the hearts and reasons of mankind.

There was confusion everywhere, peace nowhere—men of opposite characters and different principles were drawn into the strife.

Giordano Bruno lived like a pilgrim, and sought his home from land to land. Michael Servetus, flying sometimes to a place of concealment, and sometimes braving the most imminent perils, travelled onwards to his inevitable fate. Philip Schwætzerd (whom Reuchlin had playfully named by the more euphonious Greek equivalent, Melancthon,) was retiring in disposition and

devoted to study, having neither the temper nor the capacity which fitted him for a religious reformer. But conscience would not let him be neutral. He was torn from the retirement of Wittenburg, to fight side by side with vehement Luther. Erasmus was weak and sickly, having a little body, which (as he said in one of his letters) lodged a spirit always ready to make its escape. He shuddered at every draught of air; he was hysterical as a woman. He loved rest, and hated dissension. But see him thrown prominently forward into the midst of the contest, and impelled, against his will, to perpetual activity. Sir Thomas More jests with his children in private life, and luxuriates in the pure domestic pleasures of his Chelsea home; whilst in his public life he is the favourite of the King, and the cynosure for envious and admiring eyes. But lift the curtain, and behold him in the secret hours of the night, plying the bloody scourge, and burning the midnight oil; agonized with doubt, and endeavouring through weary vigils to reconcile reverence for the Church with belief in the Truth; and to infuse new life into the mouldering skeleton of the past.

Such was the chaos which was destined to be the cradle of modern society;—a period of civil and moral war, when every man's hand was forced to be against his brother's.

But it must be remembered that, in all such periods of political and social excitement, human nature will manifest itself in its brightest and darkest contrasts. The virtues and vices of men will appear to stand out in bas-relief—their peculiarities of character displaying themselves with remarkable distinctness. It has been well observed, that religious ideas once set afloat in the world, at such a time, have the fate of melodies, which are taken up by all sorts of instruments, some of them so coarse, feeble, or out-of-tune, that people are in danger of crying out that the melodies themselves are detestable.

In one sense, the lives of the heroes of the Reformation remain yet to be written. The Protestant historians, in the spirit of partizanship, have dwelt too exclusively on the bright side of their characters—on their holiness of life, and on their zeal for the truth. They have forgotten that deep spiritual realities are seldom to be learnt by men without bitter wrestling with their own sins and sorrows, and that those who have gained faith and strength to do their duty in this life, will often retain much ignorant prejudice, and much narrow egotism to mar the nobility of their grandest deeds. There is no task more difficult than the attempt to restore in the present, the characters of those persons who have greatly influenced their generations in different stages of the past. The creative faculty of the biographer impels him to bring his

portraits into what painters term "keeping," and in his endeavour to make a satisfactory whole of some sort, he is tempted to sacrifice truth to the artistic beauty of his chiaroscuro. But when we enthrone our own idols, we are forced to be iconoclasts to the images of others.

In such a struggle as that of the Reformation, the main difference between the brave and stalwart men, who were destined to be the pillars of modern society, and those who had no standard higher than mere expediency, consisted in this—that the former had within their own hearts a principle of self-renunciation and self-mastery which raised them above the things of time and sense; and that in all their wrestlings with the ignorance of their times, and the weakness of their erring natures, they were animated by a leading idea of duty, and by a solemn recognition of something to be lived for beyond this world.

Further than this we need not argue. We have unwisely left to Roman Catholic historians the opportunity of removing the "halos from the brows of our saints," because we have forgotten to tone their portraits down to the natural flesh-tints of humanity. Yet, while we are careful to be exact in our statement of facts, and unprejudiced in our estimates of the past, let us remember (with Dr. Tulloch) that that is a "poor and one-sided criticism which delights to expose the inconsistencies" and failings of great men. It is "the basest office a man can fall into," says an old writer, "to make his tongue the whipper of a worthy man. The honest man would rather be a grave to his neighbour's failings than in any way uncurtain them. I care not for his humour who loves to clip the wings of a worthy fame." It has been declared that the bitterness of party-spirit, and the detraction and rancour of religious writers, have done more to bring Christianity into contempt than all the ribald sneers of Voltaire, or the profane paradoxes of Strauss. And, moreover, that is an illogical and contemptible spirit which causes one sect to wink at the vices of its partizans, and to triumph in the faults of its opponents. For as old Jacob Böhmen taught, "Nature did not come into men for the sake of sin, and why should it fall away for the sake of grace?" A Christian is "a man leavened by the Gospel, but only a man still."

Of the truthful historian, as of the philosopher, two qualities are required—those of induction and deduction:—the first, needing the renunciation of all prejudice, and the second, the steady reasoning from facts to sober conclusions. But he will never attain to these principles who is not first guided by Shakespeare's maxim—"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

To read history aright we must interpret it by our own expe-

rience. We must not be content with cold and unsatisfactory surface-pictures ("simulacrams," as Carlyle would call them.) Schiller has remarked what undefinable and overpowering associations will be awakened in our hearts by the mention of old-remembered names. And this saying is never more true than of the heroes of the Reformation. Men of like passions to ourselves, who lived and struggled in one of the most momentous periods of this world's history, we are interested in every episode of their lives, and their strong emotions have uncovered their secret thoughts for our inspection. Do not the characters of those days seem to pass before us like living pictures projected upon the pages of time?

There is the solitary monk at Worms, standing alone in the midst of the "mailed chivalry" of Germany, surrounded by the velvet and ermine of the Electors, and the red robes of the Cardinals. Pale with recent sickness, and emaciated with suffering, he stands uncovered before them, his fiery eyes burning with the intensity of his purpose; whilst one strain is vibrating in his heart—the burden of the old German hymn, "Ein Jester Burg ist unser Gott." Again he appears to us in later years, with wife and children by the fireside, with a flash of humour on his broad Teutonic features, and the lines of thought on his massive brow. The picture shifts, and it is Melancthon—the gentle Philip, with slight youthful figure and studious expression of face, whose portrait Holbein has left us. He has stolen unnoticed into the controversy at Leipsic, where John Von Eyck, with the voice of a crier, and the gestures of a tragic actor, is overwhelming Carlstadt, whose failing memory and increasing irritation render him more and more vulnerable to his attacks. Melancthon comes to the rescue, and furnishes him with an answer to the sophisms of the preacher, who, more of a soldier than a theologian, rudely cries,—“What dost thou here, Philip? Occupy thyself with thy books!”

Or would we change the scene? It is Calvin—the boy at school, with grave severity of manner and strange precocity of intellect, already surnamed "The Accusative" by his companions. Or it is Calvin in his matured manhood, thin and diseased through the austerities of his youth. His keen eyes are sunken in their sockets from want of sleep; his body is weak from over-exertion; but, endowed with the vehemence of his will (the head of the Genevan theocracy,) he interposes his emaciated frame as an invincible barrier to stem the profligacy of the Libertines. Stern and undaunted, the mark for gibes and sneers, and the theme of detracting witticisms, he yet endeavours to crush men into unity.

Speaking generally of the different parties which divided

Christendom at the epoch of the Reformation, we may mention four which presented the most striking characteristics. First, the *Papistical* party, under whose banner were enlisted such different men as the ignorant Jetzel, the fanatical Eyck, and the almost evangelical Staupitz. Secondly, the *Humanists*, or the moderate party, numbering amongst its adherents such men as Erasmus, More, and the knightly Ulrich von Hutten. Thirdly, the *Reformers*, to whom such moderation appeared to be "time-serving," only worthy of cowards; and fourthly, the *Libertines*, or "Free-thinkers," who (following the example of the Beghards, or fanatical "free spirits" of the 13th or 14th centuries,) were ready to propagate pantheistic heresies under the pretence of liberty, and raving of the "superhuman universe" revealed by the pseudo-Dionysius, were anxious to abolish all distinction between the creature and the Creator.

There can be no doubt that Romanists and Protestants vied with each other to repress the blasphemies of these "storm-birds of ill omen," who, in all periods of vehement spiritual or intellectual disturbance, "appear above the dark waves of human thought." Mr. Mill, in his arguments against intolerance, has hastily asserted that those who first broke the "yoke of what called itself the Universal Church, were in general as little willing to permit difference of opinion as that Church itself." But in this severe stricture he has not taken into account the "*respectus humanus*," and the cowardice which often "makes our frail human nature intolerant." The Reformers were in the "predicament of men who found themselves charged with heresy, and that damnable," and in their fear of being confounded with the deniers of their Lord, they were hurried into dangerous extremes. Knowing that the Romanists were on the watch to stigmatize them with heresy, they betrayed an almost morbid anxiety to prove themselves sound in point of doctrine.

It was probably this "excess of fear" (as the deep insight of Coleridge discerned) which led to the thanks offered to Calvin from all the Protestant churches, for his participation in the burning of Michael Servetus. It is remarkable that in the same century, the philosopher Bruno (who might also be ranked with the "Freethinkers,") suffered martyrdom from a decree of the Church of Rome, for the same pantheistic tendency. At this advanced period of civilization, when those who dissent from the established creed are no longer stigmatized and oppressed by the promoters of rational liberty, we naturally shudder when we read the cruel fate of these two unfortunate men, and remember that the genius of the one anticipated Harvey in his discovery of the circulation of the blood, whilst the other was one of the first promulgators of

the Copernican system. But it was long before the freedom of inquiry was permitted to exercise its full effect upon the condition of mankind.

Standing as we do upon the accumulated labours of past generations, let us be slow to conceive contempt for the mistakes of those who, with the heights of truth unscaled before them, were forced to cut their way step by step in the ice of error.

The testimony of history may convince us, that palpable and striking evils are apt to attend the sudden change of religious feeling in an entire people, even where the actual benefit resulting from that change may be permanent and undeniable. Bishop Latimer tells us, that London was "never so full of ill as in his times;" whilst in the earliest stages of Christianity, the Apostle speaks of those who turned the grace of God into wantonness—"mockers, and murmurers against the truth."

With such lawlessness, (certain to result when the "grosser elements" of human nature are disturbed, and the barriers of custom suddenly removed,) the Reformers had to deal.

Among men actuated by the same spirit, and placed amidst the same difficulties, we may expect to find likenesses and differences—points of similarity and points of contrast.

Certain salient peculiarities of character, all the Reformers shared more or less in common. We may instance—

1st. Their strong conviction of duty.

2ndly. Their intensity of purpose.

3rdly. Their truthfulness and plain speaking.

4thly. Their indifference to the world, and occasional melancholy.

1st. *Their strong conviction of duty.*

There is nothing more remarkable in the lives of these men than the fact, that each was animated by a constraining principle—by a power independent of his own will—which impelled him to take a prominent part in the struggle. The self-confident novices of modern times may learn a lesson of humility from the awful feeling of responsibility which caused these men to shrink from the public office of preaching. Often (like John Tauler in the Middle Ages) they would scarcely be able to speak in the agony of their souls. The rough and undisciplined Knox, when called to the office, manifested the deepest sorrow.* Yet they dared not be silent. Once illumined by the Gospel of Christ, they could not hide its

* For an unprejudiced defence of Knox's character and conduct, see "The Men of the Scottish Reformation." Rev. J. S. Smith. Edinburgh: Macphail. The moderate admirers of the Reformer will be glad to see him justified, in this modest little work, from the vehement attacks of Miss Strickland.

light from others, but were forced to let it stream from every unshuttered window of their souls. In vain did Calvin try to draw back. "It was," he says, "as if God had seized me by His awful hand from heaven." In vain did Melancthon seek to hide himself among his books, and (animated by the gentleness of a Fénelon) endeavour to avoid offending men. Neutrality in such a case was impossible. Luther, terrified at the contests which were waging around him, and struggling with the old feelings of monkish obedience, recognized a higher power than his own which regulated events. "God," he writes, "hurries, drives, not to say leads, me. I am not master of myself, and am hurried into tumults." And good, moderate, well-meaning Latimer (the true personification of the conservatism and progressiveness of the English Reformation) fulminates from the pulpit the language of bold irony and biting sarcasm, which at another time he is ready to retract. In the singleness of his simple heart, he tried to reconcile "traditionary respect" with "Scriptural faithfulness." Yet circumstances have marked him out as the thunderer against flagrant abuses, and the boys in the street follow him with the cry—"Have at them, Master Latimer!"

2ndly. *Their intensity of purpose.*

It may be admitted that the vehement resolution which distinguished these men, was occasionally associated with much that the fastidiousness of modern society might stigmatize as narrow or prejudiced. Men who are animated by one intense and leading idea, are apt to connect everything else with it. They adopt a set of opinions which they have proved in their sequestered experience, and outward circumstances have no power to subdue "any angular influence" which they may have contracted. Having been led by their mental conflicts to that wilderness where the "whirlwinds of earthly cares are laid to rest, and the billows of worldly desire have ceased to swell," they forget to judge of others by their past irresolution, rather than by their present certainty. Thus it happens that impatient intolerance, and dogmatism of thought, are often among the inferior qualities which balance great emotions—such faults being occasionally the exaggeration of manly virtues. The intensity and earnestness of the Reformers, were the most suitable weapons with which the barrenness and indifference of their times could be assailed. Wherever they looked around them, they perceived little left of the old religion but the smooth varnish of outward uniformity. Bitter must it have been to have viewed the marred and defiled beauty of the Catholic Church in the mirror of her devoted past; to have reflected how the dead stagnation and cold formalism of the once

saintly Sardis seemed to be bound up in human nature; and to have perceived how godliness had degenerated into the spurious profession of an hereditary creed! If the schemes of the Reformers had been strangled by difficulties in their birth—if, like half-workmen, they had been content to daub the building with untempered mortar—or, if the suggestion of counter-arguments had caused them to sink down to rest, instead of marching on their way—where would have been the Reformation with all its glorious results?

3rdly. *Their truthfulness and plain-speaking.*

There is no “betrayal of trust” like the withholding of truth from mankind. To be true men, (as Whately has remarked,) it is not enough to believe what we maintain, but we must maintain what we believe. Truth may seem to bring danger to its maintainers, but, when proved, all things must be braved for it. Not to undeceive is to deceive. We are bound never to countenance any erroneous opinion, however beneficial may seem to be its results. It was on the recognition of this cardinal principle that the conduct of the Reformers was based. The susceptibility for understanding truth, depends as much on the heart as on the head. The minds of men (previous to the Reformation) had long been prejudiced by the tendency to look to the expedient, whilst the necessity of renouncing private judgment had perverted the power of evidence. But Luther, with his clear conscience and unbiassed reason, soon perceived that the errors of superstition were based upon fundamental falsehoods which were pleasing to fallen humanity; that (for instance) the tendency to interpose saints and angels between men and the All-perfect, was caused by a natural shrinking of erring mortality from approaching the presence of Divinity; that the system of indulgences was engendered by a love of Materialism, and a determination to overlook the spiritual nature of Christianity.* In like manner, the subtle genius of Calvin (or what Woolmar called the “courbure” of his intellect) discerned quickly the hidden causes of these abuses, and stripped off their monstrous disguises; till Erasmus exclaimed at the commencement of his career, “Video magnam pestem oriri in Ecclesia contra Ecclesiam.”

Nor was it wonderful that, in their abhorrence of falsehood and shams, these men should have spoken out in strong and indignant words. The language of Calvin was clear, cutting, and terse. Gifted with a remarkable memory, and a prodigious facility for labour, his earliest writings called forth the admiration of the

* Dr. Tulloch.

learned, while his later ones were distinguished by an excess of logic. "Everybody," he remarked *naïvely* of himself, "is aware that I know how to press an argument, and with what precision and brevity I write." Apparently the habit of abuse, which sometimes disfigured the polemics of Calvin, resulted not so much from intemperance or weakness, as from excessive confidence in his own opinions. In his controversial writings, the memory of the dead is no more revered than the fame of the living. He menaces all possible contradictions of the truth, and is indignant with hypothetical persons. "Now if a man," he says, "were to dispute whether Plato, Aristotle, or Cicero, ever existed, would you not think him worthy of being punished or chastised with rods?" The occasional choler of Luther resulted from another cause. Impetuous natures seldom comprehend the full meaning of self-control, and, by the earnestness of his character, he was sometimes hurried into the passionate language of indignant reproof. In vehement expostulation, not without its grandeur, he exclaims: "Hearest thou, O Pope—not all-holy, but all-sinful—who gave thee power to lift thyself above God? O Lord Christ! hasten Thy last day, and destroy the devil's nest at Rome!" But the sublime verges close to the ridiculous, when we hear the sage Erasmus called that "venomous serpent," or that "amphibolous being." Yet anger, in its truest and holiest form, is one of the Divine perfections. Not to be angry at sin, is to connive at it. Thus John Knox, who in his stern mission bore more than one resemblance to the uncompromising truth of the Baptist's character, would justify his own boldness, saying he had learned "to call wickedness by its own terms—a fig a fig, and a spade a spade."

We need not be ashamed to acknowledge, that the Reformers were strangers to that false refinement of modern society—that supple, "easy-turning" language of the world, which was denounced by the Apostle as much as "foolishness of speech."* Nor need we deny, that while laborious anger was the settled indignation of reason, Luther was liable by constitution to those more passionate agitations which Jeremy Taylor designates as "great but transient angers."

"Scripture," as Dean Trench remarks, "has nothing in common with the stories of absolute condemnation of anger. It inculcates a moderation, not an absolute suppression of the passions: each were given to man that he should do a work with them. . . . Nor can there be a surer and sadder token of an utterly prostrate moral condition than the not being able to be angry with sin."

* Eph. v. 4.

II.

LIFE OF SCHLEIERMACHER.*

SCHLEIERMACHER's claim to remembrance will rest ultimately more upon his eloquence than his scholarship ; but neither of these is the German divine's chief commendation in the pages before us, inasmuch as Schleiermacher, the man, is almost exclusively delineated in Mrs. Rowan's delightful publication. And the man Schleiermacher is sufficiently peculiar in his social and personal development, to make his individual history a narrative of the deepest interest. In no one whose biography we can readily recal, is there so vivid a presentment of the German man and professor, as distinct from the normal Englishman and man of letters. Half of our globe in space, and half a millennium in time, could scarcely produce a more marked contrast than that between the German Platonising Christian,—chatty, communicative, overflowing with self-revelations, and the quiet undemonstrative British scholar and believer, whose characteristic so greatly it is, to refrain "his tongue even from good." Need we say, that from education and habit, the latter claims our sympathy more than the former—that we prefer our insular reserve, which by no means bespeaks internal coldness—but at the same time that we own to more than toleration for the former? Schleiermacher was a loveable man, although so unlike our typical ideal—his weaknesses, foibles, and idiosyncracies, securing for him a place in our affections, which our judgment might refuse to more startling claims. We shall indulge ourselves, at the present writing, with a good-natured laugh at his peculiarities, and perhaps attempt an analysis of his opinions after we have recited the principal facts of his life.

Although most of our readers are familiar with his name, it is not unfair to presume that to many of them his history yet remains to be made known.

Christian Ernst Schleiermacher was born in the year 1768, at Breslau, in Silesia, and died in Berlin in 1834. He belongs on both sides to a Levitical family—his father being of the Reformed (or Calvinistic) Church, chaplain to a regiment in the Prussian service, and his mother, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Stubenrauch, one of the chaplains in ordinary to the king. Sent to school at a very early age, he exhibited readiness at acquisition of learning, rather than strength of memory or understanding. Something of defect may be ascribed to the system of instruction, for what grown

* The Life of Schleiermacher, as unfolded in his Autobiography and Letters. Translated from the German by Frederica Rowan. Two Vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

person will not sympathise with the plaint of the little boy become a man? "In history I could take no interest; I do not know whether it was that the lessons were not given with sufficient animation, but I know that they caused me deadly *ennui*, and that it cost me incredible trouble to retain the chronology of the four monarchies, and the order of succession of the Persian kings." Poor child! many a little English boy and girl are tormented with the same barren discipline, and mourn over the same resultless incapacity.

But, like many other celebrities, Schleiermacher owed his best attainments in childhood to his mother, whom he lost all too soon in his 15th year. She was a model of piety, prudence, affection, and motherliness. Sorely are those to be pitied who lose such a mother, but still more worthy of pity are those who have never known such. They have missed the most efficient help in infancy and youth, and lost the most interesting of the recollections that gild the "gloom of mature years and failing life."

From fourteen to sixteen years of age, young Schleiermacher had the good fortune, as it turned out in after years, to be a pupil in the school of the Herrnhuters, the *pädagogium* of Niesky, in Lusatia. But the immediate effect was to develope most strongly a latent scepticism against their views of Christian doctrine—views of hourly and almost mechanical inculcation in their establishment. His time here was not lost, for in addition to the prescribed studies of the place, he and a young comrade, in leisure hours, with no better help than their own good will and Hederic's Lexicon, fell upon the Greek poets, and devoured in an incredibly short time, Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Pindar. And herein lies the secret of German scholarship—German literary industry. The Hebrew writings were attacked in the same dauntless spirit, and with only an imperfect grammar and dictionary, a conquest made of that language as far as the obscurities of the prophet Ezekiel. These studies and acquisitions, especially those in Greek poetry, are a consolation—"a glorious *solamen*"—for a time; but when the more weighty questions of religious experience and profession pressed themselves upon our hero's attention, they became as the small dust in the balance, and, under the impulse of a profound dislike to the Moravian principles, Schleiermacher left their academy, and entered the University of Halle at nineteen.

At this Seminary he remained two years, contending with poverty, and other unfavourable circumstances. After this we find him three years domesticated with the Count Dohna, as domestic chaplain, and tutor to his son. This engagement gave place in its turn to that of a teacher in a school for teachers at Berlin, which he

held for more than two years, and from that position he drifted into the ministry as assistant to a relative of his own, Pastor Schumann, of Landsberg, who was incapacitated for labour by ill-health. At Landsberg, Schleiermacher cultivated and displayed that talent for preaching so celebrated in after years, which was the lever that raised him into notoriety, and gave at last fit audience to his abilities. His sojourn in that country pastorate terminated in 1796, when he obtained the appointment at Berlin of Preacher to the *Charité*. Six years afterwards, he was removed to Stolpe as Court preacher, but in 1804 was appointed Professor *Extraordinarius* in Halle, and Preacher to the University. In 1806, the wars of the French invasion closed the University, and exposed our Herr Ex-professor to serious inconvenience and distress. His patriotic feelings were more deeply wounded by the prostration of his country, than his personal ones by the pressure of want. In the course of three years, the hope of better times, and the irresistible charms of a clerical friend's young widow, seduced him into matrimony—a grave bachelor of forty-one mating with a buxom bride just twenty years his junior! This event was followed by an appointment in the newly-constituted University of Berlin, a field of labour which he honourably occupied till his decease. In the metropolis, his life was a busy one, for the spirit of the man was cosmopolitan, and he had an infinite capacity for work, which was not allowed to slumber unemployed. The pulpit, the professional chair, the academy of sciences, extensive literary undertakings, participation for a time in the administration of the State, his duties as a member of the Poor-law Directory, and all the claims of social life, made his vocation at Berlin bear resemblance to the speed of the express train—yet, like that train under favourable conditions, there was no confusion, bustle, or hurry. Schleiermacher was able for his Sunday tasks, and was notorious for the collectedness of his spirit, and unfailing self-possession. To mere social enjoyment, he gave much more time than most persons would have been able to spare amid the pressure of such various engagements as hemmed him in on every side. He rarely refused an invitation, and as frequently entertained company in his own house. The very family gathered beneath his roof, his own three children, his wife's two by her former marriage, the child of a half-sister, and one of a deceased friend, must have added considerably to his distractions, while their harbouring under one roof bespoke the genial, social, fatherly nature of the man. But neither these, nor his much-suspected, much-opposed liberal political opinions, were allowed to interfere with the duties of his station, or to impair his efficiency as a servant of the public. He wrote, and published, and lectured, and preached, amid the joys and

sorrows inseparable from the charge of a household, and the advance of years.

In 1828, he paid a flying visit to England, and was the guest of our accomplished Grotes.

In 1831, the Professor was decorated with the Order of the Red Eagle of the third class, which he interpreted as a sign that the favour of the king, of which he had been long deprived, had been restored to him. We regret to see so great a man as our hero, *kotowing* before anything so little worthy of veneration or gratitude as a king who could manufacture liturgies, and yet tear constitutions to pieces, fetter the freedom of the press, and disappoint the honest expectations of his subjects. Our sympathy, we confess, runs far more with the pent-up wrath of a Humboldt, as disclosed in his posthumous letters, than with "the bated breath and whispering humbleness" of the sexagenarian Professor, on whom the miserable gleam of court favour shone so late in life. Any common man, taken out of the herd, could have acted the part of King William as well as that royal personage, and possibly even better; but not one of all the crowned heads in the world could have shuffled, even passably, through the various achievements of a weak, old, slighted plebeian Professor, whose blood indeed was not royal, but whose spirit was more than regal. His honest dislike or contempt for royalty, breaks out in his Scandinavian tour, wherein he declines presentation to the King of Sweden. Mind and matter are placed in the most unfortunate juxtaposition in the throne-room of palaces—their true order inverted—the deference misplaced. The real bows to the seeming, the temporal usurps the palace of the Eternal, the worthy worships the worthless. Yet is there Divine compensation:—

"For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind
Is king of men for a' that!"

But soon after this, our uncrowned king of men was called to lay aside his hardly-earned honours, for he died on the 12th of February, 1834, of acute inflammation of the lungs. His dying words were characteristic of the man:—"I feel constrained to think the profoundest speculative thoughts, and they are to me identical with the deepest religious feelings." "I charge you," says this loving soul, "to greet all my friends, and to tell them how sincerely I have loved them." Two hours before death, he consecrated the elements and administered the communion to his family around his bed, adding at its close,—“In this love and communion we are, and ever will remain, united.” He sank back upon his pillow,

and his eyes closed gradually in death, his spirit passing into the world where kings and commoners are known no longer, and humble faith is the only ground of distinction and passport to bliss.

We confess that we heartily love the man, at the same time that we shall indulge ourselves in the liberty of a laugh or two at his expense. There are certain strange simplicities, harmless vanities, and sentimental follies, that make one stare at their sheer grotesqueness, while, at the same time, we cannot help laughing at the curious associations these displays provoke.

It has already been observed, how early he was troubled with sceptical fancies, writing thus himself of a very juvenile school-boy period:—"I had already sustained manifold internal religious conflicts:—the doctrine of eternal punishment and reward had already exercised a disturbing power over my childish imagination; and in my eleventh year, I spent several sleepless nights in consequence of not being able to come to a satisfactory conclusion concerning the mutual relation between the sufferings of Christ and the punishment for which these sufferings were a substitute."

This is a topic of vital interest in the life of Schleiermacher, not simply as determining the ecclesiastical field of his future labours, but also as indicating the great work of his life—the reconciliation of a Rationalist creed with a semi-Moravian experience. After some further years of connection with the seminary of Barby, the University of the Brotherhood, his doubts obtained so much the mastery of his mind, that at nineteen years of age, he could no longer continue in their establishment, but begged his father to transfer him to the University of Halle, with a view to qualify himself more fully for the office of private tutor, and to enable him, in contact with enlightened minds, to see his way through his religious difficulties. This request of his son, and the state of mind in which it originated, were both a terrible blow to Chaplain Schleiermacher, whose stipend was one of the most scanty, and the claims upon it increasing with the fruits of a second marriage; while his own state of mind on the disputed doctrines of religion, was of that temporising, undecided kind, that he could give his halting, helpless son no truthful, useful advice. The candour and honesty of Schleiermacher *fils*, shines by contrast with the base cowardice of Schleiermacher *père*. The one openly declared what he believed and what he did not; the other trimmed his sails by the wind of expediency, while his compass was regulated by the pole of Rationalism. It is no pleasure to cite the following; but what the family of Schleiermacher has thought right to publish, it cannot be improper to extract:—

"I wish, my dear son, that you would read attentively Lessing's

Education of the Human Race; you will therein find many luminous thoughts on various matters that are warmly disputed by modern thinkers; and, in addition to this, I will lay before you an example borrowed from my own life, and beg you to reflect whether it is worth following. During twelve years, at least, I preached, though a real unbeliever. I was at that time firmly convinced that Jesus had accommodated His discourses to the notions and even to the prejudices of the Jews; and this opinion induced me to think that I ought to be *equally* modest in reference to the established popular belief. Never, therefore, did I feel at liberty to dispute the article concerning the divinity and atonement of Christ, because I knew from the history of the Church, and from the experience of other persons, that since the first foundation of Christianity, these doctrines had given consolation to millions of men, and led them to repentance; and, although I was not myself convinced of their truth, I used to apply them in furtherance of morality, and love to God and man, whenever the subject would admit of it. I wish that, even should you not come to a decision in favour of the rectitude of this mode of proceeding, you would, at least, never publicly attack the doctrines in question. In Berlin, I suppose, you will have opportunities of reading Müller's *Philosophical Essays*—there is undoubtedly much that is true and excellent in them; and I also recommend you to read Hemsterhuys's philosophical works, if you can get them, and Bacon's *Novum Organon Scientiarum*. You will then see, my dear son, that true philosophers and independent thinkers are very modest people, and seldom wed themselves to a party, which, indeed, it is necessary to refrain from, if one would search for truth."

The disingenuous course avowed here, referred to an earlier period of the father's career, but even in its better strain is indicative of a man of weak understanding and timid disposition. Paternal affection and filial respect would always keep the pair on pleasant terms with each other, but it must be apparent at a glance, how little fitted the elder Schleiermacher was for the task of directing his son's understanding, or opening his eyes to clear views of "the truth as it is in Jesus."

A residence of two years at Halle, under the roof of Pastor Stubenrauch, his uncle, a most kind and judicious friend, did something towards relieving the student's mind of his tormenting doubts. But he had other cares besides spiritual ones to harass his soul, in anticipation of a University residence. Before finding his way to Halle, he thus sums up to his father the inevitable expenses of the place, and the amount of self-denial he was prepared to exercise in order to meet them—patience waiting on opportunity. Such men ought to succeed, and usually do succeed.

"How I am to manage to live in Halle is another question. My

friend there has sent me a list of the most necessary expenses:—wood, annually, twelve florins; lodgings, with attendance, twenty-four florins; from these two items, little or nothing can be struck off. Dinner, forty florins; but herein I shall be able to make a considerable reduction. Breakfast and supper, forty-eight florins; but as I never take coffee, and eat very little in the evening, I may be able to cut off at least the half of this. Hair dresser, eight florins; boots and clothes-brushing, eight florins; laundress, eight florins; and in these calculations, clothes, linen, fees to professors, and the necessary books, besides other miscellaneous expenses, are not included. The worst of all is, that I am very, very badly off for linen and clothes, that by Easter I shall have nothing left of my allowance here, and that I must nevertheless order several things, as I cannot possibly appear in Halle in the same trim as here.”

Thus slenderly furnished for college expenses, do many of these men fare forth for study, who afterwards become the professional glory of Germany, and the lights of the world. After his three years of tuition in Count Dohna's family, accompanied with occasional preaching, and the same term spent at Landsberg, as *locum tenens*, a regularly ordained substitute for Pastor Schumann, he was transferred as a teacher and preacher to Berlin, where by harder and more systematic study, and by regular pulpit duties in a stimulating and exigent sphere, his great abilities became more highly cultivated, his society courted, and his rising fame established. He had every disadvantage of poverty, deformity, and unprepossessing address, to contend with, but all these gave way before a really good disposition, and great intellectual capacity. His residence at Berlin, brought him into early intimacy with the unfortunate Frederick Schlegel, who came to share his lodgings with him in the beginning of 1798. Schlegel was then a much better known person than Schleiermacher, lived by means of literature, and was a person of high culture and commanding talents. Association with a person of such distinguished ability was a great stimulus to our hero, urging him to contemplate authorship, a goal hitherto seemingly beyond his reach. He thus writes of Schlegel, he himself being now nine-and-twenty.

“ He is about twenty-five, and the extent and variety of his knowledge is almost inconceivable at his age. He possesses, moreover, an originality of intellect, which, even here, where there is so much intellect and so much talent, far surpasses all others, and in his manner there is an absence of all artificiality, a frankness, and a childlike youthfulness, the combination of which, with his other qualities, is the most wonderful of all. Wherever he be, his wit and his simplicity make him the most delightful companion; but to me he is more than that, he is of the greatest and most essential

benefit. He has not studied any so-called *bread-science*, nor does he wish to hold any office, his desire being, if possible, to live frugally and independently on the proceeds of his writings, which embrace none but important subjects, as he never condescends, for the sake of money, to bring mediocre wares to market. He is always spurring me on to write likewise; there are a thousand things, he says, that ought to be said, and which I am just the one to say; and since he has heard me read a little essay of my own composition, in the Society which I have named [the Wednesday Society], he leaves me no peace. We are at present meditating his joining me in my chambers at new year, and I shall feel a right royal exultation if the project be carried out, for at present I always lose an hour walking to and fro between his house and mine. *Nota bene*: His Christian name he has in common with me; he is called Friederich; and he is like me also in many of his natural failings. He is not musical, he does not draw, he does not like the French language, and he has bad eyes. During the last week, I have spent a good many of my forenoons, which I generally hold very sacred, with him."

The joint home of the *littérateurs* is a very pleasant one for a while:—the following is a picture of it:—

"Schlegel generally rises an hour earlier than I do, because I dare not, on account of my eyes, burn lights in the morning, and I therefore arrange matters so as not to awake before half-past eight. Sometimes, however, he lies in bed and reads, and I am generally awakened by the clatter of his coffee-cup. From his bed, he can open the door that separates my room from his, and then begins our morning chat. When I have done breakfast, we work some hours without interfering with one another; in general, however, we make a little pause before dinner, to eat an apple, of which we have a large and very choice provision; and while so doing, we discuss the subjects of our studies. Then begins the second period of study, which lasts until dinner-time; that is to say, until half-past one. As you are aware, I get my dinner from the *Charité*, but Schlegel has his brought him from a restaurant. Whichever comes first, is first consumed; then follows the second course, then a couple of glasses of wine; so that we spend nearly an hour at dinner. Of our afternoons, I cannot give so decided an account; but I am sorry to say, that I am generally the first to fly out of the cage, and the last to return in the evening. However, the whole of the latter part of the day is not devoted to social enjoyment; for several times in the week I attend lectures, and I also deliver some—of course *privatissime*—to some good friend or other, and not until this is done, do I go whithersoever inclination directs me. On my return home in the evening, at about ten or eleven, I find Schlegel still up, but he seems only to be waiting to say 'good night' to me, and then he goes to bed. I, on the contrary, then generally sit down to work,

until towards two o'clock, for from that hour until half-past eight one may have sleep enough."

The pleasant residence of the two bachelor students together, ends with the marriage of Frederick Schlegel with the divorced lady of his friend Veit, the banker, who very kindly complied with the wishes of the parties, when he saw them hopelessly committed to a deplorable infatuation for each other. The quondam husband, a really excellent man, carried his complaisance still further, for he allowed his younger children to remain in the former Mrs. Veit's custody for years, in order that he might add to the comfort of the man that had robbed him of his wife's affections, by a considerable allowance for their support. Strange to say, and sad to say of those times, divorce was so easily obtainable on the slightest pretexts, that marriages of this kind were common and not discreditable. The case was the same with William Schlegel, only that his adventure had the additional ugly feature, that he had put away his own wife to marry another man's. The marriage, we may scarcely add, was not a happy one—such unions rarely are. They are the upshot of a sensual dream, and the awakening is disappointment—perhaps disgust.

The romance of our own hero's life turns upon a wretched attachment of the same kind, saved from a tragic close by the timely retractation and good sense of the lady. Among the houses visited by Schleiermacher at Berlin, was that of Pastor Grunow, chaplain of the Garrison Church in that city. This lady soon placed her confidence and her affections on the somewhat feminine, demonstrative, and *emporté* Schleier. Her union with her husband was childless; and we may presume there were other uncongenialities. She made no secret of her sorrows, and Schleiermacher in his intercourse with his friends, made no secret of his sympathy. The Professor would have formed a wretched confessor to maid and married wife, for his sympathies so overflowed for any one he took an interest in, that he did them more harm than good. This sprang from sheer simplicity and downrightness of character, and not from any more culpable feeling. He thought that injured damsels and matrons demanded an avenging knight, and he would not be contented that any one should be their Quixote but himself. The transcendental nature of his sympathy with Frau Grunow, is somewhat too high flown for our more sober judgment:—"the mutual relations between her and her husband were such, that their connection could not be deemed a true marriage, all the essential inward conditions of this being wanting. He believed that were the connection to be continued, her inner life could not fail to be utterly destroyed, and his

opinions were favourable to the dissolution of such inwardly false unions. He even regarded such dissolution as *a moral duty*." Now, we practical English folks have no type sufficiently large and emphatic to stamp this nonsense with Burchell's expressive—FUDGE. Marriage, no more than any other human condition, was not meant to be free from drawbacks and disappointments—there being no exemption in favour of even the best and most satisfactory union:—it is the course of wisdom, therefore, to adapt "the inner life" to the outward circumstances, and not sigh, as fruitlessly as thanklessly, after a perfect bliss denied to earth, and quite beyond the reach of man.

One scarcely knows whether to smile or be indignant at the transparent delusion that shines through the words of Schleiermacher, in a letter to his sister, at the close of 1799:—

"Eleanore Grunow has paid me a visit with her sister, and we have conversed earnestly together *from the depths of our souls*."

We think it as little to the credit of his good sense that he should have written in the following strain to his married friend, with whom about this time he exchanged letters almost daily:—

"It is quite true, that that which is most individual and deepest in your nature, is very difficult to discover. Who was ever so happy as to understand you before I came? But now that the course has been laid down upon the map, others also find the way. In you I found the one of these two powers [the moral] entirely thrust back and held in bondage. Do you know with what I am tempted to compare you? With a magnet that has wrapped itself in iron-filings, because it never found a solid bit of iron to attract. When such a bit arrives, it does not recognise you, on account of these surroundings, but, at the most, has a vague feeling of your presence; and everything depends upon a bold grasp, that shall shake off the filings.

"When the thought occurred to me, 'Of that woman a great deal might be made,' I had not yet discovered your innermost being—for that *is*, and nothing more need be made of it—but only your understanding; and you know that the understanding alone makes very little impression on me. I could not indeed have found you in any other way than I did find you—through a revelation of love. And had it not been for this, what could you have done with my confidence? Did you not also discover my inner being after and through this revelation? Until then, was it not my understanding, or, if you will, my intellect, and my manner of viewing the world, that interested you? And should we have got much farther in that way than to a communion of intellect?"

And so doubtless wrote this deluded pair with perfect simplicity

and honesty, in the sentimental jargon of the day—without the slightest attempt at secrecy or deception. All the world was taken by Schleiermacher into the confidence of this attachment, neither last nor least doubtless the Herr Grunow himself, for the impossibility of reticence was one of Schleiermacher's infirmities. To Pastor Willich, a man he had never seen half-a-dozen times in his life, having made his acquaintance in May, he writes thus in June :—"Sorrows of the most serious kind are weighing upon me, sorrows connected with the fate of a beloved being, *whose possession would complete my being, as mine would hers* :"—a transparent rhapsody of candour, like the banter of Canning's farce—two German ladies meeting at an inn for the first time, and proposing to swear eternal friendship within half-an-hour!

Others emulated his frankness, for Willich gives him his wife's letters to read; and of Steffens, whom he only knew as fellow-professor at Halle for six months, he writes as follows :—

"His marriage is a true marriage in the highest sense. With what enthusiasm he speaks of their connection! With what child-like simplicity he cites, to his more intimate friends, traits illustrative of her depth of feeling, of her religiosity, of her originality, and always with tears in his eyes! . . . He is also a true priest of nature. It was the first time since his marriage—that is to say, for about two years—that he had been separated from his wife for four-and-twenty hours. You may imagine how full of her he was!"

And this was but for a day's excursion into the country. The confidence was mutual, for Schleiermacher himself flowed as freely as a barrel without a bung. We find it impossible in these days, and in a country where the truest respect for wife or maiden prompts a rigid reserve respecting their name and merits, to sympathise with the sorrow that spoke thus of Mrs. Grunow, who refused to be divorced from a worthy but uncongenial spouse in order to marry Schleiermacher :—

"Perhaps you have already heard [he is addressing a country clergyman and his wife] the dreadful news of the unexpected change that has taken place in Eleanore's feelings. I do not know whether any one can form to themselves any idea of my state; it is the deepest, most crushing sorrow—the pain will never leave me—the unity of my life is rent asunder; but whatever can be made of the ruins, I will make of them."

And so he speaks to every one, baring his sore, and exclaiming, "Pity me!"

Schleiermacher, in fact, was no cantatore of the Mrs. Haller school—

"I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart."

He had a prodigious proclivity to impart his sorrows to any ear that would only listen. He would make a confidant of a stone-wall rather than have no confidant at all. His gestation of any secret of the heart was most impatient—he had no peace till he had deposited in sympathising hands the importunate burden—the child of his thought. He could boast of no more reticence than the barber of Midas. The mysteries of Eleusis and the rites of Freemasonry were hopelessly beyond his reach, because he was notoriously a blab. More truly than Joseph in Egypt he was a Zaphnath-paaneah—a revealer of secrets. His tongue laboured under a perpetual itch. The last fraternity he could have entered would have been that of the cowed mutes of La Trappe. Harpocrates owned him not amongst his votaries—he knew not the virtue of the finger on the lip. The cave of Trophonius he had never visited; for, however *triste* at times his brow, his tongue was too mercurial for one who had consulted that very dispiriting Oracle. His memory may have been defective in the highest degree, but no one would allege against him the poet's charge, that he was

“To dumb forgetfulness a prey.”

When he talked, and that was pretty often, like Alexander in the play—“Ye gods! how he would talk!” Oxford, with all its Patristic lore, Puseyism, and Mediævalism, could not have taught him the doctrine of reserve. He was, in fine, that desideratum of automaton-makers—a talking machine; and the subject—himself, his sensibilities, his culture, his “inner” man.

Yet he was much that was higher and better than all this.

III.

ON PAIN AND ITS USES.

WE are too much in the habit of looking upon pain as children do upon medicine. We take the same unphilosophical view of it, make the same wry faces at it, and have the same doubts as to its necessity. The presence of pain seems to throw a cloud over our judgment, and to prevent us from recognising its proper meaning and intention. Pleasure, or rather, sensual gratification, has the same clouding effect. A child will stuff itself with sweatmeats, utterly regardless of the headache and sickness which it knows will arrive on the morrow; and when that day comes, it can with

difficulty be persuaded to take the dose which he knows is to make him again well and happy. Lock says, "Were the pleasure of drinking accompanied, the very moment a man takes off his glass, with that sick stomach and aching head, which, in some men, are sure to follow not many hours after, I think nobody, whatever pleasure he had in his cups, would on these conditions ever let wine touch his lips; which yet he daily swallows, and the evil side comes to be chosen only by the fallacy of a little difference of time." If, on experiencing painful sensations, we could at the same time remember what good work they were performing, we should not bear them so impatiently. We receive pain as a child does the rod, sullenly and sulkily, and we will see no love in the One who inflicts it!

To properly understand the present subject, it will be necessary to consider *some* of the more important facts in the anatomy and physiology of the *nervous system*. The nervous system consists of (1.) *nervous centres*, and (2.) *nervous chords*. Nervous centres are of two kinds (*a.*), *conscious*, and (*b.*) *unconscious*. Nervous chords are also divisible into two, (*a.*) *sensific* and *motific*. A nervous centre is said to be conscious when the acts which take place in it are perceived and controlled by the mind. Unconscious nervous centres act independently of and in spite of the mind.

Sensific nervous chords convey impressions towards the nervous centres;—motific, transmit them in the opposite direction. The sensific nerves which go to a conscious nervous centre, *convey sensation*, but those which lead to an unconscious nervous centre, *transmit only a physical stimulus*. So also the motific nerves, which proceed from a *conscious* nervous centre, differ from those which have an *unconscious* nervous centre. The former transmit the *mandates of the will*, the latter, only *physical nervous force*. Nervous acts are, therefore, divided into two kinds:—*Mental nervous acts*, and *physical nervous acts*. It is not long since this distinction was first recognised, all the motions of animals being formerly considered to be the result of volition. But patient and constant researches in this field, have set the question at rest for ever. By way of illustration, take a frog by its fore and hind legs and extend it upon the table: the first thing it does on being liberated, is to assume its usual squatting posture. If you pinch its hind foot, it will hop away from you; if you hold it and prick the fore part of its body, it will, with a fore leg, attempt to remove the cause of irritation. If you prick the hind part of the body, a hind leg will be employed. If the head of the frog be cut off, all the above motions are gone through the same as when the head was on! The frog recovers itself from its extended position and squats; it jumps away from you when you pinch its hind

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“To *dumb* forgetfulness a prey.”

When he talked, and that was pretty often, like Alexander in the play—“Ye gods! how he would talk!” Oxford, with all its Patristic lore, Puseyism, and Mediævalism, could not have taught him the doctrine of reserve. He was, in fine, that desideratum of automaton-makers—a talking machine; and the subject—himself, his sensibilities, his culture, his “inner” man.

Yet he was much that was higher and better than all this.

III.

ON PAIN AND ITS USES.

WE are too much in the habit of looking upon pain as children do upon medicine. We take the same unphilosophical view of it, make the same wry faces at it, and have the same doubts as to its necessity. The presence of pain seems to throw a cloud over our judgment, and to prevent us from recognising its proper meaning and intention. Pleasure, or rather, sensual gratification, has the same clouding effect. A child will stuff itself with sweatmeats, utterly regardless of the headache and sickness which it knows will arrive on the morrow; and when that day comes, it can with

difficulty be persuaded to take the dose which he knows is to make him again well and happy. Lock says, "Were the pleasure of drinking accompanied, the very moment a man takes off his glass, with that sick stomach and aching head, which, in some men, are sure to follow not many hours after, I think nobody, whatever pleasure he had in his cups, would on these conditions ever let wine touch his lips; which yet he daily swallows, and the evil side comes to be chosen only by the fallacy of a little difference of time." If, on experiencing painful sensations, we could at the same time remember what good work they were performing, we should not bear them so impatiently. We receive pain as a child does the rod, sullenly and sulkily, and we will see no love in the One who inflicts it!

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foot; and it attempts to remove anything which injures or irritates its body. As the frog's consciousness was removed with its head, the motions which have since taken place in its body, must be looked upon as physical nervous acts. These motions in the bodies of decapitated animals, have so much the appearance of being the result of perception and volition, that many have found it impossible to divest themselves of the idea that pain is still felt, and that the struggles of the animal are the result of it. The sensitive plant shrinks from an injury. Has it perception? The fly-catcher plant closes upon the insect. Has it volition? In diseases and injuries of the spine in man, the legs sometimes become paralyzed. In this state, the patient can neither feel nor move them. Yet if the sole of the foot be pricked, the leg is drawn away, much to the astonishment of the owner, who has not felt any pain nor willed any movement. Motions in animals are not, therefore, always the result of volition, but may be *excited from without*.

The nervous centres of invertebrate animals, and those which preside over the organic function of the higher animals, including man, are called *ganglia*.

A ganglion is a small body made up of globular corpuscles, and its chief function seems to be the generation of nervous force, of which force it is also the receptacle. When an impression is telegraphed to it by a *sensific* nerve-fibre (for every nerve is made up of a great many fibres, and each fibre has its appropriate work,) the impression, acting as upon a key-board in the ganglion, liberates some of the accumulated nervous force along the proper *motific* nerve-fibre, and thus reaching the muscle, the necessary motion is produced.

I believe all ganglia to be unconscious nervous centres!

This is easily said, but, if it be true, it turns into foolishness millions of pages of English literature. It deprives half the animal kingdom of consciousness, and reduces the whole of the acts of the invertebrate to the character of those which a decapitated frog would perform—physical nervous actions.

I shall now proceed to show my reasons for believing that all those animals who have no brains, and only ganglionic systems of nerves, have no consciousness, and, consequently, are incapable of feeling pain.

Animals have been classified according to the character of their nervous systems, as follows:—

1st. **ACRITA** (*a*, priv. ; *Kpaw*, to discern,) animals having no distinct nervous system.

2nd. **NEMATONEURA** (*Nῆμα*, a thread ; *Νεῖρον*, a nerve,) animals whose nervous systems consist only of nervous threads.

3rd. HOMOGANGLIATA (ὁμός, like; γαγγλίον, a ganglion,) animals having ganglionic nervous centres arranged in two parallel lines along the whole length of the body.

4th. HETEROGANGLIATA (ἕτερος, dissimilar; γαγγλίον, a ganglion,) animals having ganglionic nervous centres variously distributed through the body.

5th. VERTEBRATA, animals possessing brains and spinal cords, including fishes, reptiles, birds and mammalia.

* * * * *

Let us begin by endeavouring to determine the presence or absence of pain in the first division under this classification. We shall find some of them to present fewer indications of sensation than can be found in the vegetable kingdom. In sponges, "contact however rude, excites no movement or contraction which might indicate its being perceived; no torture has ever elicited from them an intimation of suffering; they have been pinched with forceps, lacerated in all directions, bored with hot irons, and attacked with the most energetic chemical stimuli, without shrinking, or exhibiting the remotest appearance of sensibility."* In the class of Polyps, we have animals showing more signs of life, but still the power of tolerating and existing after the most extensive mutilations.

"If the body of a hydra, or fresh-water polyp, be halved in any direction, each half in a short time grows up to a perfect hydra; if it is cut into four, or eight, or even minced into forty pieces, each continues alive, and develops a new animal, which is itself capable of being multiplied in the same extraordinary manner. If the section is made long-ways, so as to divide the body into two or more slips, connected merely by the tail, they are speedily resoldered, like some heroes of fairy tale, into one perfect whole; as, if the pieces are kept asunder, each will become a polyp; and thus we may have two or several polyps with only one tail between them; but if the sections be made in the contrary direction, from the tail towards the tentacula, you produce a monster with two or more bodies and one head. If the *tentacula*--the organs by which they take their prey, and on which their existence might seem to depend--are cut away, they are reproduced, and the lopt-off parts remain not long without a new body. If only two or three tentacula are embraced in the section, the result is the same; and a single tentaculum will serve for the evolution of a complete creature. When a piece is cut out of the body, the wound speedily heals, and, as if excited by the stimulus of the knife, young polyps sprout from the wound more abundantly, and in preference to unscarred parts; when a polyp is introduced by the tail into another body, the two unite and form one

* G. Rymer Jones, p. 20.

individual, and when a head is lopt off, it may safely be engrafted on the body of any other which may chance to want one. You may slit the animal up, and lay it out flat like a membrane, with impunity ; nay, it may be turned inside out, so that the stomachal surface shall become the epidermous, and yet continue to live and enjoy itself."*

The sea anemone, also, which belongs to this division, whose tentacula appear to possess such exquisite sensibility, can scarcely be killed by any amount of mutilation.

"They may be kept without food for a year ; they may be immersed in water hot enough to blister their skins, or frozen in a mass of ice, and again thawed ; and they may be placed within the exhausted receiver of the air-pump without being deprived of life, or disabled from resuming their usual functions when placed in a favourable situation. If the tentacula are clipped, they soon begin to bud anew, and if cut away, they grow again ; so that it seems these reproductions might extend as far, or be as often repeated as patience or curiosity would admit. If cut through the middle transversely, the lower portion of the body, will, after a time, produce new tentacula, pretty nearly as they were before the operation ; while the upper portion swallows food as if nothing had happened, permitting it indeed at first to come out at the opposite end, just as a man's head, being cut off, would let out at the neck the bit taken in at the mouth, but which it soon learns to retain and digest in a proper manner. In an experiment of this kind, the upper half, instead of healing up into a new basis, actually produced another mouth and tentacula ; so that an animal was formed which caught its prey, and fed at both ends at the same time ! If, again, the section of the body is made in a perpendicular direction, so as almost to divide it into two halves, the halves unite in a few days. If the section is complete, two perfect individuals is the result ; and, to complete the wonder, if the body be torn away, and only a portion of the base remain, from this fragment a new offspring will rise up to occupy the place of its parent."†

This indestructibility cannot be attributed to any increased animal vitality which the polype, or anemone, may be supposed to possess, and which enables them to bear a shock, which, in the higher animals undergoing similar mutilations, would prove rapidly fatal, for, under some circumstances, they may be readily killed. A little *fresh* water will destroy all signs of life in the anemone in a few short minutes. The tolerance of mutilation in these animals, seems rather to resemble the patient endurance of a tree, which may be cut down to the ground, and yet will not die.

* Dr. Johnson's *British Zoophytes*.

† *Ibid.*

But it seems unnecessary to dwell longer on the division *ACRITA*. *Pain* must be impossible to animals who have no nervous system, nor any organs of sense; and it would be difficult to show what use it could be to them, when we consider how little they would have the power of escaping from it, and how very slightly their vitality is affected by the most extensive mutilations.

In the next division, *Nematoneura*, we arrive at a set of animals possessing nervous cords, but in which no nervous centres have been satisfactorily made out. The star-fishes are examples of this division.

The nervous system of a star-fish consists of a simple circular cord, which runs round the mouth of the animal; from this ring, three delicate filaments are given off opposite to each ray: one of these proceeds to the locomotive suckers, and the other two supply the viscera. No nervous centres have been discovered. Let us now see what signs of pain can be discovered in this division of the animal kingdom.

The Gray Brittle-Star, when laid hold of, breaks up into little pieces with wonderful facility, each fragment of an arm also breaking itself up into smaller pieces; and frequently, when one of these creatures is seized, in a moment its arms are all gone, and nothing but the disc, or body, is left in the hand. These arms, however, are reproduced; so that a star-fish may be found with only one arm and four little ones budding. Mr. Forbes, speaking of a large star-fish, the *Lingthorn*, says, it is wonderful the power this animal possesses, not merely of casting its arms away entire, but of breaking them into little pieces with great rapidity. "The first time," he says, "I ever took one of these creatures, I succeeded in getting it into the boat entire. Never having seen one before, and quite unconscious of its suicidal powers, I spread it out on a rowing-bench, the better to admire its form and colours. On attempting to remove it for preservation, to my horror and disappointment, I found only an assemblage of rejected members. My conservative endeavours were all neutralized by its destructive exertions, and it is now badly represented in my cabinet by an armless disc and a discless arm. Next time I went to dredge on the same spot, determined not to be cheated out of a specimen in such a way a second time, I brought with me a bucket of cold fresh water, to which article star-fishes have a great antipathy. As I expected, a *Lingthorn* came up in the dredge—a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not generally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce the *Lingthorn* to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much

for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not; but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping." *

Surely this process of self-mutilation would be sufficient to prove the absence of pain in these animals; but there is still further evidence.

Professor T. Rymer Jones, says:—"We have frequently, when examining these animals in a living state—that is, when they were crawling upon the sides of the vessels in which they were confined—cut off with scissors successive portions of the dorsal covering of the body, so as to expose the visceral cavity; but so far from the rest of the animal appearing to be conscious of the mutilations, not the slightest evidence of suffering was visible: the suckers, placed immediately beneath the injured part, were invariably retracted; but all the rest, even in the same ray, still continued their action, as though perfectly devoid of participation in any suffering caused by the injury inflicted."†

It would be useless to search further for evidences of pain in this division. It would be difficult to localize the faculty of perception in animals whose nervous systems consist only of a number of nervous threads, destitute of any ganglionic enlargements which may be looked upon as nervous centres. And it would be hard to show what use pain could be to animals who shatter themselves into pieces at the slightest provocation.

We now arrive at a most important and extensive division, the *Homogangliata*, which includes worms, insects, and crustaceans.

Here we find, for the first time, nervous centres distinctly existing, and generally arranged in two parallel lines. And now arises a question worthy of particular attention.

Are the small nervous masses which we find distributed over the bodies of animals of this division, conscious or unconscious nervous centres? Have they the faculty only of receiving impressions, and regulating the actions produced by these impressions, or are they indued with the power of perceiving, remembering, judging, and willing?

But this question becomes wider and more important when we remember that it involves the next division also. The heterogangliata have the same ganglionic nervous centres as the homogangliata; the only difference being, that in the former they are scattered instead of being arranged symmetrically.

We have presiding over the organic functions of our own bodies a large number of ganglia, or nervous centres, which act independently and even in spite of us. Is any one ready to admit, that

* "History of British Star-Fishes."

† "The Animal Kingdom."

because he has certain nervous masses in his body receiving impressions and originating motions, that each of these nervous masses is a conscious and intelligent individual? No; very few would grant this. It seems to be a fixed law, that actions which are beyond the control of the individual, are performed without pain. Of what use would it be were the human heart as sensible as the hand? If it were injured, we could not moderate its movements so as to enable it to rest. Pain could have been of no use here. The heart, therefore, has been so constructed, that it may actually be touched without the knowledge of its owner.

I believe that the actions of the animals now under consideration, all have their origin from without, and that they are as much under the control of immutable laws as the planets are. It appears to me, that it would be as unjust to punish with pain a moth which flies into the candle, as it would be to imprison a fly for stealing sugar. Besides, these nervous centres are distributed in different parts of these animals, and each presides over a separate function. If each of these had a consciousness and a will, what quarrelling there might be! Again, in the common earth-worm, a string of these nervous centres run along the whole length of the animal's body. Now, in which of all these gangliæ does the conscious I reside; for, if you cut it in two, one-half walks one way, and the other half another; each portion becoming a perfect animal. Nay, if you cut it into four pieces the same takes place; and a case is recorded in which a worm (*Lumbricus variegatus*) was divided into twenty-six parts, almost all of which reproduced the head and tail, and became so many distinct individuals.

But apart from the anatomical distribution of the gangliæ, let us see what proof we can obtain, from the actions of these animals, to induce us to believe that they suffer pain.

No one doubts the result of cutting off the head of a fish, reptile, bird, or mammalian; but let him decapitate a snail, and what is the result? The entire head, with eyes and antennæ, are speedily reproduced. The head of the fresh-water *naiad* has been cut off seven times, and a fresh one has been formed. From this it is evident, that the gangliæ in the head of these creatures are not, as in the vertebrata, essential to the continuance of life in the individual. This reproduction of parts resembles rather the vegetable than the animal kingdom. In vertebratæ animals, we have reproduction of fluids and epidermis, but anything like the re-generation of important organs is never seen. The nervous centres in the heads of insects, have been dignified by some writers with the title of *brains*, but it is evident that they have no right to be so called. Colonel Pringle could keep *decapitated* dragon-

flies for four and six months alive, but he could not keep those with their heads on alive more than a few days. The dragon-fly, which has been called the "eagle" of the insect tribe, so perfect is he in form and flight, gives no evidence of his capability of suffering. If his tail be put into his mouth, he will eat off and devour as many of the terminal segments of his body as he can reach. If this operation caused pain, surely the animal would not continue it; but so little is it aware of anything unusual having happened, that on being liberated, it will fly off briskly in search of other prey. So evidently insensible to pain is the dragon-fly, that it will eat freely while confined by a pin through its body. It is curious how little the gangliated animals seem to be affected by having pins run through their bodies. "It is a fact well known to practical entomologists, that large moths found asleep during the day-time, may be pinned to the trunks of trees without their appearing to suffer such a degree of pain as even to awake them. It is only on the approach of evening twilight that they seek to free themselves. A mite has lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. The feet and antennæ of a locust have been in full play for five months, although the animal's abdomen was filled with cotton wool, and a stout pin was stuck through its thorax." Mr. Rowell gives an account of a carnivorous beetle which had been loosely confined in a case of foreign insects, which managed to get loose, and, with the pin through its body, walked about and devoured the other specimens. Kirby also relates a similar case. The truth of the quotation from Shakspeare, which is so often brought forward to show that beetles feel as acutely as giants, even if it meant what these writers would wish it, receives a complete denial from the fact related by Mr. Rowell.

It is a proof of the independent action of each ganglion, that some of the animals under consideration can be divided into two or more pieces without causing instant death. If the centipede in motion be divided into several portions, each fragment goes marching on as if nothing had taken place. In which of these moving pieces does the consciousness reside, and where the volition which regulates the motion of each? A wasp which has been cut into two pieces, will eat with one half, and sting with the other. A leech may be cut through the middle while it is feeding, without disturbing it sufficiently to make it discontinue its meal; and there is a vulgar idea, that a leech, so operated upon, will do the work of twelve, as it can never get full. If a leech is cut in two in the water, each half swims away, or, if its head and tail be cut off, the middle portion will live for months.

If we go higher in the scale, we still can find no evidence of

pain. Crabs and lobsters throw off their claws at the approach of an enemy, and on the slightest provocation, and, as in the case of the star-fishes, the discarded members are soon replaced by new ones. "It may be asked," says Mr. Rowell, "of what use can the sense of pain be to any of the crustaceous tribes? They are coated in armour sufficient to protect them from all minor enemies, and if thus got into the power of an enemy strong enough to crush through their shells, of what use can the sense of pain be to them?"

But indeed what good effect can pain have on any animal unless it can not only perceive it, but remember it, and profit by the experience of it? Yet nothing can be more evident than that the invertebrate animals do neither remember nor act from experience. The water tiger will seize a small piece of stick, if it is moved near it, and however often we repeat the experiment, it will still do the same—experience never teaching it that the hard wood is not a soft tadpole. The bluebottle fly will continue to bump his head against a pane of glass all day, without learning the futility of his attempts; and the unhappy moth *will* always fly into the candle, and, unlike a burnt child, will not dread the fire.

If we find these animals, then, unable to retain, combine, and make future use of impressions from without, of what use is it their receiving them at all? "The first thing they do," says a writer in Blackwood, "is as perfect as the last. They never profit from experience; and as all knowledge, except that of the pure intellect, comes from experience, therefore can they accumulate no knowledge; but without knowledge, it follows, that they can have no will, and so that their supposed instinctive actions cannot be the result of choice, but must be the result of an *exterior* agency." I do not pretend to be able to explain how the actions of ganglionic animals are originated, but I believe, like the rational actions in the case of the decapitated frog, the cause is from without. They seem to be governed by the strict and immutable laws which it is quite out of the power of the animal to disobey, and they discover so much ingenuity and intelligence, that one glance of the nervous organism of the animal, proclaims them to have an origin external. The actions of these animals are too clever to have originated in the little unprotected ganglion which lies in their heads; they are many of them even too ingenious to have been elaborated in the fully-developed and well-protected brain of *man*.

We have now arrived at the highest and most important division of the animal kingdom, the *Vertebrata*. Here, for the first time, we find animals possessing true brains, though in fishes and reptiles these organs are in a very rudimentary state, and the cerebral masses which represent the seat of intelligence in man are very imperfectly developed. But that they do exist is beyond

doubt. Now, therefore, for the first time, I believe, pain, though in a very low degree, is felt. "Pain," says Professor J. Rymer Jones, "depends on the development of the encephalic masses; and, consequently, as this part of the nervous system becomes more perfect, the power of feeling painful impressions increases in the same ratio; or, in other words, inasmuch as the strength, activity, and intelligence of an animal, by which it can escape from *pain*, depends upon the perfection of the brain, so does the perception of torture depend upon the condition of the same organ."

As the brains in fishes are so rudimentary in their character, we should expect to find this class of animals little susceptible of pain. And this is really the case. It seems doubtful whether fishes have any sense of touch anywhere except in the lips, and in those vermiform processes which hang from the mouth.

Trout are often caught with the hooks in their mouths which they have only carried off a short time before. Byron, fancying that fishes felt as acutely as men, satirizes Walton thus:—

"The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, with a trout to pull it."

But no man would continue his meal with a barbed hook in his throat—a small fish bone is sufficient to stop him most effectually. No comparison can be made, then, between the pain which men and fishes experience on receiving a similar injury.

Some fishes are extremely tenacious of life; bream may be packed in snow, and preserved alive for a considerable time. Carp have been frozen in a mass of ice so hard as to require an axe to extricate them, and yet they have recovered on being thawed. The shark can with difficulty be killed by any amount of injury; and the length of time physical nervous actions will go on in skinned and minutely-divided eels is proverbial.

Reptiles, though higher in the scale, show a tenacity of life even greater than in fishes. The brain, however, is more developed, and the cerebral hemispheres are increased in size. From the nature of the integument of this class of animals, the sense of touch must be extremely imperfect, and indeed the little notice thus taken of injuries inflicted upon them, seems to prove how very slightly they are conscious of any painful sensation.

Frogs, perhaps more than any other animals, have ever been the victims of physiologists. It is comforting to think how little they seem capable of suffering. In these animals, it seems certain that "the sense of death is most in apprehension," for a frog will cry out when pursued by a snake, but will allow itself to be gradually drawn into the stomach of this animal, although still alive, without a struggle. Mr. Rowell says, they will cry out if a

stick, or a scythe, or anything resembling a snake, approaches them. He saw a man mowing grass where frogs were abundant, and he noticed that the frogs which were wounded remained quite quiet, while those which the scythe only approached, screamed lustily. "As these creatures are very prolific, have but little or no means of defence, and are generally too slow to escape their enemies, a violent death is to most of them unavoidable, and consequently, a sense of pain from mutilation would be an infliction." *Newts* are also very tolerant of injuries—a newt with its heart cut out, will swim about and execute its usual functions for forty-eight hours. It has the power of reproducing parts and joints, of which it has been deprived, and even an eye; the tail and feet have been known to replace themselves six times in the course of one summer, so that six hundred and eighty-seven new bones were reproduced. If the head of the water newt be removed, the trunk remains standing on its feet, and turns on being touched.

Snakes seem little susceptible of pain. The slow-worm, if pursued, with a sudden jerk breaks itself into two pieces. The tail end it leaves wriggling about to attract the attention of its enemy, while the head and remaining part of its body glides into a place of security; the tail, thus discarded, has been noticed to remain in motion for five hours. The brain of a tortoise may be abstracted, and still the animal will wander about for months with closed eyes feeling its way, and a tortoise whose head has been completely taken off, has survived the operation twenty-three days.

It would seem, then, that, although the brains of reptiles are more developed than those of fishes, they have not yet that important relation to the life of the individual which the brains of the warm-blooded birds and mammalians have. This inferior condition of the nervous system well tallies with the small amount of sensibility which we discover.

In birds the brain shows considerable increase of development, but the cerebral hemispheres are still destitute of the convolutions which are to be found in mammalians. The sense of touch must be very imperfect in birds, as their bodies are covered with feathers, and their limbs with horny scales. Like as in fishes, the eye seems to be the most important sense, and seems to exist in them in greater perfection than in man. Birds may be deprived of their brains, and kept alive for more than a year by artificial feeding. This fact proves the inferiority of their nervous systems, and as a natural consequence, we should expect to find them possessing less sensibility than mammalians. This is the case, and has been well illustrated by the writer of the article, *Animal Kingdom*, in the "Cyclopædia Britannica." He says, that he has

seen a turtle-dove which was so severely lacerated by a cat, that the contents of its stomach were torn out. The painfully excited sympathy of those who had long cherished the gentle creature was, however, in a great measure allayed by seeing the bird immediately afterwards proceed to pick up the fresh grains of barley, which, until the wound was sewn up, continued to fall from its pouch. No human being, however hungry he was, would proceed to eat under similar circumstances. Even in mammals, the sensation of pain seems not to be felt with the intensity it is by man, although their nervous systems approach his so nearly in resemblance.

In judging of the amount of pain an animal suffers, we must not be guided by the amount of cries and struggles which take place. If the brain of a dog or a rabbit be removed, it still lives, but lies as if in a deep sleep. All sensation is completely annihilated; yet loud sounds will rouse the animal, and if the skin is injured in any way, it will shriek and attempt to defend itself. All these, however, are merely physical nervous actions, and are not the result of pain, but resemble the motion of the decapitated frog. A hare caught in a net, will utter loud cries, but remains quite quiet if wounded ever so badly, so that it can only get away. Pigs make a great noise, however carefully they are handled. In fact, animals seem to adopt the sensible plan of crying out before they are hurt, and not afterwards, when the mischief is done. Struggles are not always the result of pain. The tail of the slow-worm, which wriggles for five hours, feels no pain. Convulsions are the result of insensibility, and are caused by the mind losing its control over the muscles. From observation, we cannot help coming to the conclusion, that even the mammals do not suffer pain as man does. Dormice, rats, and monkeys, eat their tails with as much zest as some of us do our finger-nails. Horses will still hobble about and feed, after their legs have been frightfully mutilated; and hundreds of other instances might be brought forward to illustrate this point. But that these animals do suffer pain, is shown by the merciful provision which induces those which prey on others to put the captured animal to death in the quickest possible manner. The head or neck is always the point attacked. How different is this from what may be observed among invertebrate animals, and how significant the fact! Among a class of animals which scarcely can be killed, death must be prolonged and lingering. If they suffered pain as the vertebrate animals do, would there not also be some provision made for their speedy death?

Having so far considered the amount of pain endured by animals of the different divisions, let us proceed to consider the uses of pain.

The feelings have been divided into sentiments and sensations. It is the disagreeable portion of the latter we have to do with ; for we must include under the word pain, every unpleasant sensation—the strong light, the harsh sound, the disagreeable taste, the disgusting smell, all painful sensations communicated through the organ of touch, heat, cold, hunger, thirst, &c. At the same time, it must be remembered, that it is, and was before the creation of man, one of the servants of Him who has made nothing imperfect!

The office of Pain is to protect Life.

Pain is the mediator between mind and body, and ever keeps the former informed as to what should be sought and what avoided for the benefit of the latter.

Pain acts *persuasively* and *imperatively*. Persuasively by the numerous little uneasy sensations which are constantly prompting us to action. Imperatively by the agony which causes instant action. For example—if a person has to sit for any length of time, and especially if the seat be hard, he will be noticed constantly to shift his position. This takes place in compliance with the promptings of certain uneasy sensations which tell him that he has been pressing sufficiently long on one portion of the integument. If these promptings were not attended to, inflammation would come on, and pain would then act imperatively and compel him to move. But supposing pain to be altogether absent, then there would be nothing to prevent us from sitting till our bones came through ; an awful state of matters which does occur in slave ships, where the poor victims are packed for a long time in a sitting posture on the hard decks.

Pain never acts imperatively without a good reason. Its promptings are at first so gentle that they may be often overlooked. Hunger and thirst come on so gradually that they may be endured for some time without suffering. There are many uneasy sensations which are sufficient to produce the desired effect without producing actual pain, such as itching, tickling, pins and needles, &c. ; but if a portion of food gets into the windpipe, pain interferes promptly, and imperatively the offending substance is coughed up, and the person rescued from death. If anything hot is lifted by mistake, pain insists upon the hold being immediately relaxed, and thus a useful hand is preserved.

The uses of pain may be divided into *Preventive*, *Remedial*, and *Retributive*.

The *preventive* use of pain is displayed in hundreds of different ways. A strong light, or the long-continued use of the eye, causes sufficient pain to prevent the individual from injuring so important an organ. Disgusting smells have the effect of

preventing uncleanness; they make us avoid unwholesome food, impure drinks, and pestilential atmospheres. The sense of taste, teaches us what not to eat; an instance of the necessity of which, for the prevention of mischief, we here give:—an old woman who was fast failing, gathering a salad for dinner, mixed with it by mistake some monkshood. She and her husband, who was also very old, both partook of the poisonous plant and died a few hours after. From extreme age they had lost their sense of taste, and consequently they did not discover the acrid taste which was recognised by the young female servant in their employ, and which in her case had the effect of preventing her death.

If it were not for the painful sensation of hunger, what would prevent lazy people from leading a life of idleness? Heat up to a certain temperature is pleasant. If it were not for the pain which tells us when it is becoming harmful to the body, what would prevent us from roasting ourselves? People with paralysed legs have been known to burn themselves to a frightful extent without being aware of it. Dr. Carpenter gives the case of a drover who went to sleep over a newly-lit lime-kiln. During the night, the part of the brickwork on which one of his feet rested, became red hot and burnt it into a cinder, he having been lulled into unconsciousness by the carbonic acid gas. When he was awoke in the morning, unconscious of the injury he had received, he placed the foot to the ground, and it crumbled into fragments. The sense of pain was annihilated here, and consequently there was nothing to prevent the occurrence of the injury. Lord Kames recommends parents to cut the fingers of their children, so that having once felt the pain, they may be prevented from inflicting upon themselves more serious injuries in future. If it were not for the consequent pain, it would be delightful occupation for a child, instead of having to hack sticks, to be able to slice away at its fingers. Without pain, what child would reach ten years of age with a perfect finger on its hands, or a whole bone in its body? Under the present order of things, children can scarcely be kept from breaking their necks daily. If pain were suspended, there would soon be scarcely a child alive.

It has been wisely and mercifully provided, that the external covering of man shall be that most sensible to pain. It would have been a useless infliction to have made the deeper parts equally sensitive, as nothing from without can injure them without having first affected the skin. The deeper parts are, however, capable of receiving injuries without the skin being involved, and in these cases, such as concussions and sprains, pain is felt. If it were not for this provision, we should be

jumping from great heights, and injuriously straining ourselves. There would be little protection for the internal organs if they alone were made capable of being pained. Suppose the heart to be sensible, and the skin over the region of it insensible to pain, the skin, if wounded, would not inform the individual of approaching danger, and when the heart itself was injured, it would be too late.

How necessary is it, that man should wear a robe of sensibility more perfect than that of any other animal, when we consider that he so constantly uses fire, edged tools, and chemical substances !

A correspondent gives the following practical illustration of the use of pain in preventing injuries :—“ A young man, a parishioner of mine, a blacksmith, had the misfortune, a few months since, to be thrown by a horse, with his wrist against a window, and thereby sever the chief arteries. He is now well enough to return to his work. He can grasp a hammer with his clenched hand, but cannot take up things with his finger and thumb. Sensation is almost entirely gone ; so much so, that he only discovers that thorns are deep in his hand by *looking it over*. He happened to have the skin taken clean off, but only discovered it by the sense of sight ; and he tells me, that this is very awkward, for he is afraid of pinching or burning himself while at his work, and not finding it out until it becomes serious.”

If it were not for pain, what poor man would wear shoes, or avoid sharp stones, or, in fact, have a foot to walk with at all ? If scalding soap-suds, and tea, did not produce pain, what state would washerwomen's hands and throats soon be in ? What person, living in a manufacturing town, amid smoke and dust, would have an eye to see with, if it were not for the delicate membrane which instantly informs him of the presence of something in it ? The offending particles would remain unnoticed— inflammation would be set up—the transparent structures would become opaque, and the eye would be lost ! As it is, the least speck of dust produces motion of the eyelids, and sets at liberty a little fountain of tears, which flows over the surface of the eye, and washes everything away.

That the amount of suffering employed for the prevention of injuries is not too great, may be easily shown. Many persons will at any time, for mere amusement, run pins into their legs ; savages tatoo themselves, although the operation is acknowledged to be a very tedious and painful one ; ladies suffer their ears to be pierced, and, to improve their personal appearance, will suffer great inconvenience ; and how *much pain* has the vanity of tightly-fitting boots cost mankind ? If these examples are not sufficient to prove that pain is not imposed upon us too severely, read the

long list of self-imposed torments which religious devotees have endured in all parts of the world ; and remember the gladiators of yore, and the prize-fighters of the present day.

Pain, "Nature's kind harbinger of mischief," does its work mercifully. If possible, it approaches gently ; and if it be prompt and energetic, we may be assured that the evil cannot be prevented without it, and that it is still tempered with mercy.

Another use of pain is *remedial*. Pain is the sentinel of health, and is ever ready to give alarm on the approach of the enemy, Disease. But when disease succeeds in invading the body, pain then becomes useful in suggesting and carrying out the remedy. A dog with the mange will eat nothing, but the intense thirst causes it to drink freely ; and this is the best treatment for that complaint. But pain acts as a curative agent, by insuring rest. Pain was the first healer of wounds and mender of broken limbs. If a savage broke his leg, the good surgeon Pain stood over him with a drawn sword, and compelled him to keep the limb at rest until the bones united. Pain is most useful to medical men in pointing out the seat of disease and the character of it. In fact, so useful is pain as a remedial agent, that any one, with the least glimmering of understanding, would rather beg to be allowed the continuance of its benefits than to be rid of it.

The *retributive* use of pain is manifest whenever any person wilfully breaks an organic law. The infliction of pain, under these circumstances, is benevolent and just ; for the object of it is only to bring the individual back to obedience for his own welfare. Bishop Butler says :—"All we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, is put in our own power. For pleasure and pain are the consequence of our actions, and we are endued by the Author of our nature with capacities of foreseeing these consequences. By prudence and care, we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet ; or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, wilfulness, or even negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please."

But pain is retributive not only to the individual ; it descends to the second and third generation. The unavoidable character of hereditary disease is most distressing. The retribution is awful, and yet not too much so, as is proved by the continuance of those marriages which are the cause of it. John Stuart Mill says :—"The fact itself of causing the existence of a human being, is one of the most responsible actions in the range of life. To undertake this responsibility—to bestow a life which may be either a curse or a blessing—unless the being on whom it is bestowed will have at least the ordinary chances of a desirable existence, is a crime against that being."

One class of cases may be brought forward in which the children have to suffer for the sins of the parents, and as it is one on which Divinity and Law are silent, and the innocent offspring is committed, what continued remorse must follow the discovery—if it be done wilfully, what heart-rending sorrow!

It would not be right to quit the subject of pain without paying our grateful tribute to that noble genius who discovered the best means of annihilating it. Thirteen years ago, Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, first introduced the use of chloroform, conferring upon mankind a benefit, which, in point of value, has scarcely ever been equalled; still he has not yet had the public thanks of even his own countrymen. Had he been a general who had killed ten thousand men, he would by this time have been a peer of the realm; as he has, however, only been the preserver of millions from mental and bodily torture, he is not even a knight.

IV.

THE OPIUM REVENUE OF INDIA.

At a time when public attention is drawn, with unpleasant frequency, to Indian finance, and when our relations with China are constantly rising in importance, the subject which we have placed at the head of this article—intimately connected as it is with both these questions—is one which well deserves a closer consideration than has generally been bestowed on it. In the following remarks we purpose to present our readers with a general, but we believe a thoroughly accurate outline of its main features. It is much to be wished that public men, especially those who desire to regulate themselves by Christian principle, would study this subject in all its bearings. To one of the most important of these—the *Opium Trade* with China—we can do no more than allude. We will only say here that a thorough acquaintance with the history of that traffic, is the only key to the knowledge of our complicated Chinese relations.

The Opium Revenue of India is derived from two sources:—the first and larger, being the profit realised by the Government of Bengal on opium, the produce of their own territory; the second, being a transit duty paid to the Government of Bombay on opium, the produce of native states, which must pass through that Presidency before it can be shipped to China. The

net amount derived from both these sources, for the year 1858-59, was £5,346,391. But this sum was much larger than it had ever been before, and for 1859-60, it is now expected to be under £4,500,000. It is to the former of these sources we propose to confine our attention for the present.

The manufacture of opium is entirely prohibited in the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras. In Bengal, it is a Government monopoly. The Act XIII. of 1857, is that by which the culture of the poppy is at present regulated. No native *capitalist* ever offers his land for the cultivation of the poppy: the fixed price given by Government is not remunerating as compared with the returns yielded by other crops, such as sugar, tobacco, cotton, &c. It is grown exclusively by small cultivators, to whom the Government advance of money, which is always required, is the chief inducement. These ryots, to use the native term, are bound to deliver up every ounce of the produce, in the shape of inspissated juice of the poppy, to the opium agent, by whom they are paid at a certain rate per *seer* (2 lbs. weight), which is fixed by Government from time to time. Received into the Government warehouses, it there undergoes a process of manufacture, not for medicinal purposes, but expressly to adapt it for use as an article of vicious luxury (for such, as we shall see, the Government itself describes it), and that for the Chinese market.

As some may be disposed to question the statement that the Indian Government prepare the drug for any other purpose than for medicine, it may be proper to give one or two incontrovertible proofs of its accuracy. Mr. Stark, Chief of the Revenue Department of the Indian Board, says, 14th Feb. 1832—"The Bengal Government have never attempted to produce opium with reference to its *medical* qualities, but *entirely* with a view to its meeting the *taste of the Chinese*." Mr. Jardine, head of the eminent house of Jardine Matheson and Co. in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, said that the Board of Salt and Opium, in Calcutta, *sent to his house samples of various preparations and packages to test the Chinese market*. Mr. Fleming, Inspector of Opium, speaks of the drug "being prepared in a *peculiar manner to suit the Chinese*."* And the East India Company, in an official memorandum to the House of Lords, state:—"The opium is made up in balls according to *Chinese* weights, in chests of about 128 lbs."†

So prepared and packed, it is then put up to sale at Calcutta,

* See "Report of Committee of House of Commons on China Trade," 1840.

† See "Return to House of Lords, No. 208," 1857.

and the proceeds form the Opium Revenue of the Presidency of Bengal.

Such is the *nature* of the revenue. Its *progress* is very remarkable. Forty years ago, the entire *value* exported was little more than £1,000,000 ; what the revenue was we are unable at present to say. At that time the quantity shipped to China was about 4,000 chests ; in 1838, it was 34,000 ; and in 1858, it was 76,000 chests. It must be borne in mind, however, that neither the value nor the revenue have at all increased in the same proportion.

The great recommendations of such a revenue to the Government are, that it is apparently derived from the subjects of a foreign power, and, that it is easily realised.

But it is open to most serious objections, some of which are admitted by the Indian authorities ; while others, and these the more weighty, are, now-a-days at least, unfortunately ignored by them.

Passing by the fact that it is a Government monopoly, the retention of which might be justified on other grounds than that of revenue, a more serious objection is the oppressive nature of the enactments, by which the monopoly is guarded. By these enactments, fines of a crushing amount (the least being £50) are inflicted on the ryot or others who shall be found guilty of any infraction of the Act. These fines are divisible between the officers and the informers. Few will need to be told how such a bribe is likely to operate with the utterly corrupt native officials, and how much it exposes the unfortunate ryot to false accusation and oppression. By these enactments, it is also provided, that all disputes as to quality, weight, &c. shall be settled by the Government opium agents : in other words, that, as between seller and buyer, the buyer shall be the judge ; all appeals to the constituted courts of the country being expressly disallowed. But the oppressive features of the system are not confined to those which appear on the face of the Act. There cannot be a doubt that the ryots are, in many cases, *compelled* to take the Government advances, and so come under obligation to cultivate poppy. It is true, that the Opium Acts, both of 1793 and of 1857, prohibit such a practice. But the very existence of such a prohibition, repeated after sixty years, it is to be feared, is only proof that the practice exists. Perhaps it would be hard to say when the pressure of the officer of the all-powerful Government passes from persuasion into compulsion. One of these officers writes thus of the arrears into which cultivators fall ; “ It is clear that when such balances become so large that the cultivator cannot discharge them, he is no longer a free agent, but is perfectly subservient to the will of his creditor [*i.e.* the Government], for whom he must cultivate, whether he

desire it or not. Such burdens may even be handed down from father to son."

Seen from a financial point of view, this revenue is open to the serious objection of being *extremely precarious*. This has been constantly recognised by the Indian Government, both at home and at Calcutta. It is true there is, on the whole, a large and progressive increase, but it has been obtained by a much more than a proportionately increased effort. In the "Papers relating to the Opium Trade," presented to Parliament, 1856, there is a statement to the effect, that, comparing the twenty years preceding 1855, with the previous thirty years, the East India Company had laid out ten times the quantity of valuable land, and had expended twelve times the capital, for a result of only four times the profit. A further endeavour in the same direction would, at this rate, end in the extinction of the revenue. Besides, it is dependent on the caprice of a foreign population, and the legislature of a foreign Government. In 1839, that Government (the Chinese) enforced its laws against the importation of opium; and, for the time, that source of Indian revenue disappeared, and in its stead, a heavy loss was incurred. It is quite within the bounds of possibility, nay, it is even probable, that an exactly opposite course may have the same result; that the removal of the restrictions on the native growth in China, which may reasonably be expected to follow our extorting the legalisation of the import, may so cheapen the drug, as to sweep away the already diminishing margin of profit which forms the opium revenue of India. Another source of danger in this direction is the success of the Tae-ping insurrection in China. The leaders of the movement have been known all along as determined opponents of opium-smoking. Any reports to the opposite effect seem referable to the irregular bands which have assumed their name, although altogether distinct from them. Parties best informed in Chinese matters do not hesitate to affirm, that the secret of the open hostility of our merchants there to the Tae-ping insurrection is, the fear of the consequences to the opium trade should the insurgents prove successful. This also sufficiently accounts for the scarcely less disguised hostility of our own Government. But for the insuperable difficulties in the way of a Tae-ping Emperor legalising the importation of opium, which was extorted at Tien-tsin from the effete Tartar dynasty, we might at once have recognised his claim to the throne, and carried out the principles of Lord John Russell's despatch to Count Cavour, in China, as in Italy. Consistency, the true interests of trade—especially of the British manufactures—the benefits of the unrestrained intercourse with foreigners which the rebels are desirous to accord, and, above all,

the claims of good morals and of Christianity, have all to be sacrificed to the Opium Revenue of India !

A further objection to this revenue is, its prejudicial effect on the commerce, both of Britain and India. Fifty years ago, opium did not form one-half of the value shipped from India to China, now it is more than 90 per cent of the whole, being upwards of £8,000,000, while cotton is only £390,000. Again, there is not a doubt that the unexpected disappointment sustained by our manufacturers in China, is greatly owing to this cause. In 1847, a Committee of the House of Commons attributed it to the want of our ability to take returns from China, and recommended a reduction in the duty on tea. This recommendation has been partially carried out since 1853. The import of tea has largely increased, as compared with the period preceding the Committee's report. The increase on the imports of silk is even greater, so that, taking both together (according to a series of returns moved for by Mr. Dunlop, 1859,) the four years following the reduction of the duty, viz. 1854-58, show an average increase in the imports from China of £4,500,000, as compared with the four years preceding the report of the Committee, viz. 1843-46. But, so far from this being accompanied by a similar increase in our exports to China, they actually fall off in the period mentioned, £22,700, on the average of the four years. The anomaly can only be accounted for by the fact, that in the same period the value of the opium shipped from India to China had increased from £5,000,000 to £8,000,000 sterling per annum.*

But, in connection with this part of our inquiry, it is chiefly in its bearing on the production of articles of food that the revenue is objectionable in the highest degree. And here it must be borne in mind, that the growth of the poppy has not been left to itself, but that it has been stimulated by every possible means. To quote the language of Mr. St. George Tucker, twice Chairman of the East India Company, a most able financier and steady opponent, as he termed himself, of this policy :—"Of late years we have pushed it [the manufacture of opium] to its utmost height.

* The returns for 1859 and 1860, show a considerable increase in the export of British manufactures to China; but this circumstance will not invalidate the argument. Such occasional spurts in the China trade are not unfrequent, especially, as in the present case, after political action; but they have always been followed by a corresponding collapse. On the average of years, there is no steady progressive increase, as may be observed in almost every other country with which we trade, especially where we are largely increasing our imports from that country. We once heard a gentleman, who knew more of the opium trade by experience than most men, say, "Let but the opium chest find its way up the Yang-tse-Kiang, and our manufacturers will not trouble themselves to send their bales after it." The one will effectually exclude the other.

We contracted burdensome treaties with the Rajpoot States to introduce and extend the cultivation of the poppy. We introduced the article into our own districts, where it had not been cultivated before, or where the cultivation had been abandoned; and we gave our revenue officers an interest in extending the cultivation in preference to other produce much more valuable and deserving of encouragement. Finally, we established retail shops which brought it to every man's door." But to come to more recent times—nay, to this very year, we shall quote from the speech of the late Mr. James Wilson, when expounding his financial scheme:—"Notwithstanding the rise in price to the ryot from 3r. 4a. to 3r. 8a. per seer last year, it became evident that that was not enough to induce cultivators to go on, as many gave notice that they would not again take advances. It is only a fortnight since we received from the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, a despatch, giving cover to a report of the Board of Revenue upon the subject. His Honour pointed out that in Bengal, during the last three or four years, all the leading crops, *wheat, rice, potatoes, and sugar*, have increased in price 70 to 100 per cent.; and he urged the necessity of a further rise in the price paid for opium, that it might *maintain its ground against these other articles*. The Government of India, therefore, sanctioned a further rise to 4 rupees per seer, which we hope will have the necessary effect, and *secure us against a further decline in the cultivation*." Maintain its ground *against wheat, rice, potatoes, and sugar*! A strange object surely for the attainment of a paternal Government! The following extract from a late correspondence of the *Times*, will enable us better to understand the real state of the case:—"Trade stagnates, legislation stagnates, politics stagnate, but one thing advances; and that is a prospect of famine in the North-West. We had a bad season there last year; and this year a drought, which has extended over nine months, threatens to dry up the whole country. Grain has risen enormously in value, and the price of other necessaries of life has advanced with it. Timely rain may yet save the North-West provinces, and with them India, from this terrible infliction; but it must come soon, or the doom of the year will have been pronounced." A terrible infliction indeed! Once at least, if not oftener, has even the present generation witnessed thousands of skeleton corpses floating down the broad Ganges, in sad procession to the sea—the victims of such a famine.* And just at such a moment, the Government of India has sanctioned a measure which they hope will have the effect of securing them against—what?

Against the diminution of the growth of food? No: quite the reverse. Against the further decline in the cultivation of the poppy! The pauperised ryot it seems has been wishful to reject the tempting bribe of the Government advance, and to crop his little plot with wheat, rice, sugar, or potatoes; but the Government again step in to induce him still to take their money, and to sow his ground once more with the baleful poppy. It may be said this is merely a necessary adjustment of the market value of produce. Be it so; but what must be thought of a system of revenue, the necessary and *direct* effect of which is to aggravate a famine of food, and that in order to the production of such an article as opium, prepared for vicious indulgence?

This leads us to the last and most serious objection of all, to which this revenue is liable: it is *immoral* in its character. We are aware that this will be stoutly denied by a few; it is, nevertheless, perfectly true. True, because the indulgence it contemplates is immoral; and true, because, instead of being contrived and wrought as a *check* on that indulgence, as are certain other branches of revenue with which it has been improperly classed, this is derived by *providing for* and stimulating that immoral indulgence by every possible means.

As regards the indulgence itself: to every candid mind, it is almost a work of supererogation to prove that the use of opium, otherwise than for medicine, is most hurtful, physically, mentally, and morally. It is vain to attempt to put it on a level even with alcoholic beverages. *Any* indulgence in opium is with a view to produce that which is the result of an *excess* in alcoholics. Passing by the mass of evidence which might be taken from the testimony of missionaries, travellers, &c., we confine ourselves to those who must be acknowledged to be impartial witnesses. Mr. Matheson, himself once largely engaged in the opium trade, says:—"The only comparison that can be made, is between opium-smoking and *drunkenness*"—not moderate drinking. Sir Benjamin Brodie, with four-and-twenty of the most eminent of the London faculty, says:—"I cannot but regard those who promote the use of opium as an article of luxury, as inflicting a most serious injury on the human race." Mr. Marjoribanks, high in the service of the East India Company, and for many years at the head of their establishment in Canton, says:—"The misery and demoralization caused by this pernicious poison are almost beyond belief. Any man who has witnessed its frightful ravages and demoralising effects in China, must feel deeply on this subject." As the unbiassed judgment following on such evidence, a Special Committee of the House of Commons, although the subject was only incidentally brought before them, cannot dismiss it without

declaring "the demoralising results of the opium trade to be *incontestable, and inseparable from its existence.*" But perhaps the strongest testimony of all is that of the Indian Government itself. The Directors of the East India Company say :—"Were it possible to prevent the use of the drug altogether, except strictly for the purpose of medicine, we would gladly do it *in compassion to mankind.*" Waiving for the present what might have been done by them in the way of prevention, surely such a declaration must be held to be decisive, as regards the character of the indulgence in question.

That this revenue is derived by providing for and stimulating this indulgence may be held as proved already, by what has been advanced regarding the mode of preparation. But much more might have been adduced to prove even more strongly how closely they have studied the particular object of stimulating the depraved taste of the Chinese consumer. For instance, a medical gentleman, on a visit to his friend in charge of the scientific department of the opium factory at Patna, when expressing his amazement at an exhibition of opium enough to supply the medical wants of the world for years, is informed—"These stores of opium have no such beneficent destination. It is all going to debauch the Chinese, and my duty is to maintain its smack as attractive to them as possible. Come to my laboratory." And there he was shown broken balls of opium, procured, as he understood, by the Bengal Government, as approved samples for imitation.* And in other ways, down to the present day, they stimulate it. Although professing to have nothing to do with the drug, after selling it in Calcutta, they, nevertheless, when heavy losses were sustained in China by the shippers of opium, shared the loss, by making a large return upon the purchase price. At first they defended their revenue on the ground that they wished to check and regulate an evil they could not eradicate; and it is admitted that at one time they endeavoured to obtain the highest price for as small a quantity as they thought would furnish them with the sum they required. But they soon, in practice, departed from this principle; and only this year, Mr. Wilson, in his budget speech, avowed his intention to extend the production as much as possible, in order to enable him, by a lower price, consequent on the increased supply, to retain possession of the Chinese market.

Worse still. The Indian Government have introduced the indulgence into newly-annexed territory, where before it was unknown. It was thus in Pegu. Before they annexed it to the

* See "The Traffic in Opium in the East," an appendix to "The British Army in India." By Dr. Julius Jeffreys, F.R.S. London: Longman and Co.

British dominions, not a poppy was grown there, and the use of opium was effectually excluded; but no sooner did that country fall into the hands of the Indian Government than they farmed out the right of selling opium, and already a growing amount finds its way into the Indian exchequer, from the spread of a vice, which, effectually excluded by a heathen monarch, has been introduced and sedulously fostered by the Government of a Christian Queen.

It may, perhaps, be expected, that such a paper ought to conclude by indicating some course to be followed, if not some substitute for the revenue in question. The limits we have prescribed to ourselves forbid this. Suffice it to say, that as the Indian Government can, and do, prohibit the growth of the poppy with the greatest ease, wherever it does not suit their purpose it should be grown, they ought, for the sake of morality, to prohibit it everywhere. The principle of prohibition may be objected to as unsound. Strange that what is thought no violation of sound principle, if money may be made thereby,—as, for instance, the prohibition of the growth of tobacco in Ireland, for the sake of the Customs' revenue—should be denounced in the strongest terms if proposed for the sake of the physical, the social, or the moral welfare of a weak and helpless community! Any middle course is out of the question. All who have studied the subject—the defenders and the opponents of this revenue, almost unanimously admit this. The evils of a free growth of the poppy in India would be ten-fold more than those of the present system.

And even supposing that no substitute equally productive could be immediately adopted, keeping out of view the much that might be done for the development of the ample resources of India, if the opium revenue be such as it has been described—built up on the ruin of our fellow-men, shall we hesitate to renounce it? Must the thief, or the profligate pander to other men's vices, make sure of equally lucrative callings, before they renounce their dishonourable practices? But, alas! here, as often elsewhere, that which would be scouted in the individual, is not only tolerated, but defended in the community. If the views just advanced are correct, and indeed they are scarcely denied, what can we hope for from the continuance of such a policy? Unless we imagine Justice and Benevolence, in the administration of human governments, to be matters of indifference to the Supreme Governor of all, what *can* be expected but that, by the operation of His immutable laws, such a course will work out its condign punishment? We have suffered much in India. Is there not reason to fear that, unless in this and in other respects, we “sin no more,” even “a worse thing may befall us?”

V.

LAVINIA.*

"OLD Rags and Bottles!" What will not genius effect? Under its transforming hand, obedient sprites have fabricated the paper on which these lines are written out of old linen rags; and under its guiding hand, Signor Ruffini's charming pen, whether golden or goose-quill, has created for us a heroine, and the mother of a hero, in the bride of a rag-merchant—a young wife whose "quiet activity made itself felt everywhere—who found time and inclination to see the rags weighed, to pay the hands their wages, to cast up the accounts, and yet to attend to the sublime duties of maternity, and to administer help and consolation wherever needed." This exemplary young lady, however, is not the Lavinia, but the Bianca of the story—the only child of an old Roman *roué* Marquis, pensioned by his brother the canon, whom he so hates that to spite him, he protests he would willingly expouse his child to a rag-merchant. One day, a young country gentleman, his neighbour, comes to him and says, "Neighbour, I am about to turn rag-merchant, and I hope that, as such, you will accept me for your son-in-law." "With all my heart, if my daughter consents," says the Marquis in high glee; "what put such a notion into your head?" "Why," says Mancini, "I have decided at last to establish a paper-mill here. Paper is made of rags; I must, therefore, buy rags, so you see I must perforce be a rag-merchant."

So the young people marry, and Bianca is her husband's true helpmeet, and the birth of a little boy, whom they name Paolo, brings their happiness to its culminating point. Too soon their joys are clouded: Mancini is wantonly cast into prison as a political offender, in 1837, and there *forgotten*, till his admirable wife's importunities and the intervention of a good old priest procure his release—"unacquitted, but on the ground of want of proofs."

Poor Bianca dies, her husband soon follows her, and the young Paolo is left to shift for himself; he has his palette and brushes, and knows how to use them—refuses his uncle's aid, proffered on condition of his dropping his father's name, and commences artist and drawing-master. An Englishman, good-hearted but eccentric, discerns his merit, and induces him to abandon teaching, by which he lives, and stick to history painting, on which he must starve, knowing which he gives him apartments on his own *piano* at a nominal price. There are some good touches in this Englishman, who is an unmarried man of independent fortune, his age somewhere between thirty and fifty, and his character tinged with a little cynicism. He accuses Paolo,

* Lavinia: by the Author of "Lorenzo Benoni," and "Doctor Antonio." In Three Volumes. Smith, Elder, and Co. London.

good humouredly, of being always in extremes, to which Paolo replies, "Nothing can stir you out of your provoking British phlegm."

"British phlegm, indeed!" repeated the Englishman with a laugh; "how many times have I not told you that our British phlegm is an article, just like many others labelled English, of purely continental fabrication! I wish you could just have a peep of our House of Commons sometimes, of our railway stations always, or of our crowds, to form an idea of what our phlegm is like. Why, my dear Sir, we are like lucifer-matches—we cannot be touched without breaking out into a blaze. . . . Phlegmatic, indeed! We are the rashest, the most excitable, blundering, enthusiastic set of animals under the sun; burning Etnas, under a coat of ice: with us, life is a race, a storm, pleasure, business, virtue, vice, we overdo everything. Statesmen, students, authors, artists, work at high pressure, and die of over-tasked brains. Drunkenness itself changes name and nature with us, and becomes delirium."

A party of Paolo's gay-hearted young brother artists interrupt the dialogue, and want to see his new picture, which they criticise freely. One of them, a young Frenchman, nicknamed Dugentre, tells Paolo he is on the wrong tack, and says, "We have outlived the ideal." Paolo says he would burn his brushes if he thought so.

"You worship a fallen god," says Dugentre. "The ideal has had its day, when men had faith and leisure: they have neither now-a-days, they have interests, that's all. The real is the monarch of our age—the age of steam, of electric telegraphs, and Californias. Out of realism and its expression the school of genre, there is no salvation for a painter. With your ideal you rub the hair of the present time the wrong way."

This is very much as one would expect a Frenchman to talk; but we would take the liberty of saying to the two young arguers, "You both are right, you both are wrong." Dugentre says the ideal had its day, when men had faith and leisure. Faith in what? In the days of the grand old Italian masters, they had faith in religion, and also in public virtue; those were not days of leisure, they were turbulent, stirring times, when society seethed as in a cauldron; its surgings reached even the artist's studio, and made Michael Angelo lay aside his chisel to defend his native city, and Luca della Robbia throw his canvasses on Savonarola's expurgatory pile in the great Piazza. These interruptions helped the true idealist more than they hindered: they made him feel how true a thing public spirit is, how real is religion, how dear is freedom, how pure is virtue. To him, much that is called ideal was found and proved to be real; and when these great realities became marred, corrupted, and subjugated more and more by their antagonist evils, till the stream became polluted at its very source, the artist power died too! Honour, and virtue, and domestic fidelity, and simplicity, and faith, and rectitude, and belief in God, and in women, and in friends, and in public men, became extinct; and the Italian became a worthless character, and could paint nothing

to inspire reverence and admiration, or to command a tear: he could not even *copy* an eminent master in the spirit of the original. For long years the Italian school has been the lowest in Europe.

But our hope and comfort is, that this *risorgimento*, this awakening of sinful, sorrowful Italy from her long dream-tormented slumber, is the precursor of better things, not alone to the church, the state, the merchant, the artizan, but to all that is good and great in science, art, and literature. The two last campaigns would warm a stone! When had Davila, or Guicciardini, or Macchiavelli, such a story to tell as is ready for Farini, if he can find time to write it? Galileo need have feared no Inquisition now, were he to discover new wonders in the starry heavens. Columbus would not wander through the courts of Europe, for a ship to lead him to new worlds. A Pietro Martiro and Bernardino Ochino would now be joyfully listened to in northern Italy. And as the hour not unfrequently produces the man, and a Garibaldi, a Victor Emmanuel, and a Cavour, have each been found to be the right man in the right place, may we not rely that others in the spirit and vocation of Galileo, Columbus, Ochino, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and Raffaele will spring up and flourish? The new king of Italy begins at the root; he calls for infant-schools, boys' schools, girls' schools, universities; abolishes all conventual establishments that cannot prove their practical usefulness, trains all the youth and all the burgher population to military discipline; allows Bibles to be sold in the streets, and at railway stations, and allows religious toleration even to the persecuted Jews. How can it be that Art should not awake, and leap for joy?

At present, however, in spite of the warm life-blood rapidly coursing through his veins, the Italian wants bone and sinew. Rome was not built in a day, nor in a day can the Roman be re-born. Hear what Signor Gallenga, an Italian himself, has said of "the lymphatic disposition" of his countrymen. "We have crowds of men," says he, "like Petrarch, Tasso, Metastasio, and Pellico—soft creatures who are always blubbering, and yet bemoaning their hard lot, which turns their hearts to stone, and denies them the relief and refreshment of a good flood of tears!" It is incredible, he adds, what a development is given to nerves in Italy at the expense of muscles. The whole system of education is wrong from beginning to end, and the mischief is at work from the very cradles, where infants are still all but smothered in their old-fashioned swaddling-clothes. And then, again, they are hardly able to sit or stand, when they begin to keep the late hours, and partake the hurtful stimulants of grown-up people; are humoured in all their whims and fancies, glutted with sweets, wines, and liqueurs, till the ruin of their constitution keeps pace with the spoiling of their temper.

Well, we hope Victor Emmanuel will live to say at seventy, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" What a pity some female Captain Peard should not stand forth, to undertake the discipline of at least one of

his infant schools, without dogmatism or prejudice, in the spirit of Mrs. Bayley and Mrs. Wightman !*

To resume our tale. The young Italian is induced, sorely against the grain, to give drawing lessons to a young English lady, travelling with her uncle and aunt, and about to winter in Rome. This is no other than Miss Lavinia Jones, the "Lavinia" of the book ; and we confess to a feeling of mortification on discovering her to be the niece of a retired pickle merchant, or rather Italian warehouseman, in Piccadilly, a retired Fortnum or Mason. To say truth, her uncle sufficiently regrets it himself, as well as his unfortunately plebeian name of Jones, which a *chevalier d'industrie*, who calls himself the Cavaliere Martucci, consoles him with the hope of his enabling him to conceal it under the dignity and title of a Count Palatine. With this project in view, the too-credulous Mr. Jones has come to Rome, where his niece immediately engages Paolo to give her painting lessons, and we should say falls in love with him on the spot. Lavinia is abundantly missy ; and we quite concur with Paolo's English friend, Mr. Thornton, in pronouncing her a thorough specimen of the genus, "fine lady"—not "high-born" lady, which she has no pretension to be, nor even highly-bred lady, which a really good governess might have made her. Her aunt is the milk of human kindness—a woman whose unaffected goodness of heart would have adorned any station ; and Paolo is highly delighted with both ladies, and soon learns to find himself happiest when in their company. Mr. Jones, however, will persist in considering him only a drawing-master, though Lavinia assures him he is a first-rate artist, who condescends very much in consenting to teach. Mr. Jones's contumacy even goes so far as to induce him to propose giving a dinner-party, without including Paolo among the guests, on which Lavinia not very amiably replies, that if Signor Mancini is not invited, she shall not come down to dinner. Mr. Jones good-temperedly yields the point ; and Paolo, having received a card, buys himself a black satin stock, and a pair of hazle-nut coloured gloves. Thus attired, as he trusts, quite unexceptionably, he repairs to the dinner ; but is disturbed in his mind as to what to do with his hat—whether to carry it into the drawing-room with him or not. He has heard the question discussed and settled some time or other, but forgets how the decision was given. So he takes it in ; and immediately perceives that every other man wears a white neckcloth, and no other man carries his hat. Poor Paolo ! these unintentional mistakes are felt as real misfortunes by the young and thin-skinned.

Among the guests are a Mr. Piper (Peter, of course) and his lady, whose favourite subject is the persecution of the Madiaais. She has already suggested it to Paolo as a fine subject for a historical picture ;

* Since writing this, we learn that Signor Ferreti and his amiable wife have for some time been educating young Italian girls at their Orphan Home, 35 Elgin Road, Kensington Park North, in the Protestant faith, as certificated governesses. The supply and demand will doubtless be simultaneous.

but Paolo does not exactly see how the persecution *in extenso* is to be represented on canvas. Signor Ruffini takes this opportunity of letting us know that he thinks the case of Francesco and Rosa Madiati has been made rather too much of. There are others much worse, he says. Of course there have been, only they have not come within English means of redress.

The dinner was dull at first. This, we know, may have been possible. Wine circulates, and general subjects are timidly approached. Is the European horizon likely to continue cloudless? or are there any incipient signs of an impending storm? (This is supposed to be asked in 1857.) Mr. Jones is oracular in his answer. He sees, he regrets to say, dark clouds gathering in the West. Things and names are revived somewhere, offensive to English feelings and notions—things and names which England neither can, nor must, nor will tolerate much longer. Sad as a prospect of war may appear, especially to men of capital, Great Britain has duties, imperative duties; and the sooner France gets a licking the better.

Neither is this overdrawn. The whole scene is easy and conversational. We advisedly say easily; for, to a practised hand, it is almost as easy to write as to read or speak light conversation, setting aside the mere penmanship. Signor Ruffini's English dialogue is wonderful for an Italian, and good for an Englishman,—far pleasanter and more natural than Miss Lavinia's journal-letters to her friend, Lady Augusta, which we should have been seriously sorry to be the friend to receive. They are egotistical and namby-pamby; a man seldom or never well imitates good female letter-writing. He succeeds better, however, in his merry little artist, Salvator, who continually improvises or quotes (we may be pardoned for not knowing which) scraps which may well be from the libretto he says he is writing, such as "*Nella terra in cui viviamo, ci facciamo un ciel d'amor,*" &c.

The two gentlemen of the swell mob, too, are well done; and the mock Count's endeavour to repeat an oft-told tale to his comrade, the Chevalier, after drinking too much of Mr. Jones's Madeira, and when he confuses himself saying, "Now, don't bewilder me,"—very diverting. Lavinia is inexperienced enough to take him for what he pretends to be, the representative of the oldest house in Italy; and, in this belief, she ventures to ask him what may be presumed to be the best way of reconciling Paolo to his uncle, the canon. The Count assures her there may be difficulties in a certain quarter—difficulties which he may probably be able to remove by the aid of a little money. A confidential follower of the canon's must be propitiated—in plain words, bribed—and it will be expedient for Signor Paolo to make a small advance, and also to write a few conciliatory lines, which may be shown. Lavinia and her aunt undertake the advance, and are even grateful to the Count for consenting to pocket "the paltry sum of a hundred scudi" for the purpose assigned; and Lavinia agrees to obtain from Paolo the propitiatory letter.

When she broaches the subject, however, his darkening brow alarms

her, and he expresses his opinion of his uncle's character in no measured terms. Lavinia is at a loss to describe to Lady Augusta the impression made on her by this outburst of indignation. She does not say, "You really might have thought him the Master of Ravenswood!" but "He really was like *Mario in Ravenswood*," thereby robbing the comparison of whatever it possessed of dignity. The two young people—of whom the young man is by far the most natural and impulsive—do not part till they have plighted themselves to one another; and good-hearted Mrs. Jones coming in, Paolo kneels, kisses her hand, places it on his head, and hurries out. Lavinia tells her aunt what has passed, and says, "If you were in my circumstances, should you consider yourself engaged?" Mrs. Jones replies that she certainly should.

Mr. Jones's consent is of course not to be expected; but for a while there is no opportunity of asking it, and during that while, Paolo is supremely happy in himself. He communicates his bliss to his little friend Salvator; and Salvator, who is himself engaged to a very good young girl, and has just been appointed scene-painter to an eccentric marchioness, overflows with sympathy, and sings more than ever of "*fedeltà*" and "*felicità*."

But Lavinia soon steps from her pedestal. Secure of Paolo, she no longer consults her natural inclinations, and stands revealed "the fast young lady." Dancing, hunting, acting, shooting at a target, nothing comes amiss to her, and Paolo stands dismayed. He sees her dressed, or, as we have heard it expressed, "in shoulders for a ball," and his modest cheeks burn with blushes. He has already declined painting her portrait in the same costume; and Signor Ruffini's testimony as a foreigner is valuable, as touching the opinion abroad of our young lady's over-boldness in more respects than one. Paolo's cynical but faithful friend Thornton tells him it is no more than was to have been expected: twice Paolo packs his clothes, and resolves to flee his charmer, but once and again she prevails on him to stay. At length a terrible scene takes place at some private theatricals; Lavinia herself is terrified into resolutions of future propriety—the sham Count is detected stealing diamonds, and Mr. Jones, annoyed at being openly known as his dupe, summarily quits Rome with his wife and niece, who give Paolo permission to follow them, when he shall hear from them.

Months elapse and he receives no summons. At length, Lavinia invites him to join them at Paris; but miscalculating on the celerity with which he hastens to obey her behests, involves herself in engagements, so that on arriving there with Thornton, he finds her on the point of going to a ball. Both are troubled: she bids him call at nine the next morning, then defers it to the evening.

"Paolo would fain have walked home, to let the bitter icy night wind cool his hot, throbbing temples, but he felt as if his legs were weak as water. He beckoned to a coach, and, as he threw himself into it, called out '*Via Babbuino*.' The coachman declared he knew of no

such street. Something of remonstrance in the man's voice forced Paolo to a mental effort, and then he recollected careful Thornton having made him put into his waistcoat pocket a card, on which was written his Paris address.

"*A la bonne heure,*" said the driver, "Rue de Rohan!"

Alas! that necessity which compels the votaries of fashion to follow her chariot-wheels, constrains Lavinia to break her engagement with Paolo next evening, in order to attend the ball in honour of the reception of a new member of the Institute at the Hotel de Ville. She goes reluctantly, *but she goes*, and when the impatient Paolo arrives at the hotel, he finds himself put off with a note.

"He tore it open—read the first line, 'we are going to the ball at the Hotel de Ville'—paused a second, as if to take in the meaning, violently crushed the paper, and to the indescribable terror of the poor lady's maid, tore it with his teeth. His look, his gesture was that of a maniac. Those few words *had* maddened him."

He drives furiously to the Hotel de Ville, follows in the wake of a well-dressed crowd, and is stopped by a demand for his ticket. Of course he is without one, and of course he is ignominiously expelled from the precincts. He expostulates, raves. "Withdraw quietly," say the officials, "or we shall send you to the guard-house."

The remainder of this scene is very painful, but life-like.

"At this threat, Paolo forgets that he is one against a multitude, forgets time and place, all save that he has to curse Lavinia, and that he will do it in spite of man or devil. He throws himself furiously against his opponents—poor delirious young man! in a second he is overpowered, and carried before the captain of the guard. Luckily for Paolo, he was a grey-haired man, who had been on duty, not only at many fêtes, but on many battle-fields; life's combats and trials had sobered this elderly man, subdued the arrogance of brief martial authority. The appearance of Paolo reminded him of his own brave lad—just such another in height and carriage, far away in Algeria. The officer put his arm within Paolo's, and gently reasoning with him, led him down stairs into the court-yard, out into the open square, and bidding him go home quietly, left him there."

Paolo remains vacantly leaning against the iron rails, and then saying to himself, there must be more than one way into a house, makes a second attempt to enter, is repulsed with more violence, and finds himself forced back into the street, conscious only that he is foiled. He wanders round and round the building, but without aim or purpose. Stumbling against a block of stone, he drops on it exhausted.

"He sat there, God knows how long, looking at the gaily illuminated façade, listening to the music, his eyes straining after the shadows thrown on the window-blinds by the dancers. . . His thoughts floated from object to object, indistinct, incoherent, like the visions of a fever. That he was ill, and cold, and wretched past conception, that he was probably dying, and that death would be welcome, was his clearest impression; but of the *why* of all this wretchedness, he had now not the slightest conception.

"On a sudden, he was startled by a vivid flash of light in his eyes. A man was holding a lantern close to his face, and a gruff voice was ordering him to rise, and take himself away. . . . His mind's compass was lost, and like a wreck, he drifted right or left at hap-hazard. Shivering and in pain, he put his hand to his head, his thick hair was like a mass of wet, tangled sea-weed. It was only then he perceived that rain was falling fast, that he had lost his hat, and was literally wet to the skin. The clang of a loud tolling close at hand startled him with a sense of terror; it was the hour of the night falling from the belfry of Notre Dame. Paolo raised his eyes, above him towered a dark mass, which, as he looked, seemed to totter threateningly forwards. He rushed from under the shadow on to a bridge, saw water flowing below, and stopped to wonder, and consider whether it could be the Tiber. At the other end of the street, beyond the bridge, a large red ball of fire attracted his attention; he felt fascinated by it, went straight towards it—then red lamp, and everything, even to the last glimmering of consciousness, vanished. He lay senseless on the pavement."

Doubtless many a poor young fellow has roamed, despairing and frightfully maddened, through the midnight streets of Paris, in wretchedness contrasting with the splendour and gaiety of its lighted halls. The picture is tragically vivid.

"The glare which attracted unlucky Paolo proceeded from a large lamp of red glass, placed in front of a very low, shabby house of two storeys. . . . it denoted one of those humble establishments at which omnibuses stop, to take up or put down passengers, and where correspondence-tickets for all parts of Paris may be had for three-pence: one of the great improvements of civilization, economizing the artizan's and workman's time and strength.

"A little man in a lamentably conditioned dressing-gown, his little body half out of the garret window, immediately above the waiting-room of the said bureau, was in the act of extinguishing, by the aid of a short stick, the red lamp beneath, when Paolo fell heavily on the pavement.

"'Bless my soul,' exclaimed the little man, 'some one has dropped down close to our door.'"

This little man and his wife are good Samaritans. They go down, lift up Paolo and bring him in-doors, then seek the assistance of an oracle of theirs, named Benôit, who is a waiter at some neighbouring vapour-baths. The humanity of these poor people is sweetly drawn. They at first mistake the case, and treat it for cholera; but having recourse at length to a doctor, poor Paolo proves to be in a raging brain fever. After a lengthened illness, he partially recovers, utterly bereft of memory. After a while, a holiday visit to the cemetery, where a little girl of his kind host's is buried, and their artless sorrow and prayers, opens the fount of tears. He gradually recovers his memory of the past, but is at first unable to find any clue to his friends. Prospero, his host, gets an old directory, and undertakes the arduous

task of reading all the streets to him. Directly he hears the name of the Boulevard des Capucins, he knows that is where the Joneses were lodging; he seeks them, but they have long left Paris. He then goes in quest of Thornton, but he, too, is gone; it is supposed, to America. "I know he is gone in quest of me, then," says Paolo, disconsolately; and, unable to find any of his old friends, he casts about for means of relieving his new ones of his expenses. They help him to seek employment, and at length he is fortunate enough to be engaged as amanuensis to an old astronomer, whose sight is worn out, and who is employing his evening of life in putting together the disjointed memoranda of his discoveries.

The picture of this old man's home is the perfection of repose.

"Was Paolo really in gay, turbulent, noisy Paris, or had he fallen from the clouds, into some convent on the top of Mount Lebanon?" Such was the question that he often put to himself during the first days of his new employment. The house inhabited by M. Boniface was the quietest of a quiet collection of houses, through a court, down an alley, between another court and a garden, in quiet Rue Cassette; and the quietest nook in the quietest house in Paris, was allotted to Paolo for his daily avocations. The cell of an anchorite, as far as silence and retirement go, could stand a comparison with his little study. Not the faintest echo of the noisy world without found its way to it; and within, no sound but that of the scraping of a pen against paper. The maids who shook carpets out of the opposite windows did so with a care; the very sparrows which lighted on the solitary tree in the centre of the noiseless court below seemed impressed by the stillness that reigned, and chirped *sotto voce*.

"Paolo had never come in contact before with a real devotee of science, and for the first time had an idea of that tranquil, unremitting race after knowledge, which the life of an intellectual pioneer can be. Scientific speculation was with M. Boniface a process as natural, indispensable, and continuous as respiration. Shut up as in a coat of mail, in his world of thoughts and calculations, he forgot the external world, its regulations and exigencies, and would have dropped exhausted over his book or his slate, without knowing the why or wherefore, had not his sister been at hand, to warn him it was time for breakfast or dinner. . . . Of an afternoon, M. Boniface often had visitors; and as his study was contiguous to that of his amanuensis, and the conversation, owing to his deafness, was carried on in a loud voice, Paolo had naturally his share of it. M. Boniface's friends were, for the most part, men of science, like himself; naturalists, archæologists, orientlists, mathematicians, each having a particular hobby of his own. . . . Often would Paolo lay down his pen to listen and derive the greatest gratification from what he heard. Not that he could understand or take in the hundredth part of what was said on these occasions; he would have been quite another and a more accomplished man than he was, had he been able to do so; it was the lofty standard of their callings, the entireness of their devotion to the

interests of the mind, the all-absorbing character of their pursuits, the depth of their convictions, their enthusiasm, their patience, their simplicity, which commanded Paolo's sympathy and admiration."

This is charming, and we have the less scruple in quoting it so largely, that the passage does not lose by being detached, and is worthy of more than one leisurely perusal. Paolo has earned enough to pay his expenses back to Rome, and is preparing to do so, when he shall have obtained a passport, when he receives a communication from an eminent Roman lawyer, that his old uncle the canon is dead, and has left him his *erede universale*. Dugentre, the young French painter, whom Paolo has fallen in with again, persuades him, with some difficulty, to take a common-sense view of his good fortune, and, instead of casting it to the winds, to write to the lawyer, acknowledging his letter with thanks, and desiring him to send him five hundred scudi. "There's that little fellow," says he, "and his wife, who nursed you—you must do handsomely by them." A suggestion for which Paolo expresses his gratitude.

Meanwhile, what has become of Thornton? Thornton, after hunting for his friend high and low, and being unable to find him, has gone out of his mind, and is in a mad-house. This seems an extreme case.

And Lavinia? Lavinia did not have a happy evening at the ball. Her aunt had a fit, and was brought home senseless. Incidents are crowded upon one another—the Jones family return to England; Mrs. Jones dies, and, on her death-bed, reveals to Lavinia, that her father is yet alive, but bribed to keep out of sight. After Mrs. Jones's death, Mr. Jones tells her that in fact she is not his brother's daughter at all, but the illegitimate child of an outcast named Holywell, whom he had adopted out of charity. Poor Lavinia finds the world of fashion and opulence crumble beneath her feet; and, to free herself from the offensive advances of Mr. Jones, quits his house, and betakes herself to a poor lodging in Camden Town, where, after a severe illness, she tries to find some way of livelihood. The ensuing details, are only less painful and disagreeable than many a poor girl has found the reality. Lavinia's character, of course, improves under adversity, but the discipline is very terrible. The following little bit is perfectly true to nature. She is applying to a lady for the situation of governess, and is on the point of obtaining it, when the lady says, "Of course, I expect you to give me good reference."

"Lavinia faltered out that she had none to give. 'None in London, perhaps you mean,' suggested the lady kindly.

" 'Neither in town nor in country, madam,' said Lavinia, now ashy pale.

"Surely you are known to some one in England, who would answer for you."

"Pray, madam," cried Lavinia, so choked with emotion, that she could hardly speak intelligently, "pray, be not prejudiced against me by what I am going to say. Indeed, I have done no harm. God is

my witness, I have injured no one, but still there is no one to whom I can give you a reference."

"The lady looked fixedly at the speaker all the while, but there was nothing hard in her look, rather the contrary. She mused for an instant, then said—

"Strange, almost incredible, as your statement may seem, if you would only account satisfactorily"—

"Mary," said the gentleman, never looking up from his newspaper. The tone in which these two syllables were pronounced must have lowered the thermometer.

"All things considered," said the lady, rising, "I am sorry I cannot engage you."

"God bless you all the same for your kindness," said Lavinia, bowing low, and departed.

"Poor thing! so near the port, and wrecked!"

We commend this incident to the attentive consideration of young ladies starting on their own account. Many are forced, by pitiless circumstances, to breast the adverse current, whether they will or so, God help them! But occasionally, there are others who, "on the dissention of a doit—some trick not worth an egg"—fall out with their bread and butter, and cast themselves, heroines in distress, on the unknown world, convinced that their numerous acquirements and resources need only to be known to fetch their market-price. To such, who for the most part are novel-readers, let the lady address her question to Lavinia. "Where are your references?" Her intimation was right—Lavinia was really a good and innocent girl—but the gentleman was right too, there was something questionable in her antecedents. And young ladies seeking a livelihood in the bosom of a private family, are more likely to meet with the exercise of severe judgment than of benevolent intuition.

Finally, she writes to the amiable mother of her friend Lady Augusta, who procures for her the situation of companion to a lady in Devonshire. She travels part of the way with the lady's niece, Clara, a very interesting person no longer in the bloom of youth, and somewhat nun-like in her quiet dress. She goes to live with this lady's married sister, instead of her gay old aunt; and speedily finds that Clara is going out to the Crimea as nursing-sister. Lavinia decides to go with her. During the journey to Paris, Clara proves to have been the early love of Mr. Thornton, of whom she is most anxious to obtain tidings; and on arriving at Paris, they find out the good woman with whom he and Paolo had lodged, and learn from her that he is in a mad-house. Thenceforth Clara, under the guidance of the physician of the asylum, devotes herself to his recovery; and Lavinia, after writing a contrite letter to Paolo, whom she supposes at Rome, proceeds to the east.

Meanwhile, Paolo has run into strange excess of riot, and become an absolute prodigal son, except that he has no father's heart to break. We would not willingly read the hurried sketch of his delin-

quencies again. Signor Ruffini ruthlessly destroys our pleasure in his simplicity, his purity, his high and holy aspirations, and shows him wallowing in the mire of Paris. Those who have the patience to follow him beyond this disagreeable chapter, which ought to have a little black curtain drawn over it, deeply craped, will find him aroused to a sense of his moral degradation by the unexpected arrival of his honest little friend Salvator, who has posted to Paris to thank him for a generous present. Salvator is horrified to find him just risen from bed at ten o'clock, and about to induct himself into a pair of sky-blue pantaloons; still more horrified at Paolo's transports of remorse on reading Lavinia's letter, which he has brought him from Rome. "There you stand," cries Paolo, "a living reproach to me! A glorious figure I cut in my Turkish morning costume, don't I! Look at my collection of whips, canes, cravat-pins, wrist-buttons, and scent-bottles, and be lost in admiration! Worthy property for an artist, is not it? And the *inward* bonds, friend Salvator!"

"Nonsense!" ejaculates the little man. Paolo, however, assures him it is no nonsense. He is very bad, and very wretched indeed. None of this frippery has made him happy.

"There is a curse in money, Salvator," says he.

"Well, if it be so," replied Salvator, "the remedy is easy. Cast from you that curse, and live on bread and cheese. At it at once. Put on your shabbiest coat and hat, to be in keeping with mine, and let us go out. Do you know of any place where we are likely to see any blackbirds?"

Paolo, after a little reflection, can only think of the cemetery where Prospero's little girl is buried. The spot does not seem to Salvator indicative of cheerfulness; however, they repair thither, Paolo makes a clean breast of it among the tombs, and after crying very heartily, *more Italice*, feels all the better for it, and accompanies his friend into a little eating-house, where they dine frugally and heartily on cutlets and fried potatoes. After being on their legs about nine hours, they are in bed and asleep at ten o'clock, like good men and true.

It is hardly necessary to say that Paolo's character is regenerated under Salvator's wholesome influence. He cuts his gay acquaintance, breaks up his bachelor establishment, and they resolve to enlist into the Sardinian Contingent. Previously, however, they go to have Paolo's republican scruples as to fighting under a monarchical banner overcome by Daniel Manin, which gives us a glimpse of that distinguished Venetian, drawn, we should think, from life. The whole scene may worthily be detached.

"Manin occupied a small, and more than modest lodging, in the third story of a house in the Rue Blanche. His reception of the two young men was full of that frank cordiality which is a distinctive trait of the Italian character. Manin had his hat on, evidently ready to go out, when his unexpected visitors appeared; nevertheless he would not permit their going away, as they wished to do, but said he had a quarter of an hour at their service. Paolo, therefore, stated his case of conscience.

"Which do you care for most?" said Manin, "the Republic or Italy? Italy, of course. To be either a republic or a monarchy, Italy must first exist as a nation; that is, be independent, and form one body. Every act which tends towards that end deserves the support of all patriots, whatever their creed. Is the co-operation of Piedmont in the Crimean war to be considered an act of this sort—a step in the right direction? I do not hesitate to say it is so, inasmuch as it widens her circle of influence in Europe, and strengthens her hands for good; inasmuch as it places her in manifest antagonism with Austria; inasmuch as it furnishes a precious occasion to add to the prestige of the Italian arms. Those who go to fight under the three colours of Italian redemption, are not the soldiers of the Piedmontese state, but the soldiers of Italy. Would to God that I were young enough and strong enough to be one of them!"

"The door had been gently pushed ajar while he was speaking, and the moment he stopped, a female voice (ah! pity him; not that of his wife or daughter—both lay in their freshly-opened graves)—a female voice said warningly,

"Mr. Daniel, it is striking eleven; you know you have to go to Rue Pigalle."

"Thank you," said Manin to his careful *bonne*; and snatching a book from a table, and putting it under his arm, he led the way down stairs to the street-door. There he stopped, and said with emotion,

"Good-bye, my young friends. May all success attend you. Honour certainly will; for it is the path of duty. My blessing goes with you. To the rising generation, which you represent, to the simple in mind, and stout of heart, Providence reserves the great work of Italian emancipation. Peace, peace at all costs among the oppressed, that their united war-cry may be like the trumpets before Jericho, at sound of which the ramparts of the oppressors shall crumble into dust. You will see that day, young men."

"And so will you," said Paolo with enthusiasm.

"Not so, not so," replied Manin; "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. *Dies mei numerati sunt*, I may say with the Psalmist. Once again, farewell!" and with a friendly squeeze of the hand, he hurried away.

"Paolo's heart sank within him as he watched the tottering steps of the noble man; and he thought to himself, why this mysterious dispensation, which dooms the flower of a whole nation to live and to die broken-hearted!"

"Bravo!" cried Salvator; "a man worth his weight in gold. . . . By the bye, though, I should like to know why he goes about with an Italian grammar under his arm?"

"Manin gives lessons to live, and therefore carries with him the tools of his trade. Yes! oh mockery of fortune, the ex-dictator of Venne is reduced to sell participles!"

"Salvator mused a little, then said,

"And why not? Poverty at all times has been the seal of true

greatness. Deck Homer with a mantle of purple, seat Dante in a carriage and four, and see what a sorry figure they will cut."

Arrived at Turin, the two young friends receive the unwelcome intelligence that no volunteers are admitted into the Piedmontese expeditionary corps but such as had served already, and could prove their services. The undaunted little Salvator resolves on nothing less than a personal application to *il re galantuomo* ; and for this purpose, plants himself at a back gate of the royal palace, whence Victor Emmanuel is likely to issue, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. This, again, has the air of a genuine anecdote about it. Salvator waits till three o'clock, and is on the point of deciding that the king is either going to keep in-doors, or has gone out some other way, when one of the long-watched back-doors opens, and two figures in plain clothes issue forth. Who can mistake the portly form, and remarkable moustache ? Salvator has hardly time to whip off his hat as the king bears down upon him, and apply his hand to his forehead in military salute.

"Have you anything to say ?" says Victor Emmanuel, half smiling.

"Please your majesty, we are two Romans, who have come all the way from Paris to enlist for the Crimea."

"For the Crimea ? Are you big enough ?" says the king, sharply eyeing the little painter.

"Just the right size for a Bersagliere," says Salvator readily. "My friend has smelt powder already."

"Where ?"

"At Rome, in 1849."

"What put it into your head to go to the Crimea ?"

"The wish to qualify ourselves for your next campaign in Lombardy, sire."

His Majesty turned with a pleased smile to the gentleman accompanying him ; then addressing Salvator,—

"And suppose you are killed in the Crimea ?"

"If so, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, sire."

"Bravo !" said the king, "Good Latin and good sense ! What is your name ? and where are you to be found ?"

"Angelo Gigli, sire, at your service ; and, just now, at the Locanda of the Dogana Vecchia."

"Addio," said the king.

Salvator has secured his object, and the two friends go out, one as Bersagliere, the other in General Trotti's Second Infantry Brigade. They thenceforth see very little of one another, and poor Salvator is laid low by fever and sent to the hospital. His Clelia comes out to nurse him, and Paolo too, who is severely wounded in the battle of Tchernaya.

"This battle, according to competent judges, sealed the fate of Sebastopol. Paolo had the good luck to be one of the division Trotti, which was engaged in the action ; nay, to belong to the very battalion which was sent to harass the retreat of the enemy. He did not at

one stroke run his lance through half-a-dozen Russians—by the bye he had no lance—nor did he achieve any other supernatural feat in the knight-errantry line ; but his behaviour throughout was steady, and resolute enough to be noticed by the men and officers of his company. The greater their pity when they saw him stagger, reel, and fall to the ground. It was the last discharge but one of the artillery which had done the deed.”

Whether he sinks or survives, the reader must learn for himself ; also, whether he falls in with Lavinia, whether she turns out to be a patrician instead of plebian, and many other incidents which are too numerous to mention. We have already been too lavish in our communications, and shall seal our lips respecting the unravelling of the various mysteries of the tale.

A. M.

VI.

THE GOSPEL MIRACLES.

MR. POWELL'S essay holds a fitting place in the middle of the Rationalist Manifesto, entitled "Essays and Reviews" recently published, as the key-stone of the arch upon which the sloping structure of the other essays on either side abuts, with nearly their whole weight, and the failure of which entails their certain downfall. The greater the strain of argument that presses upon the constructive system that holds these essays together, the more clearly it is seen that they rest upon and are sustained, by this essay. The common purpose that gives congruity and method to the different divisions of the volume, is the attempt to cancel every trace of the supernatural from the Bible ; and to Mr. Powell is committed the *à priori* and philosophical position of their enterprise, viz., the proof that "no testimony can reach to the supernatural" (p. 107), and "that an event (such as a miracle) may be so incredible, intrinsically, as to set aside any degree of testimony" (p. 106), a position which, if successfully maintained, gives his coadjutors an easy conquest in their several departments, but, if lost, imperils their success, if it does not necessitate their defeat. The principle which Mr. Powell has to establish is assumed by the other essayists, and of course gives a high vantage-ground to their reasoning ; for if it be conceded as an *à priori* and indubitable axiom that (1st) miracles are impossible, (2nd) incapable of being credibly reported by testimony, and (3rd) therefore *à fortiori* incredible,—then, of course, prophecies must be suppositious histories ; all the miraculous portions of the Bible must be legends or lies ; and a new system of

interpretation is verily required, as the other essayists assert. Their work is nugatory and useless—their conclusions are forestalled, if Mr. Powell's theses be established; and, if they be not, then their work is still more emphatically inconsequential and vain. This essay accordingly will be subjected to severe criticism.

Mr. Powell is dead, and of him we will say nothing—*nisi bonum*. But his essay remains; and as issues which infinitely transcend personal and even human considerations, depend upon the validity of its reasoning, we are bound to express our judgment, which we will thoroughly vindicate, as to the logical ineptitude, inconsequence, and contradiction of *every one* of the lines of thought that may be traced in it.

Our references, however, to his essay will be incidental. We avail ourselves of its appearance, and the interest, created by it, on the subject of Christian miracles, to present our readers with a *résumé* of the last results of scientific and theological inquiry upon this vital question.

For the sake of distinctness, we shall present in numerical order the different subdivisions of the subject that are embraced in our *coup d'œil*.

I. The nature of a miracle is now more accurately apprehended, as the meaning of "Natural Law" has been more exactly defined and understood. It would be impossible now to adopt Spinoza's definition of a miracle, which he explains to be, "a rare event, happening according to some laws that are unknown to us." Science has exploded the conception of laws in the domain of Nature which is implied here. They are not latent self-willed powers, that yet lurk in the universe, ready for a sudden and marvellous display. Even if they were, any man would be justly endowed with authority over his fellow-men, who held these secret and capricious laws or forces of Nature submissive to his bidding. But this conception of natural law is utterly erroneous. The operation of any force or property in nature nowise depends upon the discovery of the law of its operation. Gravitation was at work, and people knew that apples fell when ripe, before the subtle mind of Newton detected the method of its influence, and formulated its law. Laws are not inoperative because unknown; and people know the familiar result of their activity, though the modes of their activity lie hidden. Further, in every moment, and at every point of the world, the properties of every substance subsisting there, are necessarily manifested according to the relations they hold to one another; for if not—if one substance did not act according to its nature—it is no longer itself; it is something else. It is an absurdity, which is even inconceivable, because it is a logical contradiction, to think of an unknown physical law suddenly revealing itself in certain familiar circumstances. All physical laws, *i.e.*, the properties of all physical objects, *always* reveal themselves, and are identically the same in *given* relations. A new material agent may discover its presence,

or new relations may elicit new and wonderful, because formerly unknown, properties in familiar substances. But when both of these suppositions are excluded, and the relations of common objects of life are precisely such as occur every hour in the experience of all men, it is preposterous to imagine an unknown law of Nature then manifesting itself once and no more. So that the answer of Science is two-fold to this chimera of Spinoza (1.)—Though the laws of Nature are in full unremitted play, revealing themselves in the ever-varying correlations of persons and substances, and have been since the present order of nature was established; yet no facts, like the miracles attested in the Gospels, have ever been repeated elsewhere; a clear proof that they did not happen according to any natural law. (2.) The circumstances, or physical relations in which these miracles were done, were patent, and are constantly renewed in life, so that the same result would follow, on every such occasion, if any natural law, *though unknown*, were its cause, just as the ripe apple always falls from the tree, and the flung stone sweeps its parabola to the earth by the force of gravitation, whether people know it or not.

The miracle, accordingly, is now clearly distinguished from a merely marvellous or extraordinary phenomenon. Mr. Powell has conceded so much. He writes thus: "None of these, or the like instances, which seem marvellous are at all of the same kind, or have any characteristics in common with the idea of what is implied by the term 'miracle,' which is asserted to mean something at variance with Nature and law; there is not the slightest analogy between an unknown or inexplicable phenomenon, and a supposed suspension of a known law,"—and yet after this distinct confession he repeatedly informs us that testimony can only evidence extraordinary natural effects, and that the alleged miracles of the Gospel are "to be regarded as physical events, to be investigated by reason and physical evidence, and referred to physical causes," pp. 142. Thus he first asserts the alleged miracles to have not the slightest resemblance to extraordinary physical phenomena, and then assures us that they are merely extraordinary phenomena, and commands us to regard and investigate them as such. He loses sight of the generic difference between a miracle and a mere marvel, which he had himself enunciated, and which modern science has brought into so clear a light. There is no question at present as to the reality, but only as to the nature of miracles; and as this is a fundamental point not sufficiently recognised, we shall briefly elaborate it. In the foregoing paragraph we have used the word "law" in its general acceptation, which, though quite correct, is, as in the case of other complex and abstract words, exceedingly vague. Now, to be exact, we understand natural law to denote two things:—1st. The *mode* and *measure* of the activity of the different properties of physical substances, organic or inorganic, in their correlation with each other. According to Nature, i.e., the specific nature of each individual substance, these properties are invariably the same. If they be changed, it is a creative act; a miracle; and *supernatural*. Accordingly, wherever

the same relation is renewed, the same properties are exhibited, and further, the mode and measure of their activity are absolutely identical.*

2nd. The physical order, self-balancing and self-sustaining, of the universe, produced by the wise adjustment of the separate substances in the universe, whose proper activities, regulated by the relations in which they stand, are the causes of this general order.† But this order is established and (according to its nature) invariable; for all variations, in subordinate spheres, are restrained within invariable limits, and so form part of a grand scheme of perfect order. We shall omit, for brevity's sake, further reference to this second meaning of natural law; and, confining ourselves to the first, we affirm that if, in *precisely the same* relations of certain physical agents, the usual effects do not follow, or new effects are superadded, then a *miraculous* event has occurred. The properties of a new substance, or the new properties of any substance elicited by new relations in which it has been unexpectedly placed, may be *marvellous* and surprising; but when the same physical agents hold identically the same relation or connection with each other, as fire with water, or a living man with a confined corpse, and an effect differing from usual experience results, then a miracle has taken place; because all the laws—*i.e.*, all the properties belonging to each material agent are acting always with precise, invariable intensity, and, necessarily, according to their nature; and if, whenever brought into such relations, the usual effect does not follow, their laws (it is plain) are suspended—their properties have been altered. It is true this new effect has a cause, for we cannot conceive of any change without a cause; but the cause is *super-natural*—*i.e.*, it is a cause so above Nature, that it has power to destroy the properties that has been imparted by the Creator to the objects of Nature, and to impart others. We grant that the most scrupulous investigation must be made, in any case of alleged miracle, to see that this new effect be not produced by some unnoticed physical agent, whose presence, in combination with the other co-ordinate causes, has occasioned this novel result by their common action. But this being settled—the alleged case putting this possibility even out of the question—then the universal activity of the properties of matter being arrested or changed, the invariable (according to Nature) law of their mutual co-operation being violated, a miracle has taken place.

We have excluded the consideration of human agency, not to complicate our argument; but the argument applies in exactly the same manner. For there is a natural law limiting human agency,

* "Austin's Province of Jurisprudence Determined: " "When a fact frequently observed recurs invariably under the same circumstances, we compare it to an act, which has been prescribed, and say it recurs according to a law.

† See Dr. McCosh's profound exposition of Natural Law, from page 75 to 158 of his "Divine Government."

in all its variations, as clearly ascertained as the invariable law of material substances. If, then, the Lord Christ convert five loaves into a sufficiency for 5,000 persons; if, when he speaks, the blind see, the lepers are cleansed, the dead live—all the physical agents concerned being named, and their natural properties well known further, the relations between Him and the bread or the bodies of men being patent, and capable of renewal by any man at any time, the event is no marvel, but a *miracle*.

II. Science has no power to discredit miracles. Science discovers and methodises those laws of which a miracle, by its essential nature, is alleged to be a suspension. Whether, then, Science discredits miracles or not, depends on the antecedent question—whether or not Science has powers to show these laws of Nature to be inviolable, even by God. There are two lines of thought which we shall rapidly traverse.

(1). We have explicitly acknowledged that, under the present constitution of Nature, there is a constant uniformity in the connection of physical causes and effects; which means that each physical agent, organic or inorganic, acts invariably according to its own *nature* in every relation it holds. It is this confession that alone enables us to understand the meaning of a miracle, or to apprehend its evidence, as the proof of Divine power in denaturing any substance or being, of its own properties, which were given by Him, and altering the order Himself had fixed. But it is experience alone—*i.e.*, our own perceptions and the *testimony* of mankind, which acquaints us with the precise character of natural laws; and the same experience—*i.e.*, our own perceptions, or valid testimony, *may* acquaint us with a change, temporary or permanent, of the nature of any object, and a consequent violation in the order of universal nature. It is impossible, accordingly, to pronounce these laws inviolable, so long as the testimony exists, as good, as that avouches their usual uniformity, to avouch the exceptional suspensions, as in creative acts and in Christian miracles; so that, when Hume and Powell say a miracle is contrary to experience, we simply reply—they have not made a complete induction of human experience; and that it is *not contrary* to, but established by, that experience, and corroborated by the existing monuments of Creation.

Mr. Powell's position is, that the physical nature of each substance and being, and consequently the physical order of the universe, is eternal—has never been, will not be, and can never be changed. This position he maintains on four grounds. (A.) General experience, which is but that testimony which he elsewhere vilifies. (B.) His assertion, "that the grand truth of the universal order and constancy of natural causes is a primary belief." The ground is here shifted. Experience cannot sustain such a proposition as this, which transcends all limits of human existence and knowledge—so it is asserted to be a primary belief; but no philosopher till Mr. Powell

has made the assertion, and we may predict that no one who values his reputation will repeat it.

(C.) His erroneous impression that a miracle impugns "the ultimate idea of universal causation," in confutation of which charge we shall simply quote the decisive language of Stuart Mill :—" In order that any alleged fact should be contradictory to a law of causation, the allegation must be, not simply that the cause existed without being followed by the effect, for that would be no uncommon occurrence ; but that this happened in the absence of any adequate counteracting cause. Now, in the case of an alleged miracle, the assertion is the exact opposite of this." (Logic, vol. ii., p. 186.)

(D). The assumption that each physical event must be referable to physical causes—"the foundation conception of universal law—is to recognise the impossibility of any modification whatsoever of material agents, unless through the invariable operation of a series of eternally impressed consequences following in the chain of orderly connection."

This denies the action of all spiritual force whatsoever upon the physical world ; but man's consciousness and experience assure him of the reality of his voluntary powers to modify the existing condition of material agents. It is true that he cannot alter their properties—he can only change their relations, so that their various properties may be variously manifest ; but he does modify their existing conditions, by changing relative position, and thus electing the different modes of their activity. Yet man is a spiritual cause, and his action is not the result of a series of eternally impressed consequences *in him*, and it *does interfere* with such a series, so far as it may, in operating, *out of him*, on the material agents he modifies. And this spiritual causal energy of man shadows forth the spiritual creative power of God ; for the question recurs—Is the nature of each substance—organised and unorganised—eternal ? Is it self-existent ? If not, who has created it ? God. And the Power which gave that specific nature—*i.e.*, its totality of properties—to every substance, has power to suspend, change, or annul it. We simply indicate the conclusions to which Mr. Powell's doctrine inexorably drives him—that there is no creation ; that the development and physical order of all things is eternal ; that if God exist He dwells aloof from this universe, which was neither created by Him nor can be affected by Him ; that man was not created by God, nor can be assisted by God ; and that as man is a mere development—a link in a series of eternal impressed consequences—his dream of immortality is the bauble of a childish fancy, which breaks at the philosopher's touch.

(2). Mr. Powell insists upon the subordination of facts to laws in a manner which shows his entire misconception of the nature of Physical Law. Facts are not to be subordinate to laws. Laws are only generalised facts. All that a true inquirer can do, is accurately to know the facts, and to learn from them their laws. He dares not fashion or subordinate them to preconceived laws. In M. Prevost's

language (Sir William Hamilton's edition of Dugald Stewart, vol. iii., Appendix, Art. 11.) :—"Une loi est un rapport, ou mieux, un rapport de rapports, une proportion. C'est une généralisation, une loi ne peut agir." Montesquieu says—"Laws, in their most extended signification, are the necessary relations arising from the nature of things." (Spirit of Law, Book I., chap. i.) To the same purpose, Dr. Reid—"The laws of nature are the rules according to which effects are produced." We have propounded our own views in the former section. These testimonies are adduced to show that physical laws are but the general statements of the modes in which physical facts occur, and are wholly subordinated to the facts—not the facts to them.

If Mr. Powell, by his ill-worded phrase, had simply meant that all facts—natural or miraculous—occurring in this universe, must be acquitted of the charge of a lawless and meaningless caprice ; and must have taken place in accordance with the prevision and pre-determined plan of the great Law-giver, we would of course cordially agree with him. In this sense we maintain that miracles—the temporary suspension of physical laws, themselves only of temporary duration, must be conceived to be accomplished by the will of God, and consequently subordinate to His supreme law. We have found worthy language in a contemporary to express this thought, and to conclude this section :—

"To the assumption that God always acts according to law—in other words, that the infinite perfection of His nature excludes the idea of all caprice, uncertainty, and contradiction in His modes of action—we can take no exception. But it does not follow that the laws already within our intellectual ken, must embrace all possible laws. There are, probably, laws within laws, only unfolded by degrees to human view—stratifications, as it were, of spiritual agency—one underlying the other ; the deepest and widest of which only *crop out* now and then on the outer surface of human affairs. To deny this, seems to us to be a narrow dogmatism, which presumes to arrest at a certain point the development of man's acquaintance with the ways of God, and ties up, by a limited experience, the possibilities of future knowledge." According to this view, a miracle may be defined *an intersection of a lower course of Nature by the higher course of Nature.*

III. It is gratifying to hear the confessions made by all the leaders of the Anti-Christian party, save Mr. Powell, with respect to Hume's celebrated Argument against Miracles. Hume paraded it as invincible ; it is now discarded as worthless. Hume affirms—"A miracle is a violation of the laws of Nature ; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very miracle, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined." (Hume's "Essays," vol. ii., Essay X., p. 133.) The pith of his entire Essay is concentrated in that terse sentence of Paley—"It is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true,

but not contrary to experience should testimony be false." (Works, vol. iii., Evidences, p. 4.) When it is recollected that "experience" in these sentences must mean "testimony," the flagrant *petitio principii* of this famous argument is patent. If a miracle be contrary to all testimony, of course it is not true. But what, if it be not contrary to experience—if it be supported by irrefragable testimony? This glaring fallacy accordingly is abandoned by the ablest opponents of Christianity. Stuart Mill's language is explicit:—"Hume's celebrated principle that nothing is credible which is contradictory to experience, or at variance with the laws of Nature, is merely this very plain and harmless proposition—that *whatever is contrary to a complete induction* is incredible. Does not (it may be asked) the very statement of the proposition imply a contradiction? An alleged fact, according to this theory, is not to be believed if it contradict a complete induction. But it is essential to the completeness of an induction that it shall not contradict any known fact. Is it not, then, a *petitio principii* to say, that the fact ought to be disbelieved because the induction opposed to it is complete? How can we have a right to declare the induction complete, while facts, supported by credible evidence, present themselves against it?" ("Logic," vol. ii., pp. 184-5.) The former part of this sentence is also quoted with approbation by G. H. Lewes (see "History of Philosophy," vol. ii., p. 45); so that we may presume, since Hume's followers flout the fallacy of his Essay, it will henceforth rest among the "forgotten dead." Nevertheless, we may not forget by whose arms that once valiant foe has fallen. Weapons to overthrow Hume were doubtless at hand in his own arsenal. His concession, in the after-part of his Essay, that "there may possibly be miracles, or violations of the usual course of Nature, of such a kind as to admit of proof from human testimony" (Essay, vol. ii., p. 150), and his asseveration, in his Essay on "Liberty and Necessity," that human motives have the same necessity as physical causes, were suicidal to his boastful argument. But Christian scholars could not use the latter assertion of Hume to rebut his equally groundless assertions concerning miracles, save by exposing their mutual contradictions. They have reasoned fairly against his theory. Its two antithetic divisions have been separately controverted. Dr. Chalmers has assaulted the proposition that "it is not contrary to experience that testimony should be false;" and shown that our experience discriminates between different sorts of testimony. There is a kind of testimony, distinguished by appropriate marks, which a uniform and unalterable experience has proved to be true; and for such testimony to be false, would be as miraculous, because as contrary to human experience, as any other recorded miracle. "We should distinguish," he writes, "between one mode of testimony and another; the one bearing those distinct and specific marks which we have experienced to be indicative of truth; the other bearing its own peculiar and distinctive marks also, which are specifically diverse from the former, and which we have experienced to be indicative of

falsehood. The same experience which begets a diffidence in the latter testimony, begets a confidence in the former; and we see in this department the working of the same uniform principle which obtains in all other departments of causation."*

Dr. Wardlaw has the honour of exposing the covert fallacy and monstrous presumption of the balancing proposition in Hume's Essay, that "it is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true." To the hot fire of his heavy cannonade we owe the eager abandonment of Hume's position by his partizans. Right boldly does the clear-eyed logician advance to his task. He exclaims:—"I may be deemed presumptuous, but I must speak as I think. Hume's argument has ever appeared to me a piece of the sheerest, and most puerile, and pitiful sophistry, that ever had the sanction of a philosopher's name." And if our readers wish to see this glittering sophism ground to powder and scattered to the winds, we recommend them to read Dr. Wardlaw's work on Miracles, or the more condensed pages of his "Systematic Theology" (vol. i., pp. 265—285.) The following is the conclusion of his relentless logic, in which we discover the original of Mr. Stuart Mill's protest against Hume:—"How is it that the uniformity of the laws of Nature, and of the order of the material universe, is ascertained? It is, according to this philosopher, by an unvarying experience. Well, but how is it that this unvarying experience is ascertained? It cannot be in any other way than by testimony. See, then, to what we are thus brought; for, in the first place, as we have seen, Mr. Hume's uniform experience resolves itself into uniform testimony; and his assertion of the uniformity, is contrary to fact, inasmuch as the testimony, or in other words, the recorded experience, is not uniform, there being testimony, or recorded experience, for the deviations from the laws of Nature, as well as for their uniformity. And, what is more, secondly, Mr. Hume's own belief in the uniformity of the laws, or course of Nature, rests, after all, on the very same description of evidence which he rejects when it comes in support of alleged deviations from that uniformity. He disowns everything miraculous, on the ground that Nature is uniform, and human testimony fallacious. Yet it is only by this same fallacious testimony that his faith in the uniformity of Nature is determined. The evidence of the ground on which he rejects miracles is the same in kind, as it then turns out, with the evidence on which others believe them.†

The competence of testimony to avouch a fact at variance with natural law, as well as in accordance with it, being thus unanimously allowed; and the controversy being thus confined to the single question, whether the particular testimony adduced in evidence of Christian miracles is sufficient and trustworthy, it is almost amusing to peruse Mr. Powell's views upon the worth of testimony. We

* Works, vol. iii., b. i., c. iii., Sect. 1, pp. 88, 89.

† Wardlaw's Systematic Theology, vol. i., pp. 273-274.

confess, however, the amusement is marred by a sense of pity, when we find a reputed philosopher maundering thus :—

“ We must bear in mind the extreme difficulty which always occurs in eliciting the truth ; dependent, not only on the uncertainty in the transmission of testimony, but even, in cases where we were ourselves witnesses, on the enormous influence exerted by our prepossessions previous to the event, and by the momentary impressions consequent upon it. We look at all events through the medium of our prejudices, or even when we may have no prepossessions, the more sudden and remarkable any occurrence may be, the more unprepared we are to judge of it accurately, or to view it calmly. *Our after-representations, especially of any extraordinary and striking event, are always at the best mere recollections of our impressions—of ideas dictated by our emotions at the time, by the surprise and astonishment which the suddenness and hurry of the occurrence did not allow us time to reduce to reason, or to correct by the sober standard of experience or philosophy.*” (Essays and Reviews, p. 106.)

No wonder Mr. Powell decries testimony as a “ blind guide,” after this description of it. We beg our readers to con over the italicised sentence of the quotation, as we conceive it to be the drollest harlequinade of language ever palmed upon the world as “ advanced philosophy !” The sentence is highly tinctured with Hume’s phraseology. “ Impressions ” and “ ideas ” are Hume’s coin. But Hume never dreamt of the hocus pocus that would one day be played upon them. Here our after-representations of an event are, at the best, mere recollections of impressions. These impressions are ideas ; these ideas have not the least connection with the outer world, but are dictated by our emotions ; these emotions are surprise and astonishment. The surprise and astonishment are neither reduced to reason nor corrected by the sober standard of experience and philosophy. And why ? because of the suddenness and hurry of the occurrence, of which occurrence we know nothing, because our after-representations of it are mere recollections of the ideas generated by two irrational emotions. Such is a sample of Oxford Rationalism.

Notwithstanding this defamation of all testimony, Mr. Powell, in the next sentence, generously assures us : “ The proposition that an event may be so incredible intrinsically as to set aside any degree of testimony, in no way applies to, or affects the honesty or veracity of that testimony, or the reality of the impressions on the minds of the witnesses, so far as it relates to the sensible fact merely. . . . No testimony can reach to the supernatural ; testimony can apply only to apparent sensible facts ; testimony can only prove an extraordinary and perhaps inexplicable occurrence or phenomena : that it is due to supernatural causes, is entirely dependent on the previous belief and assumption of the parties.”

Mr. Powell accordingly, after his violent outburst against all testimony, immediately turns round and stoutly maintains that it does apply to, and is sufficient to prove, “ apparent sensible facts.” This

is all that is asked. No one has ever supposed that it belonged to the witnesses of a miracle, to decide as to its cause.

The miracle is an apparent sensible fact, and it is simply this fact they attest. We believe that we are not only as competent, but even more competent than the witnesses of these miracles, to judge their divinity. Science has elucidated the nature and limits of natural law, so that it is counted absurd now to ascribe the miracles of Christianity, to "magic," as Celsus and Porphyry did. And the harmony of the Cosmos, which reveals one mind as its great Creator, has abolished the Eastern hierarchy of intermediary beings, who shared in the work of creation, and were, accordingly, credited with the power of working miracles. Modern philosophy has demonstrated that the God who *created* the properties of matter, alone could destroy and change them; so that while the verdict of every sane mind, in any age, would always be that of Nicodemus,—“No man can do these miracles which thou doest, except God be with him,” (John iii. 2)—we affirm that granting the historic reality of these miracles, the evidence of this Divine cause is more direct and resistless to us than to men of a preceding age. What shall we say then to Mr. Powell's subsequent averment, that “by science, *and by reason*, we neither have, nor can possibly have, any evidence of a Deity working miracles” ? (page 142). We are thus brought to a pause. Unequivocal testimony may evidence the miracle, but we can proceed no further. This evidence does not vouch for the conjectured cause; our reason is impotent to discover the cause. But reason does, by its fundamental intuition, announce that the miracle *has* a sufficient cause. Mr. Powell himself describes a miracle to be a suspension or violation of the law of nature. Accordingly the power which caused the miracle is one sufficient to arrest and change the action of the universe; and reason, by a thousand different proofs, asserts this power to be God's alone. So that we close at once with Mr. Powell, on his own admission: let the sensible part of the miracle be allowed, and our reason, apart from all other testimony, will prove that the *Deity has wrought it*.

But why should the interpellation of reason be even suggested by Mr. Powell in the matter; since he afterwards informs us, the “view now to be adopted, connects miracles rather with *faith*, as they are seen to be *inconceivable to reason*” ? Mr. Powell further adds, “the boundless region of spiritual things is the sole dominion of faith. And while intellect and philosophy are compelled to disown the recognition of anything in the world of matter at variance with the first principle of the laws of matter—the universal order and indissoluble unity of physical causes—they are the more ready to admit the higher claim of divine mysteries in the invisible and spiritual world.” Now the Gospel miracles are sensible facts, or they are nothing; as such, however, intellect and philosophy disown them, and they are inconceivable to reason. Hence they are relegated to faith—they become the mystery of the *invisible and spiritual world*. We would end this section upon testimony by asking our readers to judge for themselves what

INVISIBLE and SPIRITUAL miracles may be which reason cannot conceive, but faith may believe, and whether the miracles of Christ be such? Thus they might fitly terminate their perusal of the wandering thoughts of this Oxford essayist, were it not that we had a more preposterous sentence wherewith to crown this section. "More recently the antiquity of the human race, and the development of species, *and the rejection of the idea of creation* have caused new advances in the same direction (*i.e.*, the dissociation of the spiritual from the physical). In all these cases there is indeed a direct discrepancy between what had been taken for revealed truth, and certain *undeniable existing monuments to the contrary*." Blind *testimony* alone could have assured Mr. Powell of these monuments, even if they had existed. Their existence is denied by the *first scientific authorities of the day*, and yet with a flippant preposterous credulity the Oxford essayist can pronounce his dictum concerning them, and concerning the three gravest controversies of the present day, in which notoriously great authorities are divided, to say the least, and which not the wildest partisan would pronounce settled. Which puerile presumption reminds us of the words of the great logician:—"An ignorant person is as obstinate in his contemptuous incredulity, as he is unreasonably credulous. Anything unlike his own narrow experience he disbelieves, if it flatters no propensity; any nursery tale is swallowed implicitly by him if it does."

IV. The deep ground of the controversy between the modern opponents of miracles and Christian advocates, lies in the contrast between the natural and the moral world, and this is gradually being revealed; so that the settlement of the controversy is acknowledged to depend upon the premises assumed, as to the constitution of the Universe and the nature of God. Though our space is limited, we note briefly the three different '*momenta*' involved in this higher controversy.

(1.) The natural philosophers who have become the modern champions of rationalism, regard physical order, with its eternally impressed series of consequences, as the supreme end and fundamental principle of the universe. The physical government of the Universe absorbs their thought, and every consideration of humanity and of spiritual life is blotted out of their mind. Man is reduced to a mere additional wheel or lever in the vast apparatus of physical force, which forms the cosmos, and all human interests are regarded as perfectly subordinate to its inexorable process. It is according to this view of the Universe that Baden Powell informs us, "the foundation conception" of the universe is that of physical law.* If it be admitted that man is free,

* Compare with these views of the natural philosophers, Sir Wm. Hamilton's second lecture on Metaphysics, where he shows "that the phenomena of matter taken by themselves, (you will observe the qualification, taken by themselves,) so far from warranting any inference to the existence of a God, would, on the contrary, ground even an argument to his negation; but that the study of the external world taken with and in subordination to that of the internal, not only loses its Atheistic tendency, but under such subservience may be rendered conducive to this conclusion, from which if left to itself, it would dissuade us."

his freedom is a sorrowful endowment, as he is hopelessly imprisoned in the centre of forces which grind on their determined course relentlessly, and not even God is imagined to be able or willing to alter or arrest these forces for his advantage in the most imminent danger. The Christian believer on the other hand, and not in reference to his faith in miracles, but as the paramount truth of his religion, holds that the moral government of God is supreme, and that the physical order of the Universe is wholly subordinate to it; that man has not been made to ornament and crown nature, but that all nature has been constituted and is sustained for his sake; and that everywhere physical laws are established for the spiritual good of mankind, and that in conformity with this regulative cause they may be, and if necessary, will be altered. Spirit is greater than matter, therefore the Christian believer conceives that for the redemption of the human spirit, the laws of matter may be suspended; and that if this possibility be not allowed, it convicts God of a terrible impotency, and the order of His Universe, considered in its highest aspects, as a 'moral order' of a ruinous imperfection.*

(2.) Underneath all rationalistic arguments against a supernatural revelation from God, there is assumed an idea of God, which not only the instinctive sentiments of our heart, but the highest philosophy of Paganism and of Christendom, repudiate with scorn. It has been observed that this idea of God is identical in the Eastern religions of Buddhism and Brahminism, and in the various German schemes of Pantheism; and that further, it leads to the same practical results as the Atheistic positivism of Comte and Lewes, which acknowledge nothing but physical or necessary law. But the root of this strange identity has not been traced and laid bare. It is this:—the conception of God as a mere intelligence—a pure mind. That this is the essential idea, both of Brahminism and of Buddhism, has been clearly apprehended and expressed by the Rev. Frederick D. Maurice, in his Boyle Lecture,—“The Religions of the World.” He speaks there of Brahminism, “The learned man, the contemplative sage aspires to be one with whom he adores, to love his own being in this. And what is this Being? He is the absolute intelligence, the essential light. But contemplation then is His glory, His perfection. The God is an intelligence, not a will; himself a higher priest, a more glorious student, a more perfect contemplator. You can scarcely conceive a mandate from such a Being; all things must flow from Him, as light from the sun, or thought from a musing man. Such an idea is ever implied in Hindooism,” page 40. And again Mr. Maurice thus describes

* We cannot resist the temptation to quote here a very profound and beautiful sentence occurring in Dr. Harris's last work, “The first errors of Hume and his followers, lay in confounding that inner circle called the course of nature, with that larger outer circle the course of providence, which preceded nature, and encompasses it, which originated it, employs it, and at distant intervals adds to it or modifies it at pleasure.”—Harris's *Patriarchy*, page 182.

Buddhism :—"Buddha is clear light, perfect wisdom ; you must not try to conceive of him as doing anything, that is not so much his attribute as his very essence. Beginning with the notion that the intelligence is entirely separated from the world, that he is one and yet multiform, the Buddhist may arrive by a series of easy steps, at a conclusion, which would seem almost opposed to this, that the intelligence is essentially one with the world ; in fact, that it can only be considered as the informing life, or soul of the world."

In like manner, every Pantheistic philosophy originates in the same fallacious conception of the Divine nature, whether the Deity be the infinite *subject* as with Fichte, or the infinite *mind* as with Schelling, or, as with Hegel, "a perpetual process—an eternal thinking, without beginning and end,"—the absolute idea, developing and externalising itself and returning to itself again. We have in all these philosophies, Oriental and German, an intellectual concept, magnified and exalted into the Deity ; and then the manifestation of this Deity—the order of his Universe, is supposed to follow the law of intellectual processes, which apart from the will, are as necessarily connected as the relations of cause and effect in the realms of nature. The results of this erroneous assumption are inevitable : in the first place, the personality of the Deity is denied, because from the intellect alone that idea is not derived. It comes from the will, the essential principle of our nature, and "will" being denied to God, the conception of His personality as of His freedom becomes impossible ; accordingly the bounds of His personality being lost, He becomes confessedly one and the same with the Universe, as the Pantheist affirms : in the second place, the processes of God's physical and moral government being thus conceived as the movements of pure reason, an absolute necessity attaches to them. Freedom, the power of change lies in the will ; apart from our will, the train of mental associations would be an eternal series of consequences. In like manner, if the laws of God's universe be judged as the manifestations of the Divine reason, and that reason be determined simply by the laws of reason, as we discern them in ourselves, then they are unalterable ; the process is as mechanical as the chain of physical causation, and hence the practical conclusion of the Pantheist and Positivist are identical. But Christianity has not revealed such a God, our heart rebels against the monstrosity ; the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle avoided the error of apotheosising human reason, separate from the other elements of our nature, in conjunction with which alone, the existence of reason is even conceivable. And, Sir Wm. Hamilton has condensed the last result of modern philosophy in that famous sentence which carries inevitable destruction to every shade of Pantheism, and all Rationalism,—"Though man be not identical with the Deity, still he is created in the image of God. It is indeed only through an analogy of the human with the divine nature, that we are *percipient* and *recipient* of this Divinity."—Discussions, page 19. In application of which sentence, he asserts most truly "with the proof of the *moral* nature of

man stands or falls the proof of the existence of a God."—Hamilton's Lectures, vol. I, page 33.

(3.) It is forgotten by the Rationalistic philosophers, that spiritual action upon matter is our earliest, most familiar, most constant, and certain experience. It is no mere theory, that a free spirit can interfere with the necessary succession of physical causes ; it is a universal fact. It betrays a foolhardy recklessness, when a man of Mr. Powell's repute hazards such a statement as the following :—"That all highly cultivated minds have learned to recognise the impossibility even of two material atoms subsisting together without a determinate relation ; or of any action of the one on the other, whether of equilibrium or of motion, without reference to a *physical cause*." This either is dead materialism, the will of man being a physical cause ; or it is a piece of empiric prejudice, such as we have never seen surpassed. The natural philosopher "exhibiting merely the phenomena of matter and extension, has so habituated himself only to the contemplation of an order, in which everything is determined by the laws of a blind or mechanical necessity," that he absolutely forgets the motion of his own hand in writing, or legs in walking. Has not the human spirit power to alter the relation of one material substance to another, so as to make one act on the other ? To bring this truth into the clearest light, we affirm that, *if physical law be the only law in the universe, and it alone be the law meant in the definition of a miracle, which makes it the suspension of the laws of nature ; then every man who holds a stone in his hand performs a miracle. By a spiritual energy, which indeed is the only source of our idea of power, he does interfere with the law of gravitation. A counter force which is spiritual, does control, resist, and annul the force of gravity. Let it not be said that the leverage of the arm is a physical cause. We admit it, but what force moves the lever ? This spiritual action of man upon matter, by which his free will does vary the monotonous and eternally impressed series of physical consequence, is narrowly limited. It has only power, outside of the body, in altering the space-relation of external objects, it cannot change their intrinsic nature ; but though wisely limited, it does witness for the control of spirit over matter, and thus shadows forth, while it enables us in some sense to comprehend, the action of the Divine Spirit, who, in the exercise of His holy freedom, has power to control and change all relations and properties of matter, and adapt them to the sublime moral ends of His government.*

V. The last section is one of great significance at the present time. We shall only, however, be able to refer to the authorities that have amplified the different subjects included in it. Our modern theology has penetrated more deeply into the spirit of Gospel truth than the theology of the last century. As Rev. Mark Pattison says, the eighteenth century was the *Seculum Rationalisticum* of English divinity. The "External Evidences" were a favourite topic of discourse, and that

evidence was thought to be enough. A new spirit has been evoked. The use of the word "subjective" marks the rise of a new tendency which it divides. The inner life of the Gospel is now more prominently exhibited, and, by consequence, the profound and vital relations of miracles to the Divine truth of our religion have been investigated, and new lustrous evidences have been disclosed in support of their authenticity, which, as they spring from deeper sources, mount to higher issues than bare historical argumentation and testimony can do. With the growing scepticism of the age there is rising, too, a stronger faith, which will not only crush its antagonist, but rear new and invincible bulwarks against future assault.

We mention, *seriatim*, a few of these internal evidences ; all of them, save the last, based on that idea of congruity which Isaac Taylor has so splendidly illustrated and enforced in his "Restoration of Belief."

(1.) There is the coherence of the miraculous portions of the Gospel narrative with its more miraculous history. The two are so interwoven, inter-tesselated (to use a phrase of De Quincy's), that the two cannot be riven asunder. The Rationalism of Paulus and his school was exploded by Strauss. His theories of the mythical origin of the Gospel were consumed by spontaneous combustion. Now the narrative remains in its integrity ; and it is unanimously confessed that the authenticity and veracity of the whole must be accepted or rejected together. The two parts cannot be disintegrated. No solvent can untie or break the living organism ; so that all the evidence which supports the historical genuineness of these books goes directly, without the least abatement, to validate the truth of the miracles they record.

(2.) The miracles of Christ, though at variance with physical analogy, harmonise perfectly with His character and mission. His history, though replete with supernatural incidents, shows nothing monstrous or incongruous. Upon this topic we refrain from adding one word to the following exquisite passage from Isaac Taylor :—

Often and truly it has been said that the writers of the Gospels were men wholly incapable of imagining, or of putting together a consistent fiction of any kind.

But to say this is to say little in relation to the instance which I have now in view, for the accordance which comes upon my modern consciousness with so irresistible a force is of a sort to which the ancient world entire, cultured and uncultured, Greek, Roman, or Jewish, was not alive. Not only were there then no *writers* skilful enough, designedly to bring together those elements of harmony ; but even if there had been such writers, there were then no *readers* to whose senses such harmony would have been cognizable.

It is allowed that the miracles of the Gospels are, for the most part, narrated in the fewest words and in the most artless manner. Then, abreast of these narratives, and intermingled with them, comes the instances of Christ's behaviour in various positions, and His utterances of those ethical principles which are peculiarly Christian. Now, between those elements which are here found in juxtaposition, there presents itself a congruity which the modern mind vividly perceives, but of which the ancient mind would scarcely have been conscious at all.

The ancient mind formed a conception of the *Goûtes* and of the *Thanmaturge*, in which conception the sombre inscrutable element was the leading principle. The man so conceived of, and of whom types enough, in all their varieties, might be seen in Egypt, that seat of jugglery, was the murky or the epileptic supernaturalist. Antiquity had not conceived of a Worker of Miracles, in whose course of life and behaviour the working of miracles showed itself as a secondary and incidental element, and in whose character love was of the substance, while the supernatural faculty was the adjunct.

Whencesoever the materials of the Gospels may have come—and it is the office of criticism to inquire whence—this is certain, that they do convey an idea of a PERSON possessing, in an extraordinary degree, the charm of UNITY, or singleness of intention. This idea may be variously expressed; it includes consistency of purpose and the coherence of all principles of action; it includes oneness of aim from the commencement to the close of a course of life; it supposes uniformity of temper and a sameness of the impression that is produced by the person upon other minds. Then, this idea excludes all those inconsequential departures from the main purpose of a man's life, which, when we witness them, prompt the exclamation, "How unaccountable and how inconsistent a being is man at the best!"

If I wanted proof that this symmetry, moral and intellectual, does really belong to that idea of the person which the Gospels embody and convey, I should find it in the fact that, amid all the dogmatic distractions that have troubled Christendom during eighteen centuries, there has prevailed, in all times and among all Christianized nations, a wonderful uniformity as to the idea that has floated before all minds of the PERSONAL CHRIST. Wherever the four Gospels are popularly read, this same conception forms itself, and prevails. Infancy spontaneously acquires it, manhood does not revise or reject it, age holds it to the last. It is not in consequence of the poverty of the elements it embraces, or of any vagueness in the mode of conveyance, that this idea is so perfectly symmetrical.

Now, observe that this symmetry, or harmony of the elements, constituting the idea of Christ, as a person, embraces the miraculous portions of the evangelic narrative, not less than the ordinary; and indeed, if there are any parts of this narrative which a reader of correct taste would single out as resplendent instances of moral fitness and unity, they are precisely those that narrate miracles with the most of detail.

It is affirmed by those who reject everything that presents itself as a miracle in the Gospels, that these four compilations have become what they now are by the accumulation of heterogeneous fragments, vague traditions, exaggerated early beliefs, and myths. The four Gospels, it is said, are constituted of a few morsels of genuine history, mingled with the illusions of the popular mind, that mind being then in a state like the "troubled ocean casting up mire and dirt;" and then it must be believed that, out of a random confluence such as this, there has come a PERSONAL CONCEPTION which is not merely morally beautiful in the highest degree, but which, beyond all comparison, is symmetrical, and is exempt from discordant adjuncts. Are the chances as a million to one, or in what other proportion are they that a conglomerate, mingling the true and the false (for you must except against *all* the miracles as false), should present an instance of congruity to which no equal can be found?

Taken singly, and when regarded in relation to the circumstances out of which each of them arose, the evangelic miracles were as spontaneous, and, in *this* sense, they were as natural as would be the acts of any one of ourselves, who, while walking up and down in this world of suffering, should suddenly become conscious of a power to give effect to the promptings and yearnings of pity. When I tread the floor of an hospital, what is it that I would do if I could? It is that which the Saviour of men did at the impulse of the very same sympathies as often as the sick, and the maimed, and the blind were brought in crowds, and laid at His feet—"He healed them all."

What we have before us is not the *Thanmaturge* going about to astound the multitude, but it is the MAN whose human affections are in alliance with OMNIPOTENCE. That hand uplifted, while the lips utter an axiom of virtue, symbolising as

once perfect intelligence, absolute goodness, and irresistible power. If I could imagine myself to stand in that presence at such a time, I should have felt that the fixedness of the course of nature is only an arbitrary and temporary constitution; and that it must be less constant than are those energies of love which are eternal. In the presence of Him whose volitions flow out into act without an interval, the difference between the natural and the supernatural, if it has not already vanished, seems to tremble upon the balance, for nothing can be more natural than that omnipotent compassion should have its way. What is this material universe in its vastness and its variety but the product every moment of the perpetual WILL of the Creator? If we believed ourselves to stand near to HIM in whom the perfections of the Infinite Being dwelt bodily, a sovereign volition of one kind would not be accounted more difficult or strange than volitions of another kind.—*The Restoration of Belief*, from pages 228 to 233.

(3.) Further: the miracles reveal themselves in a glorious light to the student, as not only the evidences for a revelation, but themselves constituting a revelation, of God. They are an Epiphany, "pledges of a redemption wrought, and foreshadows of a redemption realised." The following passage, from a work entitled "*Characteristics of Gospel Miracles*," by Rev. R. Westcott, will set forth this truth, and aptly prepare our readers for the conclusion:—

The wide and increasing differences by which we are separated from the last age invest the question of the Gospel miracles with a practical interest which touches us all most nearly. Every new position which men take up with regard to the world around them brings with it a change of feeling. Old relations are disturbed by wider discoveries. Isolated facts are seen as parts of some vast system. Familiar objects are viewed under strange lights; and the mental reaction which follows the shaking of an old belief is always proportioned to the intensity with which it is held. In nothing has the change of feeling during the last century been more violent than in the popular estimation of miracles. At the beginning they were singled out as the master-proof of the Christian faith; now they are kept back as difficulties in the way of its reception. On the one hand, the proud advances of physical science, which place in a clearer light the symmetry and order of external nature, invest the idea of law with an absolute majesty inconceivable at an earlier time. On the other, a strange love for the vivid realization of every incident presented to us, which is attested by the scenic histories of the day, makes us impatient of the mystery which hangs over the acts of a Divine Sovereign. We try to individualise the special event which is presented to us. We follow the process of its accomplishment with every help of local illustration; and exactly in proportion as it eludes our apprehension, exactly in proportion as it is miraculous, we say, consciously or unconsciously, that we cannot believe the isolated fact. It is irreconcilable in idea with the existence of a supreme law; it is irreconcilable in detail by the fancy of the minute artist. In this way perhaps we pass from one record to another, and fail, baffled, before each. Piece by piece the historic groundwork of our faith is taken away, and what remains of the superstructure trembles at the mercy of the first storm.

Such a result is not imaginary; it is natural, and even necessary. The feelings to which it is due are a part of our peculiar trial, for they are the product of our peculiar civilization. As long as men remain the same, fresh knowledge brings fresh doubts, for as yet we only know in part. But the balance of strength and temptation is equally poised. As we are not placed before our forefathers in spiritual advantages, so neither are we placed behind them. The thought which suggests the doubt will teach us to answer it. The same spirit of wide generalization which leads us to group the phenomena of Nature under great and simple laws, will aid us to contemplate the facts of the Gospel as parts of a complete

whole. The same spirit of exact portraiture which leads us to seek for the test of truth in the rendering of the smallest details, will aid us to appreciate the characteristic marks by which they are distinguished. The miracles of the Gospel are not isolated facts; they are not vain repetitions. In meaning as well as in time, they lie between the Incarnation and the Ascension. They look back to the one event and forward to the other, now bringing God to man, and now raising man to God, as signs of the full accomplishment of Christ's earthly work. In this sense they are all one; and yet they are all different. Each has its proper lesson; each has its peculiar place. They speak to us in the various crises of life; they speak to us in the very presence of death; they speak to us in joy and sorrow—in the course of common duties—in the cares of home—in the house of God. And thus it is that they belong properly to the believer, and not to the doubter. They are a treasure rather than a bulwark. They are in their utmost sense instruction, and not evidence. And yet as the Christian rises to a clearer perception of their distinctness and harmony; as he traces their simplicity and depth; as he sees their comprehensive variety and infinite significance, they do become an evidence of his faith—an evidence of power and wisdom—which issues not in the silence of repressed doubt, but in the thanksgiving of grateful praise.

Starting from this view of the miracles, as lessons of wisdom rather than displays of omnipotence, as types of the Lord's working and partial applications of the great mystery of His coming, it is my desire to indicate generally their extent and connection, in the hope that some one may carry on the inquiry thus rudely outlined, and in doing this the successive services of the season fix the great divisions of the subject. The miracles of the Gospels are most simply classified by their reference to Nature, to man, to the spirit-world; and in this order they are brought before us on this and the following Sundays.

The very existence of such a division of the miracles marks at the outset the universality of their teaching. They are not confined to one object or to one sphere. They extend as far as the varied powers of man can venture, and open visions of hope in each of the cardinal points to which his thoughts are turned. In each direction they are charged with some peculiar message of hope, though all tend to the central truth of the redemption. Now they appear peculiarly as works of dominion, and Nature yields once more to man the pledges of his sovereignty. Now they are embodied in works of love, and man welcomes in his own person the types of his restoration. Now they are shown in works of judgment, and the great adversary announces, in the confession of despair, the advent of his hopeless ruin. Each of these aspects of the Divine working will occupy our attention in turn. Each has a direct bearing towards our age and towards ourselves. Each is needful for the complete representation of the life of Christ, in whom God united and reconciled all things that are in Heaven and upon earth.

(4.) The more attentively the problems of history are examined, the more surely it is ascertained that the origin and spread of Christianity cannot be rationally accounted for, if the miraculous facts recorded did not really take place. Christianity does exist in the world. The problem of its origin is confined within that half-a-century of the world's history, when the structural unity of the Roman Empire was completed, and ancient civilisation was culminating.

This subject has been successfully handled by many modern writers, but by none so ably as by Henry Rogers, in his "Eclipse of Faith Explained," especially in the chapter entitled "The Infidel Neophyte," from which we quote one extract, and close:—

"You ask me to believe that, at a juncture when all the world was divided between deep-rooted superstition and incredulous scepticism—divided, as regards

the Jews, into Pharisees and Sadducees; and, as regards the Gentiles, into *their* Pharisees and Sadducees: *i.e.*, into the vulgar, who believed, or at least practised, all popular religions, and the philosophers, who laughed at them all, and whose combined hostility was directed against this supposed new mythology—it nevertheless found favour with multitudes in almost all lands! You ask me to believe that a mythology was rapidly received by thousands, of different races and nations, when all history proclaims, that it is with the utmost difficulty that any such system ever passes the limits of the race that originated it; and that you can hardly get another race even to look at it as a matter of philosophic curiosity! You ask me to believe that the system was received by multitudes among many different races, both of Asia and Europe, without *force*, when a similar phenomenon has never been witnessed in relation to any mythology whatever! Thus, after asking me to burden myself with a thousand perplexities to account for the *origin* of these fables, you afterwards burden me with a thousand more, to account for their *success*! Lastly, you ask me to believe, not only that men of different races and countries became bigotedly attached to legends which none were *likely* to originate, which all were likely to *hate*, and, most of all, those who are supposed to have originated them; but that they received them as historic *facts*, when the known recency of their origin must have shown the world that they were the legendary birth of yesterday: and that they acted thus, though those who propagated these legends had no military power, no civil authority, no philosophy, no science, no one instrument of human success to aid them; while the opposing prejudices which everywhere encountered them had! I really do not know how to believe all this.”—*Eclipse of Faith*, pp. 211-212.

VII.

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

BY DR. ELAM.

IF self-preservation be the “first law of nature,” there should be no subject of more permanent and absorbing interest than that of which physiology professes to treat, *viz.*, the phenomena and laws of life, and the conditions under which it can be preserved to the greatest certainty and advantage. In these days also there can be but little excuse for ignorance, for in forms more or less true, we have the science brought down or diluted to the popular capacity and taste by writers great and small. We have handbooks, “elements,” “popular expositions,” “sketches and riddles,” all physiological, until certainly it must be every man’s own fault if he be not “his own physiologist.” And in accordance with this, as though the presence of a book on the shelf, or table, cut or uncut, would impart the necessary knowledge, few are not so ignorant as to be able to criticise and correct the conclusions of the laborious investigator—few so wise as to know their own utter ignorance of the great mystery of life—life that can resist for long years the wear and tear of existence, yet perishes with a breath—that

can triumph over the results of vice, privation, and disease, and yet succumbs to an almost imperceptible lesion, or an impalpable grain of matter.

But, notwithstanding the opportunities for the spread of this branch of knowledge, we can hear many object that we want nothing from physiology ; we can live as our fathers have lived, without knowing anything about organisms, or oxygen, or albumen, with common sense for our guide. True, but oh ! enlightened public, are you sure that you have got this greatest talent of God's giving ? Or, having got it, are you sure that you have not wrapped it up in a napkin, and buried it in the earth ? Are you quite convinced that common sense in these matters might not be profitably aided by science ? And is it proved that our fathers, aye, and some of our children too, might not have been now alive, had we followed the dictates of an enlightened instead of a prejudiced and blinded reason ? What are we to make of the startling calculation, that in England and Wales alone there dies every year not less than 200,000 persons *from causes which might be avoided* by due attention to physiological laws, in the simple matters of pure air, proper food, warmth, and drainage ?

Let it not be forgotten that these calculations are made by those who can have, by no possibility, any interest in misrepresenting the case. Those whose attention is more especially directed to these matters, would rather be benefited in a pecuniary sense, were such subjects left uninquied into, and the sources of disease left unchecked ; their revelations, therefore, deserve more and great respect. A few instances will forcibly illustrate the position. Dr. Carpenter* observes that "*millions annually perish from a neglect of the conditions which Divine wisdom has appointed as requisite for the preservation of the body from fatal disease ; and that millions more are constantly suffering various degrees of pain and weakness that might have been prevented by a simple attention to those principles which it is the province of physiology to unfold.* From the moment of his birth the infant is so completely subjected to the influence of the circumstances in which he is placed, that the future development of his frame may be said to be governed by them ; and thus it depends, in great part, upon the care with which he is tended, and the knowledge by which that care is guided, whether he shall grow up in health and vigour of mind and body, or shall become weakly, fretful, and self-willed—a source of constant discomfort to himself and to others ; or shall form one of that vast proportion whose lot it is to be removed from this world before infancy has expanded into childhood." The reports of the Registrar-General constantly abound with the most fearful accounts of the almost countless thousands of children who perish from neglect—neglect chiefly in the earliest days of warmth, without which their tender frames are unable to exist—neglect in subsequent times of the most obvious rules as to character, quantity, and time of food. The author quoted above

* "Animal Physiology," (Bohn) p. 2.

continues :—"Lastly, one of the most fertile sources of infantile disorders is the want of a due supply of pure and wholesome air, the effects of which are sure to manifest themselves in some way or other, though often obscurely, and at a remote period. It is physiologically impossible for human beings to grow up in a sound and healthy state of body and mind in the midst of a close, ill-ventilated atmosphere. Those that are least able to resist its baneful influence, are carried off by the diseases of infancy and childhood; and those whose native vigour of constitution enables them to struggle through these, become the victims, in later years, of diseases which cut short their term of life, or deprive them of a large part of that enjoyment which health alone can bring."

Then follows the period of neglect in a more general sense, especially amongst those whose fate it is to be so circumstanced, that the recurring necessities of daily life require the almost constant separation of mother and child. Then, in lieu of the care which is due to the yet delicate organism, noxious drugs are given to procure quietness, and the amount of mortality in large manufacturing towns, such as Manchester, from these causes, is almost too frightful to contemplate.

That these excessive mortalities are not inevitable, has been proved again and again in isolated instances. About a century ago, according to Dr. Combe, some of the London workhouses showed a mortality of twenty-three out of every twenty-four children from within one year of birth. Attention was directed to the subject, and a parliamentary inquiry was instituted, and under a better system of management, on sounder physiological principles, the deaths at this age fell from 2,600 to 450 in the year! Here, then, was a total of 2,150 instances of loss of life occurring yearly in a single institution, chargeable, not against any unalterable decrees of Providence, as some are disposed to contend, as an excuse for their own negligence; but against the ignorance, indifference, or cruelty of man. And what a lesson of vigilance or inquiry ought not such occurrences to convey, when even now, with all our boasted improvements, *every tenth infant still perishes within a month of its birth!*"*

At the period when Dr. Combe wrote the above, he also stated that "the average mortality of rich and poor in this country (and with little variation throughout Europe) is about one in every four and a half, before the end of the first year of existence." If the sources from which this statement is derived be correct, we may congratulate ourselves that, shocking as is still the unnecessary mortality of infants, a sounder physiological management has succeeded in very materially reducing it; for by examination of any of the reports of the Registrar-General for the last six years, it will be seen that only one out of about six and a half is now the proportion. Thus, taking one instance at random, we find in 1854 that the births throughout England amounted to 634,405, and the deaths under one year to 99,299. But

* "On the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy."

by investigation of the same report, we find still the sad statistical revelation, that of every seven children born, two die before the age of five years.

But as the child is the victim of the neglect of ordinary physiological laws on the part of the parent or nurse, so is the adult the victim of their neglect from his own doings. Intemperance in eating and drinking, and various excesses of other kinds—ill-ventilated, ill-drained dwelling-houses, unhealthy employments (all more or less avoidable by attention to laws of hygiene)—all these go to swell the incredible catalogue of unnecessary mortalities. But the evil does not end, unhappily, with the death of the individual. The parent of tainted constitution does not suffer alone; the morbid tendency descends to the child, with four-fold aggravation in many instances; nay, even acquired habits and tendencies of mind or body are transmitted from one generation to the other, and the evil practice of one becomes the impulse, the all but irresistible passion of the succeeding one; and so, truly, are the sins of the fathers visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generations.

Perhaps of all the facts which Physiology must ultimately teach us, the most important is the self-evident one that man must have air to breathe. Doubtless many who read this will consider that such a fact requires no teaching or demonstration, yet it is too often practically ignored or neglected. Any one will recognise that when 146 persons are confined in a room 18 feet square (the "Black Hole" of Calcutta) for a night, it is not astonishing that 123 should die before morning; perhaps the matter for surprise should be, that 23 should survive to tell the tale. When the captain of the Irish steamer "Londonderry" ordered 150 deck-passengers to go below, and fastened the hatches down upon them, and when 70 of them died of suffocation before the morning, the result was only or barely such as the physiologist would expect; yet the captain was only ignorant that men must breathe to live, and suffocated these poor creatures with the best intentions in the world to save them from death by drowning. Now all will be ready to look upon this as culpable ignorance, and so it was; and yet most of us live in the constant neglect of the same class of laws, living from choice in atmospheres more or less impure, or badly-ventilated houses and rooms; not knowing or not caring to consider that, although the effects of partially impure air may not be rapidly fatal, as in the cases alluded to, yet the injury thereby done to the vital energy is constantly operative, and cumulative; and that it will be, in an evil sense, bread cast upon the waters, to be found, after many days, in the various forms of debility, fever, or other disease, mental as well as bodily.

Having said thus much, to which volumes might easily be added, to indicate the serious evils which result from a neglect of physiological laws, and the advantages that might, or perhaps certainly would, accrue to the world from an intelligent recognition of its principles, although its details might still only be the employment of the scientific; it might be expected that we should commence another of the innumer-

able popular sketches of the science—sketches often more plausible and attractive than true, in which strict induction is forsaken for the tracing of remote and improbable analogies, and well-established facts disputed and overturned for the sake of novelty. Such is not our intention at present—it is not impossible that at some future time we may briefly take up some of the more practical branches of Special Physiognomy ; but on this occasion we are concerned chiefly with life and organism in general—the very root and foundation of all physiology. And in discussing this, our principal object is to indicate the dangerous and even unscientific tendency of most of our modern popular treatises on the subject ; and to say a word or two in favour of a forsaken, exploded, despised doctrine—that of a special VITAL FORCE or PRINCIPLE. In doing this, we shall, no doubt, be charged with retrograding a century or two in ideas ; but to this allegation we do not care to reply ; familiar enough with all the stock arguments against it, and even the equally stereotyped ridicule cast upon it, we still would calmly investigate the merits of a watch-word, in the belief in which many of our greatest physiologists have lived and died. We hope to show, also, that the question is not merely a speculative one, but one full of vital consequences, not only to our intelligence, but to our higher beliefs.

Life has been often described as being the “sum of the operations of an organised structure,” or “the condition of an organised structure during the continuance of these operations ;” and we do not know that any more correct definition can be arrived at, than that which may be understood from the two expressions. What, then, is an organised structure ; and how does it differ from the inorganic world around ?

An organised *structure* differs from an inorganic body, in the first place, as its name implies, in being a structure, a compound of different parts, built up together to form a whole—a heterogeneous mass, as contrasted with the homogeneity of minerals or inorganic bodies. Taking a type of each—a simple crystal of a salt as representing the inorganic, and a vegetable cell as representing the organic—we may trace the contrast. Every single atom or particle of the crystal possesses exactly the same properties as its neighbour, or as the whole mass. Each particle has all the individuality of which the whole is susceptible. The very simplest cell differs most widely and essentially from this ; each part of it is not only indispensable to the whole, but is *nothing* (potentially) without it : dependence for existence of the whole on each part, and of each part on the whole, is the law here. The crystal consists of a solid body alone, and is hard ; if soluble, when dissolved it becomes fluid—there is no intermediate state for it. On the contrary, the organised structure is always a mixture of solid and fluid, and is more or less *soft*. The modifications of this latter quality in cases where resistance is required, as in shells, skeletons, &c., are too obvious to need notice.

The first broad distinction, then, between mineral and organised

matter, is that the former is hard and homogeneous, the latter soft and heterogeneous—the one possessing structure proper, the other none, strictly so called. The same is the case with the gases and liquids—they are always (normally) homogeneous.

But they differ very materially also in chemical composition, and this in a remarkable manner; for, whilst all the elements of the organic world are necessarily derived from the inorganic, the normal constituents of the former are few in number, and differently combined. The *general rule* with regard to minerals is, that they consist of binary compounds, compounds of two elements, and simple combinations of these first compounds. The rule in organic matter is, that three or four (or more) elements enter into each (chemical) atom, and the arrangement of these elements is much more complicated than that of the inorganic matters. Take, as an illustration, the common instances of saltpetre and sugar.* The former certainly contains three elements, nitrogen, oxygen, and potassium; but as certainly its mode of formation is binary—nitrogen and oxygen combining to form nitric acid, oxygen and potassium combining to form potash, and the two resultants combining to form the salt in question. Sugar equally contains three elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—the two latter in proportions to form water; yet no binary arrangement can be hypothesized here, notwithstanding the “compound radical” theory, which is ingenious and also useful in an extreme.

But continuing the same illustrations, we find a very much more striking difference chemically between the classes of bodies represented by these two. The nitrate of potash can be decomposed into its elements, and from these, or from equivalent weights of the same elements, the same body may be reconstructed. But we cannot do this with regard to the sugar, or gum, or gelatine, or albumen, or any other organic matter. No known method of analysis can separate the carbon, and hydrogen, and oxygen in the sugar, and demonstrate each individually; still less can any known synthesis add together the chemical constituents of sugar, so as to form it, either directly or indirectly. Perhaps nothing marks the broad contrast between the two classes of bodies more than this—that one can be decomposed and recomposed *ad infinitum*, without its properties being in any way affected thereby; whilst the other can never be composed, except under the influence of previously existing organism; and if decomposed, it is for ever.

This leads us to notice another distinction, as to the origin of each. Inorganic matters form in given localities by the union of their elements, quite independent of the existence of any similar body previously. Organic matter is always due† to the pre-existence of an organism.

* Sugar is of course not *organised*, but is taken as a simple instance of an *organic* substance.

† Subject to the dispute hereafter to be noticed.

There are other less important, yet equally well marked, differences between the two classes, referable to form and size. Inorganic matter is either amorphous (formless), or crystalline, i.e., with sharp straight lines bounding it. Thus the gases and liquids may be said to be amorphous, whilst minerals are many of them crystalline. But organised bodies are never amorphous, and never crystalline. In some of the lowest tribes there appears to be a tendency to lines and angles, but in general they are bounded by curves. Again, the size of inorganic masses is indeterminate, only dependent upon the number of the molecules aggregated; but the volume of all organised bodies is definable within certain narrow limits. So also with regard to duration: that of inorganic matter is indefinite, whilst that of *structure* is limited.

Such are a few of the static differences between dead and living (or viable) matter; but there is another order of contrasts much more important and striking, which have reference to their respective histories and relations to surrounding bodies. The history of inorganic matter is simple: formed by the aggregation, according to well-known laws of its constituents, its functions are for the future chiefly of a passive, mechanical nature, or under certain circumstances chemical. But the history of an organism is widely different—it is life; and we shall best attain to an idea of life in general, by taking the history of a cell, where individuality is found most pure and simple, all non-essentials and accessories being removed.

“A cell (says Dr. Carpenter*), in physiological language, is a closed vesicle, or minute bag, formed by a membrane, in which no definite structure can be discerned, and having a cavity which may contain matters of variable consistence.” [We may pause here to remark that this apparent absence of structure in the cell membrane—this apparent homogeneity of tissue—shows us how imperfect are yet our means of observation; for although we can detect not the slightest orifice, or passage in any part of the membrane, it is certain that they must be there, since both gases and liquids can pass readily and rapidly through it in both directions. This is a general property of membranes, properly so called, yet in no case can the mode of transit be detected.] “Every such cell constitutes an entire organism in such simple plants as the *Protococcus nivalis* (red snow), or *Palmella cruenta* (gory dew); for although the patches of this kind of vegetation, which attract our notice, are made up of vast aggregations of such cells, yet they have no dependence upon one another, and the actions of each are an exact repetition of those of the rest. In such a cell, every organised fabric, however complex, originates. The vast *tree*, almost a forest in itself—the *zoophyte*, in which we discover the lowest indications of animality—and the feeling, thinking, intelligent *man*, each springs from a germ, that differs in no obvious particular from the permanent condition of one of these lowly beings. But whilst the powers of this latter are restricted, as we shall see, to the continual multiplication of new and

* “Principles of General and Comparative Physiology,” 8rd edition, p. 25.

distinct individuals like itself, those of the former enable it to produce new cells, which remain in closer connection with each other; and these are gradually converted, by various transformations of their own, into the diversified elements of a complex fabric. The most highly-organised being, however, will be shown to consist in great part of cells that have undergone no such transformation, amongst which the different functions performed by the individual in the case just cited, are so distributed that each cell has its particular object in the general economy, whilst the history of its own life is essentially the same as if it were maintaining a separate existence."

Under the most complex conditions of life in the highest animals, there is no function performed in which cell-life is not the agent: nutrition, reproduction, secretion, all are due to these ever-active organic elements: thought itself, and volition, have attracted to them, apparently as indispensable conditions, the formation, change, and destruction of cells. The history of one, from formation to dissolution, must necessarily be a strange and instructive tale.

In an organisable fluid, a minute microscopic 'molecule' appears (whence, we do not venture in this stage of the history to say): at first appearing to be a simple spherical homogeneous mass, but afterwards, having increased in size, indicating that it is a hollow sphere, consisting of an outer membrane of extreme tenacity and fluid contents. This fluid seems at first also homogeneous, but shortly granules appear in it, which aggregate into *molecules*, attached to the inner surface of the cell-wall. These molecules are the germs of new cells, and are liberated by the bursting of the parent cell, when they undergo a similar process of development.*

But all this involves many recondite processes. How does the original germ increase in size? Here we have the essential nature of assimilation and nutrition exemplified, as contrasted with inorganic formation and growth. This germ does not simply aggregate already existing particles; but by a special chemistry selects and prepares, and organises its food. The *vegetable* cell attracts to itself certain portions of water, carbonic acid, and ammonia, whence it extracts oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and azote, and from these it constructs an albuminous pabulum which serves it for nutrition. The *animal* cell appears incapable of extracting its nourishment from the inorganic world, and requires absolutely that an organic diet be previously prepared for it. This it attracts to itself, and operates upon until it be fit for its nutriment.

When this *pabulum* is thus absorbed, various changes take place in it during its organism. Part of it is united to the cell-wall, and part is developed into the granules and molecules already mentioned, and part again is eliminated (or secreted), and returned again to the inorganic world, as unfit for organisation. And so the structure is

* It will be understood that this is merely an example—not the universal mode of cell-development. All, however, are essentially analogous.

continually changing, as is all living tissue : and a period arrives when, as regards the parent cell, decomposition predominates over the nutritive processes, and the cell-wall dissolves or bursts, setting free a new generation.

There are certain conditions essential to life, of which we may enumerate three, viz., food, moisture, or water, and oxygen. The food of the vegetable cell is derived exclusively from the inorganic world—that of the animal cell from the organic ; hence animal life presupposes vegetable life. Water is not only a food, supplying oxygen and hydrogen, but it is an essential condition, without which some of the processes described above cannot take place. Water (or fluid) is necessary to constitute the heterogeneity of tissue, which is the characteristic of an organised body. Water is also absolutely essential as a solvent for all the food, none of which can be applied to nutritious purposes until dissolved.

There is a noteworthy phenomenon connected with the presence of water as an organism, viz., that it may be entirely lost without life being thereby destroyed, in many instances. There are, and can be, certainly no manifestations of life under such a condition ; but a re-supply of water arouses the dormant vitality, the mutual reactions of the solid and fluid re-commence, and all goes on as before. This is manifested in many plants, which may be completely dried, and so kept for indefinite periods, and yet they will resume their vital functions when a due supply of water is furnished—a *Lycopodium* of Peru, and the Rose of Jericho, are familiar illustrations of this. But the phenomenon is not confined to plants—many of the lower tribes of animalculæ, and some of the higher, as the Rotifera, may be completely desiccated, and kept for days or months in that condition, still susceptible of life when supplied with water ; and even some of the more highly organised and larger animals appear to be amenable to the same treatment.*

Oxygen, in some form or other, appears to be indispensable to all living beings, either as a constituent of the air, or mixed with the water which they inhabit. Some instances have been occasionally brought forward to show that life may subsist temporarily without this agent ; but they would appear to be cases where the animal lived upon the supply in the system for a very brief period, and when this was exhausted, it perished. Into the dynamical relations of light, heat, and electricity, to life, we cannot now enter.

On a general review of these phenomena, we find that living matter has special actions upon the surrounding media, which differ materially from those of dead or inorganic matter. It attracts and combines, selects and rejects, incorporates with itself molecularly, and analyses the matter with which it is in contact. In short, it manifests the functions of nutrition and secretion. It is also endowed with the

* For copious illustrations of this, we refer the reader to Dr. Carpenter's work above quoted, pp. 41-3 and 74, *et sequent.*

faculty of producing other organisms like itself. These phenomena are manifest in the simplest cell, wherever life is ; they become much more complicated when the cell is but a constituent part of a more complex organism.

So essentially do these acts appear to differ from anything that we can detect in dead matter, that they have until late years been supposed to be due to a distinct order of affinities, and a distinct force called by philosophers vital affinities, and the vital force or principle—very good terms, we venture to think, although old, to express a force and an order of affinity of which we know very little. It is the fashion in the present day to sneer at this idea, and to reduce life and its phenomena* to nothing more than the operation of the ordinary well-known physical laws, such as chemical attraction and repulsion, electric induction, and the like, only acting in a more complicated manner, due to the increased complexity of the elements involved. Thus nutrition is nothing more than chemical attraction, and nerve power is the development of decay—at least so we suppose the following passages to signify, if they mean anything :—

“Living bodies grow by the operation of chemical force, which exhibits in them a two-fold action, and produces substances which tend to decompose, on the same principle that gravitation in a fountain causes water to rise by the effects of its fall. So chemical change, or decomposition, causes the nourishment of the body, and the two opposite processes of growth and decay proceed in mutual dependence. This law is easily understood by fixing the thoughts on any case in which an action of one kind produces another that is opposite to itself ; the movement of a pendulum, for example, in which the downward motion produces the “upward, and the upward furnishes the conditions under which the downward can again take place. It is thus chemical action produces the vital action ; and the vital action furnishes the conditions under which the chemical action can again take place. Living bodies, then, grow through decay, or through chemical processes which are equivalent to decay, and which resemble it in producing force.”†

The writer proceeds to inform us that the mode of nutrition being thus chemical, the form of the organism is determined by the position of the points of least resistance, and then proceeds :—

“This form adapts it to its functions. The body tends to decompose, or to undergo chemical changes, which give rise to force. The

* It will be understood that all this refers merely to *organic life*, and not to anything connected with our ideas of mind or soul. The question on both parts is merely one which relates to the *life* that we enjoy in common with the brutes, and the lowest vegetable cells.

† See “Physiological Riddles,” No. IV., in the “Cornhill Magazine” for October, 1860.

absorption of power is nutrition, and the evolution of it again in the decomposition of the tissues (the muscles, brain, &c.,) is precisely analogous to that which takes place in forcibly separating the poles of two magnets, retaining them apart for a certain time, and suffering them to return by their attractive force to their former union. The energy developed in the approach of the magnets towards each other, is exactly equal to the force expended in their separation. In the case of the living body, the force thus developed within it necessarily produces the actions to which its structure is adapted.”*

All very summary and conclusive, so far as it is intelligible—it lacks but a little support from facts ; but to this point we will return. The tendency of the pseudo-philosophy of the present day is towards a too hasty generalisation—than which strict induction is much less attractive. It is interesting in the extreme, certainly, to observe the correlation of forces, and how one is intimately involved in the production of the others ; but it may be fairly questioned whether we gain anything, nay, whether we do not lose much practically, by attempting to make all modifications of one and the same force. It is possible that they are so—just as it is possible that all matter may be a modification of one original substance ; but we should gain nothing by introducing this theory and its attached terminology into our scientific treatises.

Generalisation, as regards physiology, evinces the strongest possible tendency to show that the laws of matter are the same in the organic as in the inorganic world, and this in spite of all evidence to the contrary. “Organic life is not a new thing, as compared with that which is met with in the inorganic world, but a new form of the same things. The same forces operate, the same laws rule, in the case of organic and inorganic structures ; the results are so different because the conditions differ.”† And again—“Life is a particular mode of operation of the natural forces and laws.” According to the same writer, nothing must be considered as absolutely living—nothing as absolutely dead.‡ The ultimate “indivisible atoms” (in which he seems to believe firmly) which constitute the organic matter, cannot be said to be organic or living. The “oxygen and the hydrogen, for example, are the same in the human brain as they are in the brute. . . . Physical life is a living relation of unliving parts.”§ On the other hand, the “apparently inorganic world is truly living too ;”|| and the innumerable worlds which we see around us may be but the ultimate atoms of another “organization of corresponding magnitude.”¶

We have given these quotations for the purpose of showing the drift of modern physiology. We would submit that, from speculations such as these, opposed to facts and reason, and recommended not

* See “Physiological Riddles,” No. IV., in the “Cornhill Magazine” for October, 1860.

† Ibid, p. 425.

‡ “Physiology of Common Life.”

§ Ibid, p. 429.

|| Ibid, p. 428.

¶ Ibid, 430.

even by novelty, science gains nothing, but loses much ; and we are enriched by nothing, save a sentimental pantheism, which must break to pieces under the slightest investigation.

The entire system of which this is a part may be represented thus : —The organic world is derived from the inorganic, as to the latter it must indirectly owe its support and continuance ; its materials are therefore the same. At this point comes in the modern physiologist, and asserts that the “ultimate atoms” of the organised world are the same as those of the inorganic, and that they only differ in arrangement : also, that the laws under which they are combined are essentially the same. This being the case, what can be more probable than that in the infinite number and variety of the combinations which matter undergoes, and the constant variation of forces to which it is exposed, the time should come when some of these ultimate atoms should arrange themselves into the form, and assume the functions of organic matter ? This is the belief of the modern heterogeneists—a perfectly legitimate deduction from the preceding steps. Animal and vegetable life, at first of a low order, appear spontaneously (under the influence of physical laws) where no life was previously. The lowest are succeeded by others of higher and still higher type ; and by a continuance of this same “development” the highest animals, and man himself, are the result. There is no room here for a Creator—Nature and Nature’s laws are the only and all-sufficient Good.

But we must not judge a theory solely by its consequences—serious as they may be ; we must examine whether it be well founded scientifically. Against those who see something more than chemistry, magnetism, and electricity in the affinities that hold together organic bodies, modern physiology launches the terrible sarcasms, that we might as well talk of a “steam-engine principle,” a “watch principle,” or a “railroad principle,” as of a Vital Force or Principle. But all these are machines which, it must not be forgotten, man can make, and has made, by the use of well-known forces—it is not, therefore, necessary to hypothecate any other force or principle. When man can make any, even the simplest, organism, or even the simplest form of *organisable matter*, we shall willingly acknowledge that chemical and other forces are sufficient, and that our hypothesis of a Vital Force has had its day, and may cease to be. Meantime, let us very briefly inquire into the relations of one of these forces, the chemical, to organisation.

It may be stated, as a preliminary, that the very existence of “ultimate” or “indivisible atoms” is a position far from being invulnerable, and quite insusceptible of proof. And even admitting these to exist, it is equally impossible to prove that they exist in the same state in organic as in inorganic matter. We are much mistaken if all chemical analogy does not suggest, that with every variation of combination there is a variation in the dynamic state of the elementary parts. This, however, is dealing with intangibles ; let us come to something positive.

We would assert that no known chemical laws are sufficient to account for the composition of even gum, sugar, starch, or any of even the ternary compounds. They have all, and always, been formed under the influence of a living organism ; and no other power that we are at present acquainted with is adequate to their production. If they are held together by *merely* chemical attraction, why cannot we combine their elements ? The answer is ready enough from our philosophers—because we do not know the *conditions* under which to bring them together. Even so : but we know the conditions under which we can make and remake all inorganic matters ; *why, then, do not we know* the conditions for the parallel process ? No other answer can be given than that it is a modification of chemical forces. Still good—it is chemistry, and *something else* ; and why may not we call that “something” a vital force ?

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Mr. Lewes, one of the latest exponents of popular modern physiology, does not fail to recognise that there is something wanting in the “conditions,” in order that the absolute identity of organic and inorganic laws may be demonstrated. He even says : “It is true that if there *were* a Vital Principle, or an independent Vital Force, its presence might be the cause of this very difference in the conditions which, we have said, determines the peculiarity of vital phenomena. But we must never gratuitously multiply existences—we must never assume that which is incapable of proof. A Vital Principle is incapable of proof ; if it exist, we cannot know it ; and unless its existence can be proved, it is to us a mere phrase concealing our ignorance.”

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entirely different order of forces is in operation, to those which are manifest in any chemistry with which we are acquainted.

But further, life controls chemical affinities, and preserves the living body from their operations, under certain limitations. The body that has resisted decomposition for years whilst alive, scarcely resists it a few hours after death. If organic growth be nothing but a play of chemical affinities, why is this? The answer popularly given to this question is scarcely worthy of serious notice, yet as it is the only possible one on the chemical theory it must be mentioned. The opponents of a vital principle say that life *does not prevent* decomposition—that it is ever going on; and that the only difference between the living and the dead body is, that in the former the decayed matter is constantly removed, and its place supplied with new tissue, whilst in the latter it is not so. So that we must suppose, that when a large mass of organic matter becomes putrid and decomposed in the course of a few hours, in a warm climate, the same would have gone on if it had been living, only the dead matter would have been carried away and replaced with new—a supposed activity of an organism that we should find some difficulty in crediting. That the tissues of the organism are gradually decomposed with their chemical constituents is certain, and equally so that these elements are carried away, and new tissue formed in place of that which has been disintegrated. But that in this is to be found the whole secret of the preservation of living tissue from chemical decomposition, is a supposition too monstrous to be gravely refuted.

We have reached the limits prescribed to us, but not exhausted our subject; we are but upon the threshold of the vast expanse which marks broadly the distance between life and brute matter. We have only been able to touch upon the least marked of the differences in phenomena—to have done otherwise would have involved the discussion of the higher and special physiological problems. We may state our belief, in conclusion, that organic matter is held together, and organisms exert their special powers, under the influence of a perfectly different set of affinities and forces, to those which are known to us as chemical, electric, magnetic, and the like; that the one order of forces can never, by any casual or designed combination, originate the other; that organic matter requires essentially a pre-existent organism for its production; and, finally, that this production and these forces are never due to the natural operation of secondary causes, as it is the fashion to term them, but always, and under all forms, to the immediate will of the Creator.

VIII.

VITAL, MORAL, AND ECONOMIC STATISTICS.

THE sapient member of Parliament who characterised the Act for the Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, as an attempt on the part of Government to play the character of *Le Diable Boiteux*, had evidently some opinions in common with the old Scotch gentlewoman, who, instead of filling up the schedule left with her at the taking of the Census in 1851, invited the enumerator into her parlour, and read to him the last chapter of the Second Book of Samuel. The "piety" which perceived an analogy between the decennial numbering of the British people, and the pride of heart by which King David of Israel caused the sword of the destroying angel to be unsheathed upon his people, was quite on a par with the penetration of the legislative reader of *Le Sage*. Yet, in one sense, the latter was not so far wrong after all. It is impossible to dip into the reports of the Registrar-General without regarding that functionary as somewhat of an Asmodeus, whose sticks are arithmetic and philanthropy—or rather *L'Ange Boiteux*, for it would be the grossest injustice to connect the slightest suggestion of the diabolical with the most entertaining of the Blue Books issued from Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

To speak seriously, there is, perhaps, no better illustration of how statistical information ought to be presented to the public, than that which the reports of the Registrar-General afford. They differ essentially from all other works of their class, not only as regards the facts they contain, but in the manner in which those facts are set before us. The mass of figures arranged in their close columns is, no doubt, sufficiently intimidating to any one at a first glance, and it is amazing how they have all been marshalled. Yet Mr. Babbage's calculating machine might attempt to compete with the Registrar-General, if his generalship consisted in only setting those figures in order. Any subaltern of the statistical departments might probably be able to do that. But by the management of the statistical chief and his staff, this exceeding great army of facts and figures becomes a moral force, powerful in its assaults upon the strongest fortresses of ignorance and superstition. And there is almost nothing in which ignorance and superstition are so gross, or in which they are so potent, as in matters relating to the sanitary condition of the people. Their power is fast being weakened in nearly all other directions. Religion, science, learning—knowledge, in fact, in its most extended significance—have made one breach after another, and are penetrating towards the very citadel of darkness; but the band of sanitary reformers have scarcely been able to advance their parallels towards those walls, behind which mental and moral blindness shelter themselves, and from which the most fell diseases that afflict us make ever and anon such deadly sorties. Now there is positively no more

powerful auxiliary of this devoted band, who are continually engaged not only in beating back those dire foes of humanity, but in mining their fortifications, than the official to whom we have referred. His facts are continually strengthening and encouraging the besiegers ; the inferences deduced from his figures are by far the most effective engines used, and, even at the risk of running the figure to the extreme, we might add that his annual report is, as it were, a review of his forces, and an inspection of the work they and their allies have accomplished.

The recent appearance of the Twenty-first Annual Report, emanating from the office of the Registrar-General, and the almost simultaneous issue of several Parliamentary Returns bearing on subjects akin to those dealt with in that volume, afford us an opportunity of glancing at some of the results of the efforts made of late to render social statistics available for the promotion of the moral and physical welfare of the people. Apart from the important principles they illustrate, these statistical documents are full of interest simply as vehicles of information through which we obtain glimpses of our social progress, and as presenting us with facts, not in every case very curious in themselves, perhaps, but of a suggestive character. Thus, the bare fact that in 1858 (up to the close of which the Registrar-General brings his latest report) 962 persons married every day in Great Britain, is not one we can make much of, nor can we hang a speculation on the announcement that 2,080 children were born each day during that year. An old maiden lady, whom Lord Jeffrey knew, expressed her amazement and alarm on being told that the population of these lands was increasing at the rate of several thousands every year. "Guid preserve us !" she exclaimed, "whaur are a' the bairns to gang ?" The question still has its interest, no doubt, for most of the parents of the 759,676 children who were born in 1858, and probably the alarmed spinster would have been even horrified had she been informed that the exact increase of the population in that year was 205,825. But these figures only begin to have a significance for us when we turn to another column, and find that of the 334,989 male children born, 77,020 died before they were two years old. Such are the perils that surround man from the moment of his entrance into life, that, loosely speaking, the chances are as 1 in 14, of his living twelve months in the present state of being. Almost 1,000 children under a year old passed away in 1858, simply for want of maternal nourishment, nearly 19,000 were seized by the burning hands of fever, and dragged down to the grave before they had completed their fifth year ; and, sad to say, 686, or more than two-thirds of those who died from the effects of a disease directly resulting from immorality, were infants of a few months !

But a child's chances of life, if we may be allowed the expression, are terribly reduced by the fell enemies we raise up and feed in our large cities and unclean country districts—the preventible diseases against which the sanitary reformer is continually at war, and for whom the Registrar-General reserves not only his most startling figures, but his sharpest words. If the disorders which may be considered incident

to childhood claim their victims by thousands, those we foster slay their tens of thousands. Taking only three of them, fever, diarrhoea, and diphtheria, which the medical and sanitary sciences have taught us to regard as greatly encouraged by impure air—as being fed by it, in fact—we find that these carried off in one year the enormous number of 37,227 English children under five years old. With such facts as this before us, need we wonder that the Registrar-General ascribes the deaths of more than 100,000 of our population—the excess of the actual number over that which it would have been had the rates of mortality in the more healthy districts been maintained—“chiefly to the fatal neglect of the sanitary arrangements required everywhere ; but indispensable in large cities.” The zealous statistician grows warm on this vital part of his subject, and, abandoning his figures for a time, or rather leaving them to do their own work, he appeals to his fellow-countrymen by arguments the force of which it would be difficult to over-estimate, referring for his illustrations not only to the experiments that have been made in the cesspools and sewers of Liverpool and London, but “to the Law and the Testimony”—to that code of laws, some of them so eminently sanitary, which we are taught to believe as having been delivered by Divine inspiration. “Impure air is destroying the health of the people ;” in London “18,105 unnatural deaths may be referred to causes which the Metropolitan Board of Works have to remove, or greatly mitigate ;” and “the cesspool, the midden, or, call it what you may, for it is still the same, is the chief destroyer of the Lancashire population.” Such are the emphatic terms in which the results of the statistics from which we have culled are summed up. Were experimental evidence needed to support statements thus confidently made, and so amply verified by the calculations that accompany them, we might point, on the one hand, to the cathedral city of Ely, transformed from the centre of a marsh, across which its bishops in the olden time were rowed in their boats—transformed by proper drainage to a place more healthy than Pau, the favourite Pyreneean resort of British invalids ; and on the other, to the dogs poisoned in London simply by being subjected to cesspool air. These two cases illustrate what is going on around us every day, but, unhappily, while the one represents the effects of efforts partially made amid innumerable difficulties, the other only affords us a glimpse of an uninterrupted destruction of human life.

We have seen in what vast troops the little children turn, or are turned away almost at the threshold of life ; how solitary, as compared with the crowded ranks that make up the columns of Death's early victims, stand the figures representing hoary age ! Crowd after crowd they go—the children, the young in the bloom and buoyancy of girlhood and boyhood, the strong men in their prime, the maidens in their flower, the prosperous clinging hard to life ; and lingering behind are a few feeble stragglers, who totter under the weight of a hundred, or more than a hundred years. Even in the very heart of London, disease and death spared one of these until he reached the patriarchal age of

108 years. The mere mention of the fact begets the wish that one could have seen the phenomenon of so old a man. The cities and large towns of England had few such among their inhabitants ; yet in Southwell, Nottinghamshire, a woman lived until she had attained her 113th year, and at Tynemouth, in Northumberland, another died aged 112. It is curious to note that for one centenarian of the male sex, there were in 1858 at least five of the female. From the cradle to the grave women, subject as they are to many diseases from which men escape, seem to have better chances of life than they. The number of early deaths among female children is smaller than among males, and the number of old, very old women, greatly exceeds that of old men.

Under her Poor-law system, England pays nearly £6,000,000 a year for the support of her poor and aged, not much less than the whole kingdom paid in property and income tax during the year ending March, 1859. This is reckoned at about fourpence a day to 1 in 22 of her population ; yet, in 1858, *want* was recorded as the cause of death in sixty-two instances — in how many more it was the real but unavowed source or support of fatal disease who can say ? Here, again, we have an addition, slight, but terrible to the number of deaths from preventible causes. Who shall tell what apparently trivial neglect led to these figures being recorded against the civilization—the humanity of England ? They need no comment either from the official pen or from ours.

But, in comparison with those who died from lack of the bare necessities of life, the numbers who dropped down in the struggle for fame, fortune, or it may be daily bread, were legion. The terrible wear and tear of nerve force, and the excitement which our “fast” style of living promotes, are rendered lamentably evident by the increase within the last century in the number of deaths from diseases of the brain and the heart. Both may be said to seize their victims in the prime of life, and though years of comparative respite are allowed, the grasp is firm and sure. Up to the age of 25, the cases of death from brain disease are few in number ; but, from that age to 65, they increase from 190 to nearly 400, and then they diminish. Life’s fitful fever ends with thousands at or before that age is attained. And it is nearly the same with heart disease, more insidious in its approaches, and more sudden, if less awful, in its results. The deaths from this cause at 25 were only 514 in 1858, and at 65 they were nearly 1,800. Beyond that age they fall again to less than the half of that number. These figures refer to the male sex alone ; women may almost be said to enjoy an immunity from the fatal effects of those disorders, which proceed more or less directly from the strain upon the nerves ; for the number of females who died in 1858 from diseases of the brain and heart was not more than a sixth of that of males. The deaths of males from all causes has, on the average of the last twenty-one years, been 107 to 100 deaths of females. Manifold as are woman’s anxieties, and keen though her susceptibility may be, it is obvious that her life wears out more slowly than that of man. She does not live so hard. Common experience

teaches us that a woman's sorrow, poignant as it often is, will find its way more easily than that which, covered up in the breast of the other sex, not unfrequently saps the very foundations of life. Alike in working and in watching, the tension upon the nerves of the gentler sex is less than on those of the stronger. We must, of course, look for the causes of this not only in constitutional differences, but in the difference of the work which each has to do. We can only touch upon the results, yet the causes are worthy of being carefully considered by those who seem to see so little difficulty in extending the sphere of female industry.

But if woman escapes some of the diseases to which man renders himself liable, the fatal issue of those which are peculiar to her, show too plainly how her sorrows are multiplied. Advancing civilization, and the progress of medical science, have done much to guard the life upon which, in so many instances, another life depends; for the mortality from diseases incident to what may be called the most hopeful period of a woman's existence is less than the half of what it was a century ago; and even within the last twenty-one years, the proportion of mothers who died to 10,000 children born, has fallen from sixty-one to forty-two. Those diseases, like almost all others, are, however, greatly affected by temporary changes in the social or economic condition of the people. The statistician's "bushel of wheat" affects the whole catalogue of ills to which the human frame is heir, but the influence of a "dear year" is specially exercised upon the number of deaths from preventible causes. That this should be the case as regards those diseases which are generated and fostered by an inadequate supply of food is, of course, not at all to be wondered at, and it is well known that suicides are always most numerous under such circumstances. But the principle extends even to accidental deaths. Taking the English population in the aggregate, Dr. Farr tells us that our chance of being killed by accidents is nearly as 1 to 34. This calculation applies to 1858; but when we take years either more prosperous or more adverse, we find the risk diminished or increased in proportion.

Not content to bear the ills they had, 1,275 persons in 1858 flew to others which they knew not of. Of the various means of self-destruction adopted, hanging, which, as a mode of punishment, is generally regarded with such horror, was adopted in 570, or nearly a half of the whole number of cases. The opponents of capital punishment might possibly be inclined to make something out of the force of example here, but we must give them another fact to reflect upon, viz., that while only nine persons suffered the extreme penalty of the law in 1858, there were 344 deaths from homicide, and a considerable proportion of these were cases of murder, particularly infanticide.

The choice of the instrument of self-destruction must, in most instances, be ruled by considerations of readiness and completeness. We do not, therefore, wonder that only sixty persons destroyed themselves by gun-shot wounds; but it is somewhat surprising that the cases of suicide from drowning should have been so small in comparison

with some of the other means employed ; yet we may find an explanation in the consideration, that, though an easier and less revolting form of death than most others, water as the means of certainty in suicides is less available. The number of cases of drowning by accident seems very large, when we consider that most of those which occurred at sea are excluded. In 1858, 2,124 thus lost their lives ; but that number is less startling than the cases of death by fire. Fatal accidents from burning have, we observe from a comparison of one return with another, been greatly on the increase of late years. There can be little doubt that this is in some degree at least to be accounted for by the greater risks which the fashions of female dress involves. In London alone, the deaths of females from this cause in 1858 were 170, more than the half of which occurred in the case of those above five years of age. It seems probable that about seventy such deaths resulted from negligence in the care of children, but are we wrong in ascribing most of the others to the dangerously expansive and inflammable style of women's dresses ?

Let us, however, retrace our steps from the verge of existence upon which we have been lingering, and see what information the official documents before us afford as to how the people of Great Britain enter upon the responsibilities of life. It has been well said that marriage, the event of a man's history which least concerns any one save himself and the person whom he marries, apparently is a subject of much greater interest to others than either his birth or his death. We cannot quite go the length of recommending any of the returns before us as "important to those about to marry." Still, they throw considerable light on the marital tendencies of the British people. A fact of some importance arrests our attention at the very outset, viz., that during the four years from 1854 to 1858, the marriages in England and Wales did not increase with anything like the rapidity which they did in France ; while, on the other hand, the births increased steadily in the former countries, and fluctuated, nay, in 1855 and 1857, they declined considerably in the latter. There is room for a good deal of speculation here, but our limits do not allow us to enter upon a consideration of the circumstances in which an explanation might be sought. Let us look, then, at what some of these statistical tables tell us about ourselves. They show us, in the first place, that bachelors have about twenty times the partiality for spinsters that they have for widows, and that for one widower who marries a widow more than two marry spinsters. Again, widowers are much more apt than widows to forget, or seek to supply the place of "the dear departed." This may, of course, be accounted for upon very obvious considerations. Let us, however, try to get a glimpse of the condition of the people when they venture upon matrimony. One of the Parliamentary papers before us shows that the capital of the English savings' banks in 1859 was £33,804,682, or considerably more than thirty shillings for each person. But, as the old street ballad-singer said when he heard that Jenny Lind got fifty guineas a night,

while he could sometimes only make threepence, "The world's ill-divided;" and consequently we must not suppose that every couple married in 1858 began their housekeeping with £3 or £3 10s. Either of these sums would have been a small fortune to Peggy, who hawks nosegays in the streets until, as Hood tell us, "she hates the smell of roses;" while Margaret, "in a garden of ghul reposing," would probably have been fatigued by the mere mention of so small a sum. Be that as it may, we learn that young people in great numbers insist upon marrying when they are, in a legal and conventional sense, minors. It is difficult, indeed, to fix the term of majority in such cases; but of 10,000 males married in 1858, 586 were under twenty-one years of age; the number of females who married at that age is of no consequence, as Mr. Toots would have said. Now, let us look a little into this matter, for the statistics before us are not only an arsenal of weapons for the sanitary, but for the social reformer. Matrimony is a test of fitness for life's responsibilities in more than one respect. The marriage register makes it, in one sense, though, of course, a limited one, an educational test. The registrar cares not a pin for your raptures, Jemmy and Jessemy; you may be very ardent, and have sworn with the greatest emotion to love each other until death parts you; but the gentleman who hands you the pen only wants to know whether you can sign your names, or will have to make your mark. Cupid and caligraphy! It is no doubt a very prosaic conclusion that a man's fitness for the blessed state is to be estimated by his progress in the art of making pothooks and hangers. But it is useful, Jemmy, to know whether you and your bride can write your names, or have merely to make a worse scratch than Toby, the sapient pig, could have made. It is not an impertinence to ask you whether you can read and write. You may be happy enough, no doubt, without being able to do either, but it can only be in a so-and-so way. You *will* be asked, at any rate. All the Jemmys and Jessemys of 1858 were asked the question, and we are glad to say that 73 in 100 men, and 62 in 100 women replied by writing their names. The proportion has increased nearly 10 per cent. since 1841: so much for the mission of the schoolmaster. The London men and the Westmoreland women are the best writers; the one numbering 89 in a 100, and the other 83. The men of Westmoreland and Cumberland stand next to that of London, the proportion being respectively 83 and 82 in 100. The men and women of Westmoreland write equally well, so that there ought to be no curtain lectures on penmanship. In Hertford, Bedford, Suffolk, and Monmouth, the men are very illiterate, only about a half of those married in the first of these counties being able to sign their names. "John Chawbacon, his mark," or something to that effect, seems to have been the inscription on the register in 59 out of the 100 cases in the other counties we have named. In South and North Wales, Cornwall, Monmouth, and Lancashire matters are even worse as regards the women. In South Wales, only 41 women in 100 signed their names on the marriage register. It is worthy of note that excitement, both

of a secular and religious kind, is most frequent in those counties where, from these statistics, ignorance is most prevalent.

The people of England marry in greatest numbers between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five. This is the case with both sexes. Of 80,285 bachelors and 84,475 spinsters who married in 1858, there were 37,826 of the one, and 35,304 above twenty-one and under twenty-five years old. The numbers decrease from 22,212 at twenty to 2,911 males at thirty-five; so that early marriages are, after all, much more numerous than we suppose. Those who enter into the holy state of matrimony, too, seem in most cases to be about the same age. One lad of seventeen married a woman of thirty-five, and worse still, a young man of twenty-one married one aged fifty-five; but these are rare cases. Bachelors and widows and widowers and widows take about five years longer in making up their minds. Yet one bachelor of thirty married a widow of sixty-five—in all probability because the old lady had money or property. An old fellow of eighty married a widow of the same age; and for the honour of the fair sex be it recorded, that only one spinster of twenty married a bachelor of seventy-five. Mrs. Poyser's opinion that in matrimony, as in meat, when a man goes past the proper meal time, he often goes fasting long after, is quite borne out by the statistics of matrimony in England.

Contrary to what is generally believed, the number of illegitimate children is not always least where the early marriages are most numerous. It is worthy of remark, however, that in most of those counties in which the signatures in the marriage register indicate a certain amount of education, the number of illegitimate births is smallest in proportion to the population, while they are greatest in those where both men and women are bad writers. Thus, in Westmoreland, where 83 men and women in 100 who married were able to write their names, the number of children born out of wedlock was 156 to a population of 58,387; and in South Wales, where only 41 in 100 wrote, the proportion was 1,580 to a population of 607,456. The inequality is very striking in these instances, and it is quite as much so in others.

Illegitimacy in Scotland has been of late the occasion of self-censure on the part of some of our northern brethren, and has led to rather hard words being thrown at them from this side of the border. But the inhabitants of some of the English counties ought to know that they live in dangerous glasshouses as regards this matter. The statistics show, of course, a very great difference in cities and towns; and, as might have been anticipated, the difference is most striking, when our great seaports and the manufacturing towns and districts are compared with others. Yet few will be prepared to learn that there is such a contrast between London and Lancashire in the number of illegitimate births. In London, taking it as one of the twelve great divisions of England, there was a population of 2,362,236 in 1851; and the number of illegitimate children born in 1858 was 3,752; while in Lancashire, with a population about 300,000 less than that of

London, the number of such children born in that year was 5,851—an excess of more than 2,000. The difference is striking, too, in the case of smaller towns and districts. Comparing Cambridge or Oxford with York, for example, the figures are very much against the latter. The number of children born out of wedlock in that city, taken at the same rate as Cambridge in regard to population, should only have been 98, whereas it was 121. It would not be difficult to point out some circumstances which might account for the superiority of one town or district over another in regard to moral health, but we are compelled to pause. It may, however, be remarked that the tabular statements of the Registrar-General afford ample scope for inquiry on the part of social reformers as to the causes of the greater number of illegitimate births in certain towns than in others. Such an investigation would be of great importance, for the subject has a very direct bearing on the “Social Evil,” which has of late years engaged the attention of so many earnest philanthropists.

The close connection subsisting between the moral and physical condition of the people is happily becoming daily more manifest. The old adage which tells us that cleanliness is next to godliness, has of late derived additional force from the mass of evidence which sanitary reformers have collected. If that evidence proves anything at all, it proves that wherever we find people living in circumstances which expose them to the attacks of virulent diseases, we find them also exposed to temptations, from which their more comfortably situated brethren and sisters are comparatively free. Sanitary science may be said to be still in its infancy, but it has already done much as an agent of moral reform. And it is now pointing, not only in that direction, but in another which leads to an issue scarcely subordinate in its importance. Lord Palmerston’s definition of “dirt” as “something in the wrong place,” contains, so to speak, the pith of the whole question as regards the practicability of carrying out that sanitary reformation, the absolute necessity of which is made so clear by such statistics as those from which we have quoted. The filth we allow to accumulate in heaps around our dwellings is a beneficent as well as a destructive agent. Where it is, it acts as a deadly poison ; in the corn-field it would not only be a source of national wealth, but of individual health and comfort.

Brief Notices.

THE SONG OF CHRIST'S FLOCK, in the 23rd Psalm. By John Stoughton. 2nd Edition. London: James Nisbet & Co.

THIS exposition of the 23rd Psalm has rapidly reached the 2nd edition, and soon, we doubt not, the third will be called for. We are not surprised at its popularity. The title reveals at once the sentiment and felicitous expression that pervade its pages. It is a pastoral:—the Christian pastor discoursing to his own flock of "The good shepherd who knoweth his sheep," and by the music of the sublime Hebrew melody thrilling their hearts with the pathetic consolation or the triumphal joy of their faith in Christ. Subtle and original criticisms and recondite thoughts are not to be expected or desired in this exposition. The religious hymn, composed by the inspired Singer of Israel, awakes religious musing, and kindles holy fervour. It is a Divine poem, and its interpreter needs the intuition of a Divine faith and poetic sympathies. He has not to extract theologic ore from the veins of this lyric, which he may smelt and cunningly fabricate into a "Body of Divinity," but he should be able to render the "feeling" of the poem. The light that glances from it should fall upon a sensitive surface, which will catch the finest effluent ray and retain it photographically. The melody of the hymn must mould and colour every amplification which its expositor may give;—like the variations that give volume and splendour of effect to a simple air, yet are possessed by its music, and swell into a symphony which, in its grand completeness, retains the rythmical movement and the design of its original. Such

should be the exposition of a Psalm—and pre-eminently of the 23rd Psalm—which is a song—an outburst of the profoundest feeling of the human heart, and which is instinct, now, with the burthen of the life of the Church of Christ. The expositor must breathe the spirit of the composer. Now, such expository gifts belong to few, and among the few to very few in the measure in which they are possessed by the Author of this volume.

We had marked many passages for quotation. The style has an aromatic perfume shed upon it, as if from the holy words of the Psalm, wreathed like fragrant leaves throughout it. Mr. Stoughton has brought his mind into tone with his theme: so the images of the Psalm awake, as by a touch, the associations suitable to realise their truth and beauty.

In David's time, a shepherd was not what he is now. The employment was pursued by those of noblest name. The sons and daughters of chieftains led sheep into the wilderness, and gathered them round the well to drink. We even read of shepherd kings. And, therefore, in unfolding David's idea, we must not think of some humble peasant of our own time, wending his way over the Grampians, or going forth at daybreak from his Swiss chalet to number his flock on some Alpine upland; we must paint a shepherd of the chieftain class—the Abraham type—one like David himself, who, with the same hand now held a crook, and now grasped a sceptre.

And so our Shepherd is a king—King of kings, Lord of lords—the Ruler of princes. And our Shepherd is owner of the flock, and in his own precious pastoral so claims them, and thus contracts Himself with the mere hireling:—"He that is an hireling and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming and leaveth

the sheep. The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling." "I lay down my life for the sheep."

How exquisitely, too, Mr. Stoughton's poetic reading and taste enable him to set forth and adorn his subject is manifest throughout the volume. This one extract shows a felicity in apt quotation which is not often paralleled:—

"The faithfulness and love at work behind our manifold blessings, creating them and bestowing them, are too often hid by the very profusion of bounty which they bring: like

'the pleach'd bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter."

Extensive reading has afforded Mr. Stoughton rich material for his exposition, which is nicely used in the following instance and elsewhere, as we hope our readers will discover upon their own perusal of the book:—

The Bible, and the Spirit, and the facts of human experience, are pasture lands for souls to enjoy, and expatiate in—making us feel as free, giving us a sense of liberty more sublime than the Arab feels when, issuing from his tent at sun-down, he grasps the dewy mane of the foaming steed, springs into the saddle, and gallops forth with lightning speed over unclaimed but God-given hills and plains, which he esteems to be as much his own, as the brother Sheik whom he meets and salutes in his fiery way.

The Christian can well bear the taunt of "narrow-minded," for he knows that none have fields of thought opened to them, so broad and so boundless, as those into which Christ leads His own.

I should suppose, further, that there must be a peculiar *beautiffulness* in Oriental pastures in the spring season, when the grass is green.

"From the top of the mound," says Layard, respecting Arban, "the eye ranged over a level country, bright with flowers, and spotted with black tents and innumerable flocks of sheep and camels. During our stay at Arban, the colour of these plains was undergoing a continual change. After being for some days of a golden yellow, a new family of flowers would spring up, and it would turn, almost in a night, to a bright scarlet, which would

again as suddenly give way to the deepest blue. Then the meadows would be mottled with various hues, or would put on the emerald green of the most luxuriant of pastures."

THE ROMAN QUESTION, by E. About; Translated from the French by H. C. Coape. 1860.

To those of our readers who have not read M. About's able work in the original, we most cordially recommend this very spirited translation. That there is nothing new under the sun we are most of us ready to allow, but that M. About's views of the temporal power of the Pope should be almost substantially those of our own beloved Wychiffe is a curious confirmation of the assertion.

First read the following quotation from M. About; we give the layman the precedence he claims in questions of political importance. He says that, "in virtue of an ancient and hitherto ineradicable practice, the Pope is assisted in the temporal government of his states by the spiritual chiefs, subalterns, and spiritual *employés* of his Church; that cardinals, bishops, canons, priests, forage pell-mell about the country; that one sole and identical caste possesses the right of administering both sacraments and provinces; of confirming little boys and the judgments of the lower courts; of ordaining sub-deacons and arrests; of despatching parting souls and captains' commissions; that this confusion of the spiritual and the temporal disseminates among the higher offices a multitude of men, excellent no doubt in the sight of God (!), but insupportable in that of the people—often strangers to the country, sometimes to business, and always to those domestic ties which are the basis of every society; without any special knowledge, unless it be of the things of another world; without children, which renders them indifferent to the future of the nation; without wives, which renders them dangerous to its present; and, to conclude, unwilling

to hear reason, because they believe themselves participators in the pontifical infallibility." So far the brilliant Frenchman of the nineteenth century. Now let us turn to the earnest, practical reformer of Lutterworth, in the fourteenth century. "He feels that the idea of the Christian Church, gathered exclusively from the New Testament, is not only not represented in the existing state of Christendom, but is opposed by it. He sees that for the clergy, for instance, to consider and call themselves the Church, cannot be right; and that whether they be so or not—and the less so if they be—it cannot be right that any men with their vows and duties should give themselves up to worldly business chiefly, or act in worldly affairs in a worldly spirit; seeking treasure most of all on earth, and using spiritual functions only to promote temporal ends. But was not this what they were doing? No high office of state—neither that of prime minister or prime judge, nor treasurer, nor Secretary of State, had ever been filled by a layman; nor was any of the most menial offices of the household free from ecclesiastics."* The similarity of thought and dissimilarity of expression in these extracts is striking. That M. About does not content himself with merely hearsay evidence, his remarks on mendicity will prove. "The streets and roads swarm with beggars. Under lay Governments the poor either receive succour in their own homes or are admitted to houses of public charity; they are not allowed to obstruct the public thoroughfares and tyrannise over the passengers. But we are in an ecclesiastical country. On the one hand, poverty is dear to God; on the other, almsgiving is a deed of piety. If the Pope could make one-half of his subjects hold out their hands, and the other half put a half-penny into each extended palm, he

would effect the salvation of an entire people.

"Mendicity, which lay-sovereigns regard as an ugly sore to be healed, is watered as a fair flower by a clerical Government. Pray give something to yonder sham cripple, and be sure you don't forget that blind young man leaning on his father's arm! A medical man of my acquaintance offered yesterday to restore his sight by operating for the cataract. The father cried aloud with indignant horror at the proposal; the boy is a fortune to him. Drop an alms for the son into the father's bowl; the Pope will let you into Paradise, of which he keeps the keys. The Romans themselves are not duped by their beggars; they are too sharp to be taken in by these swindlers in misery. Still, they put their hands into their pockets; some from meekness or humanity, some from ostentation, some to gain Paradise. If you doubt my assertion, try an experiment which I once did with considerable success. One night, between nine and ten o'clock, I begged all along the Corso. I was not disguised as a beggar. I was dressed as if I were on the Boulevards at Paris. Still, between the Piazza del Popolo and the Piazza di Venezia, I made sixty-three baiocchi (about three shillings). If I were to try the same experiment at Paris, the *sergents-de-ville* would very properly think it their duty to walk me off to the nearest police station. The Pontifical Government encourages mendicity by the protection of its agents, and recommends it by the example of its friars."

We shall conclude this brief notice with one more extract, which shows that, bad as things are now, they have been worse. "While I was visiting the holy house of Loretto, which, as all the world knows or ought to know, was transported by angels, furniture and all, from Palestine to the neighbourhood of Ancona, a number of pilgrims came in upon their knees, shedding tears, and licking the flag-

* My ers' Lectures on Great Men.

stones with their tongues. I thought these poor creatures belonged to some neighbouring village, but I found out my mistake from a workman who happened to be near me. 'Sir,' said he, 'these unhappy people must certainly belong to the other side of the Apennines, since they still make pilgrimages. Fifty years ago, we used to do the same thing.'

THE BIBLE OF EVERY LAND. A History of the Sacred Scriptures in every language and dialect into which translations have been made: Illustrated by specimen portions in native characters; series of alphabets; coloured ethnographical maps; Tables, Indexes, etc., etc. New edition, enlarged and enriched. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons, Paternoster-row.

It is an act of but bare justice to give this volume our highest recommendation. It is not only a monument of patient, persevering, indomitable industry, but embodies such a history of the translations of the sacred books as can be found in no other tongue or country. It is true that it has taken ages of time to accumulate the materials for such a work; but while "the facts and the incidents connected with the subject, and illustrative of it, have been supplied even to profusion by writers of almost every age, creed, and nation," it was left to England, in this the nineteenth century of Christian development, to reduce these materials to their present shape and form, and so dispose of the facts as to give "a clear and condensed account of the means by which the Scriptures have been transmitted from generation to generation. Nor is this a history of translation only; we have the characteristics of each language; the origin and present condition of the nations to whom the Holy Books have been given; maps which "exhibit the geographical location and extent of each language," and how far the light of revealed truth has penetrated this dark world; the marvellous

effects which have followed the circulation of the Bible in other lands, with the prospects which are opening upon the Church of a bright and glorious future in the history of fallen man.

The publication of such a work is an achievement. It is a book for every study and for every table; and our readers will unite with us in acknowledging the debt of gratitude which is due to the publishers for such a boon to the literature of the Christian Church.

LECTURES ON HOMILETICS AND PREACHING, AND ON PUBLIC PRAYER; together with Sermons and Letters. By Ebenezer Porter, D.D., President of the Theological Seminary, Andover, U.S. Seventh Thousand. London: Ward & Co., Paternoster-row.

THE HOMILIST: Conducted by the Rev. David Thomas. Volume IX., from the commencement. London: Ward & Co., Paternoster-row.

THE first of these two works has become a class-book with not a few of our theological students; nor could they avail themselves of a much better manual. It is emphatically true, as Professor Porter says, that "no man can learn to preach the Gospel by mere study;" that "he must be taught of God, or he will never understand the Gospel;" that "he must love Christ, or he will never feel the motives of the Gospel, nor exhibit its truths in demonstration of the Spirit and with power." Still there are important qualifications that can result only from study. Preaching is a service which has its elementary principles, and "other things being equal, he will best succeed in that sacred work, who best understands and applies these principles." Let the student then take his place at the feet of our Professor, and the blame will be his own if he does not learn much that is essential to make him a preacher, and, as a preacher, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

The Homilist is, to a large extent, the embodiment of the principles laid down by Professor Porter, in his lectures, only several of the writers fall into the very error against which the Professor warns us, of drawing into our plan *all* that is relative to the subject in hand. In some of the sermons and homilies is an endless and most wearying number of divisions, which weakens the composition and leaves no distinct impression. To make the pulpit of our day a force, a power, thought must be concentrated, and truth presented in its soundness and fulness to the mind.

Herein, we think, lies the chief defect of the "Homilist." In several of the papers there is a good deal of loose thinking and of imaginative writing. The logic and the theology are, in many instances, equally at fault. Still we are glad to find that the work holds on its way with increasing power and success; and we trust that the Editor may, according to his wish, be the instrument of making the pulpit of our age what it might be, and what it ought to be—a living power.

A PRACTICAL AND EXHORTICAL COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO TITUS.
By the Rev. William Graham, D.D.,
M.R.I.A. Nisbet.

DR. GRAHAM'S aim, he tells us, is to unite criticism with popular exposition; he "seeks a class of readers that are discontented with the superficial theology of the popular sermons or religious novels of the day." An odd association surely, and by no means complimentary, to either the preacher or the novelist. But does not Dr. Graham confound things that differ? What should we think of Lord St. Leonards publishing a legal treatise for the benefit of those who were discontented with the superficial law of Bleak House? And we question whether learned criticism and popular preaching either can, or ought, to be brought into combination; or whether the "great gap

between Germany and England," which Dr. Graham says he is about to fill up, can, or ought, to be so filled. If the pulpit accomplish its proper work, its theology must not wear the pretence of learning; not even after the model in which Dr. Graham himself stitches together bits of Greek and Latin, and very high-flown rhetoric; it must be thoroughly and entirely popular; as much of learning in the preacher as is possible, and as much of learned investigation in the subject; but let him remember that the pulpit is the very last place in which he should display it; he wants all his learning to make things simple. We trust that our churches will increasingly demand a sound scholarship and a sound theology in her ministers; but we trust also that the day has for ever gone by, when the excellency of the preacher was tested by the Greek that he could quote, or when the "painful preachers" of soporific systems of divinity sent to sleep even the most determined theological elder. We are persuaded that the quickened religious life of our day is largely owing to its more popular preaching; the reasonings of the theological treatise have given place to popular warm-hearted practical addresses, which bear the same relation to scientific theology that the fruit does to the botany of the tree that produced it, or the corn crop to the geology of the field in which it grew. We are decidedly of opinion, therefore, that the critical commentary and the popular sermon are utterly incompatible things, and that just in proportion as the attempt to blend them together succeeds, it will be destitute of the value of either. If, as from its rhetorical style we imagine, this book was preached, we are glad we did not hear the sermons; there is far too much Greek in it for any popular audience, since the days of Jeremy Taylor: if written as a commentary, there is far too much preaching, to make it pleasant reading for the student; still there are many good things in it, notwithstanding Dr. Graham's

itching to have a bishop or two burned for the benefit of Episcopacy and to "diminish Dissent;" and it *may* be large enough to fill up the gap into which its author thrusts it.

COMMENTARY ON THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. By Dr. A. Tholuck. Translated from the Fourth Revised and Enlarged Edition by the Rev. R. L. Brown, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, George-street.

BIBLICAL COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES OF ST. JOHN, in continuation of the Work of Olshausen. With an Appendix on the Catholic Epistles, and an Introductory Essay on the Life and Writings of St. John. By Dr. John H. A. Ebrard. Translated by the Rev. W. B. Pope, Manchester. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, George-street.

THESE two works constitute the seventh and eighth volumes in the Third Series of Clark's Foreign Theological Library, and are both entitled to more than mere ordinary attention.

The Commentary of Tholuck has gone through so many editions, and been given over to the English public in so many forms, that it must now be pretty extensively known. The subject is one of almost unequalled breadth and depth; nor does even this exposition exhaust it. We do not say this to depreciate Dr. Tholuck's labours. Far from it. He has done much to elucidate the text, and to render more definite and certain the exegesis; but if the Sermon on the Mount be the law of moral being, and if obedience to the law has, on the part of man, the condition of life, then it still remains to be shown wherein lay the wisdom of the world's Great Teacher in giving such prominence to this fact at the introduction of Christianity, unless the perfect righteousness which He required in His followers as the condition of their entrance into the kingdom of heaven was represented as a reality in himself. This is the key to the interpretation of the Sermon; and until it is viewed and set forth in this light, it

will ever prove a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence. We accept the present work as one of the best on this great subject, persuaded that, as he has opened the door into this holiest, others will enter in.

As to the Epistles of St. John, we hold them to be among the most profound utterances of the Christian Inspiration; and long and wistfully have we been looking for an exposition equal to their claim.

The little volume of Lücke comes far short of the mark, though there are passages in it of much value, and which we should be sorry to lose. The work of Ebrard is a positive advance upon that of Lücke, and offers more to the student than has hitherto been within his reach on this portion of the Christian Testament. Our Author has rightly perceived that these writings appeal rather to the moral consciousness than to the intellect and the logic of the man; and as Huther says, "He who ventures upon them with only his analytical understanding and merely philological learning, will find that they remain unintelligible hieroglyphics; their internal essence being disclosed to us in proportion as we experience in our own souls that of which they speak. . . . At the same time, there reigns throughout the Epistles a firm and manly tone—the perfect opposite of all effeminate and sentimental enthusiasm. While, on the one hand, the Apostle speaks to his readers as a father speaking to his children, he, on the other hand, never forgets that they are no longer babes to whom he has something new to communicate, but that they are altogether equal to himself, possessed like himself of all the truth which he announces, and of all the life which it is not for him to create in them, but only to preserve and increase." Thus, to the most profound Christian thinker, this writing is unfathomable, and yet to the simplest believer, with the consciousness of the Christian life in his soul, it is immediately and delightfully intelligible.

THE CHRISTIAN ELEMENT IN PLATO, AND THE PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY, UNFOLDED AND SET FORTH. By Dr. C. Ackermann, Archdeacon at Jena. Translated from the German by Samuel Ralph Asbury, B.A.; with an Introductory Note by William G. T. Shedd, D.D., Brown Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, U.S. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, George-street.

THIS is a book for the times. Though published some five-and-twenty years since, this is its first appearance in this country in an English translation. Nor could the publishers have bestowed a more valuable upon this age of deeper and wider inquiry. The Platonic and the non-Platonic philosophy are terms which easily pass from lip to lip among us, and yet by how few are they understood? Between Platonism, properly so called, and the non-Platonism, which is the offspring of the Alexandrian School, and belongs to the second century of the Evangelical era, our author carefully discriminates, and gives with great precision and faithfulness the distinctive features of the two systems. Nor this only. While his aim has been to find the Christian element in Plato and his philosophy, it does not once enter into his thoughts to put that philosophy on the same level with the Gospel; far less does he think that it can ever take its place. His words are: "When we say there has never been a more Christian philosophy outside the Church of Christ than the Platonic—when we say that Christianity, which from the beginning lay in the womb of history, before its living appearance in the person and life of Jesus, came almost to the light and to a manifestation in a mind thinking and inquiring after Divine truth, and that this ideal Gospel is Platonism, we have expressed the highest and the best which we can with well-founded conviction say of it:—more than an ideal power and magnitude, Platonism can and will never be." Nay more:—"If there is, confessedly, in the whole philosophical literature of ancient and modern times, no

production which, in respect of the combination of æsthetic perfection of form, with depth and wealth of ideas, and the energy of a mind divinely animated, would be placed by the side of Platonisers, then how incomparably high stands the often mistaken and scorned Christianity, since we even perceive, far behind it, the most sublime system which human art and wisdom ever created!"

While the work is occupied chiefly with those features in Platonism which have affinity with Revelation, and are favourable to the Evangelical scheme, the translator yet tells us, in all fidelity, that "there runs through all the views of Plato a want of any distinct apprehension of the claims of Divine Justice, in consequence of human sin;" that "there is, probably, no single point in the moral relation of the creation, for which we are so entirely indebted to Revelation, as this of the enormity of sin, and the severity of Divine judgment;" and that the grand characteristic defect of all platonised Christianity is this, "a forgetfulness or inadequate commemoration of the most tremendous proof this part of the universe has ever been permitted to witness, of the reality of the Divine hatred of sin—**THE FACT OF THE CHRISTIAN ATONEMENT.**"

But we have exceeded our limits. Most earnestly do we recommend this work to the study of all who lay claim to the power of thought and reflection.

WILL ADAMS, the first Englishman in Japan. By William Dalton. London: A. W. Bennett.

JAPAN has achieved two things not often achieved in this world; it has utterly extirpated Christianity, and it has entirely excluded foreigners. Two very powerful ingredients, therefore, contribute to the interest with which we regard it—the repulse of religious faith and feeling, and the pique of baffled curiosity. Until

just now, Japan has been a *terra incognita* to the western world of modern times ; the dim traditions of 250 years ago, when it was accessible to European missionaries and merchants, affording just light enough for the creations of the imagination, but not enough for the certainties of knowledge.

No traditions of aboriginal barbarians are found in Japanese annals. Like their neighbours, the Chinese, they boast an immemorial civilization, and this the popular imagination of the West had exaggerated into a utopian polity and an arcadian innocence, which Captain Sherard Osborne and Mr. Dalton very rudely dispel. Captain Osborne visited Japan in 1858, and in his "Cruise in Japanese Waters" has given us a very vivid picture of Japanese character and life, as they presented themselves to a European visitor. Mr. Dalton does not appear to have visited Japan at all, but to have constructed his book as Tom Moore wrote *Lalla Rookh*, from a careful study of all that travellers have told respecting it. Captain Osborne's is a book of travels, dating 1858 ; Mr. Dalton's is a historical romance, dating 1600. Both conscientiously labour to present us with a faithful delineation of Japanese character and life. Our first impulse, therefore, is to compare the two, and assuming their equal fidelity, to compare the Japan of 1600 with the Japan of 1858. And perhaps the most remarkable result is the almost identity of impression, the difference chiefly lying in the decided moral improvement of the Japanese of 1858. The civilization of Japan is like that of China, not only in its aboriginal, but in its limited and stereotyped character. A kind of instinct, developed in the earliest ages, and not surpassed in the later ; politeness without delicacy, order without morality, marvellous power of imitation without inventive genius, seem to be the invariable characteristics of the barbarous civilization of all

orientals, Turk, Hindoo, Chinese, Japanese alike. The Government of Japan, like all oriental Governments, is an absolute despotism, only it is an anal instead of an individual despotism—the Mikodo being the head of the church, and the Ziogoon the head of the state : and yet it is a despotism on certain recognised principles—there is a popular power behind the throne, which is greater than the throne. Like all despotisms, the throne of Japan is far more at the mercy of popular feeling than a constitutional throne. Mr. Dalton's book tells us of civil wars, bloody and devastating, reminding us of the later Roman Empire.

A peculiarity of Japanese social life is, that their women are not subjected to the jealous seclusion of Oriental women everywhere else, but have the free intercourse with the opposite sex which they have in western nations.

Will Adams himself is a historical character—a brave old English shipman, who, in the year 1598, sailed from the Texel as the pilot of a Dutch fleet, and after a disastrous voyage, was, in 1600, with several of his shipmates, thrown upon the shores of Japan, where he gained the favour of the Ziogoon, and for twenty years lived as his confidant and adviser, the first Englishman who ever set foot in Japan. He married a native lady ; negotiated a treaty of commerce upon free trade principles with his own country ; founded an important factory ; made a will, which was afterwards brought to England, and then died. Considerable information respecting him exists in the state of contemporary letters and other documents ; these Mr. Dalton has carefully collected, and out of them, with the help of Rundal's memorials of the Empire of Japan, in the 16th and 17th centuries, printed for the Hakluyt Society, he has woven his story. As a romance it is not very successful. The narrator of the story is Melchior von

Santvoort, one of Adams' shipmates, who of course writes in the style of the period, which Mr. Dalton is not always successful in preserving—we might almost say that he rarely attains to this. His antiquated idiom, so picturesque and illusive in "The Newcombes," is neither synchronous nor easy, and often breaks right away into the idioms, epithets, and allusions of 1860. It is not every one who can so artfully blend fact and fiction, biography and imagination, as to produce a homogeneous result. In Mr. Dalton's hands the ingredients do not mix very well together. The Lady Mary is in many respects, both of thought and speech, an Englishwoman of the present day; and the romantic incidents of her story might, with a little violation of the unities, have been inserted in the last modern novel. Of Will Adams himself we see but little, especially during the long period of his court favour, when his life would have been the most interesting; a few sentences of narration by himself are all that we are told of it—the narrator is occupied with the recital of his own separate adventures.

In historical details Mr. Dalton succeeds admirably, and we could well have dispensed with the love-making for a fuller picture of the Japanese as furnished by his authorities. With his clear, graphic style, Mr. Dalton could very admirably have reproduced for us the Japan of Queen Elizabeth's time according to the historiographer, rather than according to the novelist. This, however, is intended but as a critical

qualification of the very hearty and even high praise which his book demands. It is solicitously faithful to facts, and is exceedingly instructive and interesting. No one who takes it up will be disposed either to lay it aside unfinished, or "to skip." It narrates to us the early history of the Jesuit missions, and the planting of Christianity in Japan by the devoted Xavier, together with the first persecutions of the Christians, and their subsequent and utter extirpation—a chapter of their history as extraordinary, perhaps, as any in the records of the Church. Scarcely less remarkable is the history of the relations of Europeans with Japan. Until the death of Will Adams, in 1620, they were permitted the freest access to its shores; and while every western nation was encumbering its commerce with ingenious monopolies, they were permitted to trade in the most unrestricted manner. But from that period to our own day—probably through the connection of Christianity with rival factions in the empire—foreigners have been most jealously excluded; so much so, that even a native of Japan, if he left its shores, was not permitted to return. Our age of strange revolutions has seen this state of things come to an end, and Americans and Englishmen have found their way even to Jeddo itself—let us hope only as precursors of the spiritual and unselfish missionary—although we are sorry to say the conduct of some of our own countrymen has been anything but such as to secure a prepossession in his favour, or to make his work easy.

THE ECLECTIC.

FEBRUARY, 1861.

THOMAS BINNEY.*

THE appearance in print of the short, but singularly apt and powerful Inaugural Address, by the Rev. Thomas Binney to the Rev. H. R. Reynolds, at Cheshunt College, upon the occasion of his induction to the office of its President, and the simultaneous appearance of the portrait of the author in the gallery of the *Illustrated News of the World*, conjoined to his restoration in health to all the activities of the life of his denomination, have all united to give to our minds an exercise upon this singularly-central, and noble, and useful man, who, having served already a generation by his powers, still retains them in active conservation. And so we determined upon a renewed glance over his multifarious pile of pamphlets, and charges, and sermons, and an attempt at some rapid generalization of his life and labours. In relation to the man himself—his objects and his achievements—from our standpoint our readers can expect nothing less from us than eulogy. Assemble together any hundred of the most intelligent and thoughtful ministers of our denomination—the men who tell on our work in the present age, and whose work is either the ministration to strong minds, or the consolation of really doubtful ones—and probably they will all acknowledge their deep indebtedness to the minister of the King's Weigh House. Orators

• 1. The Rev. Thomas Binney; Portrait, and Sketch of Life. "Illustrated News of the World," No. 147.

2. Two Addresses at Cheshunt College, October 9th, 1860. By the Rev. T. Binney, and the Rev. H. R. Reynolds. Ward and Co., 27 Paternoster Row.

3. "Lights and Shadows of Church Life in Australia; including Thoughts on some things at Home;" by T. Binney. To which is added, "Two Hundred Years Ago: Then and Now." Second Edition. Jackson and Walford, 18 St. Paul's Churchyard.

seldom win for themselves any measure of deep personal affection: they charm and astonish by their audacious, or mellifluous, or polished periods, but they are seldom loved. Great is the difference between the thrilling wind, or the overpowering music which awes the auditor, and the word which, not satisfied with coming "very nigh" us, enters into our soul; and thus, great is the difference between the influence of Mr. Binney and that exercised by many who have held, and do hold together by their voice far greater multitudes. Scattered over the whole land, over the whole world, are those in the ministry, and filling various offices of trust, to whom the memory of the teacher of the Weigh House stands mellowed by the tenderest lights of reverence, and robed in the most affectionate admiration. When he was in Australia, one important cause of Mr. Binney's very successful tour was the amazing multitude of old personal friends—members of the church of the Weigh House—who crowded round him. Perhaps of no other living preacher, of no other for many years, can it be so truly said, "his words have gone to the end of the world."

The *Illustrated News of the World* thus concisely refers to Mr. Binney's early origin, his first years in London, and the place of his ministry

"This distinguished minister and most effective pulpit orator was born about the year 1798 or 1799 at Newcastle-on-Tyne; he was educated at Wymondley College, an institution founded by William Coward, Esq., of Walthamstow, a munificent Nonconformist of the last century, and first presided over by the celebrated Dr. Doddridge. It is now one of the United Colleges which, together, constitute what is called New College, St. John's Wood. Mr. Binney was first settled at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, as minister of St. James's Church, whence he removed, in 1829, to London, to accept the pastorate of the church and congregation assembling in a place of worship known as the 'King's Weigh House Chapel.' To many readers such a name must appear inexplicable; but it is suggestive of historical recollections. Before the great fire of London, the King's Weigh House stood in Cornhill; its object was to prevent frauds by weighing merchandise, brought from beyond sea, by the King's Beam. After the great fire of London, it was removed from Cornhill to Little Eastcheap, and over the building thus appropriated assembled the first members of the Church of the Weigh House. Its first three pastors were ministers ejected from the Establishment by the Act of Uniformity, in 1662. In 1795 a new and, for those times, handsome meeting-house was erected (still over a warehouse) to accommodate the congregation presided over by the Rev. John Clayton; but after Mr. Binney's arrival in London the site was changed altogether; the name was transferred, with the church and congregation, to the handsome and commodious New King's Weigh

House Chapel on Fish-street Hill. On the afternoon of May 25th, 1834, Mr. Binney preached his farewell sermon within the time-honoured walls of the old building, from the text, 'Arise, let us go hence.' The new chapel was opened in the following week."

In order rightly to understand and to appreciate the work which Mr. Binney has done, we must remember that he has anticipated and prepared for much of the denominational work of the present generation. Widely different was the city of London when he accepted the call to minister within its walls, to the London of the present day. Its religious life has changed even more than its moral adornments and facilities. Few persons now could realise the old world round Fish-street Hill. Old London Bridge was standing. Where now we pass down the crowded but commodious King William-street and Cannon-street, we then were hurried along narrow dirty lanes; the long, straight, broad ways of modern city architecture were unknown; the suburbs, as we know them, were then not in existence; and the merchant princes of London even, and the crowds of wealthy tradesmen, did not then, as now, flock out to elegant villas and palaces some miles remote from the Exchange. Not an omnibus ran through any street; not a railway—not even the London and the Greenwich—alarmed the conservatism of those days. But how do all these statements respecting civic life affect the position of Mr. Binney? In many ways: London then had a large, important, thoughtful population residing within its limits; the mighty middle class, from which Dissent is constantly invigorated, lived then within the walls of the city, or within its immediate neighbourhood: especially the young men—clerks, shopkeepers, and others—found their homes there. Thus Dissent in London had great power and influence: its chapels, indeed, up to that period, or to a period immediately before, were singular enough, and would have found no place in any order of architecture; but the Independents of London formed a strong and united confederacy, with a very distinct stamp and seal of the old Puritan, both upon their forms, their faith, and their worship. Plain and unpretentious buildings as their temples were, within they nourished very much of the earnest piety, the thoughtful devotedness of the men who ages before had retreated into bye lanes, into cellars and warehouses, from the cruelty of prelatical persecution, and not less from the negative Arminianism and Erastian and latitudinarian offensiveness of the Establishment, which to them, was the realisation of Lord Chatham's famous phillipic against it, that it had "a Popish Liturgy, a Calvinistic creed, and an Arminian clergy."

And another important element obtained in the Dissent of that day : the line of distinction between the Church of England and all Nonconformist things was very clearly defined. "The Test and Corporation Acts" were but just repealed. That abominable padlock, riveting all Dissenters down below the hatches in the great political vessel, had, until 1827, remained in full force. Clergymen and dissenting ministers were sometimes, in some rare corners of the land, on terms of friendship and communion with each other ; but it could never be the friendship of equals—it is scarcely ever that now. There could be no union in the sense in which we now behold union all around us. If there were political Dissenters, they were so, not so much as contending for civil rights upon equitable principles, but as protesting against injustice, intolerance, and insolence. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." The steps of a good and great man are especially ordered by the Lord. Mr. Binney, at a most critical moment in the history of Nonconformity, was placed upon a prominent and elevated platform, from whence he was able to exercise an influence such as no other man throughout his denomination could have been found to exercise. In that day Church dignitaries were, from the circumstances of the moment, especially and extravagantly insolent. He, from the centre of the kingdom, was able to reply to them in language of which even the *British Critic* (the High Church organ) said—"Certainly he is not polite ; he does not mince matters ; but there are many things for which we like him. We like him for the vigorous idiomatic English of his style ; we like him for his downrightness ; we like him for the manly and straightforward determination with which he deals his blows. *He* does not keep us in doubt or suspense." But he not only served his church by standing in the attitude of defence, and occasionally even venturing upon sorties of aggression into the camp of the Establishment ; he more especially served his generation as a teacher ; and we are desirous of devoting some attention to his influence and position, in both his polemical and his prophetic character.

The perusal of Mr. Binney's "Church Life in Australia" has compelled us to glance over his relation through his generation to Dissent and to ecclesiology in general. Perhaps even some of our readers may be surprised to know that he neither is, nor has ever been, committed to extremes. The "celebrated sentence" which has given to his name so extensive, and with many Church people and Nonconformists too, so unenviable a notoriety, demands, in a review like this, some comment. It is a mistake to suppose that it appeared in any sermon or address ; it occurs in an appendix to the address on laying the foundation-stone of the New King's

Weigh House Chapel. And severe as the sentence unquestionably looks when standing or quoted by itself, it is really guarded by a respectful candour and kindness. Here it is:—"Truth cannot be injured by fair and full discussion, and by open and uncompromising statements. I have no hesitation about saying that I am an enemy to the Establishment, and I do not see that a Churchman need hesitate to say that he is an enemy to Dissent: neither of us would mean *the persons* of Churchmen or Dissenters, nor the Episcopal or other portions of the universal church; but the *principle* of the national religious Establishment, which we should respectively regard as deserving, universally, opposition or support. It is with me, I confess, a matter of deep serious religious conviction, that *the Established Church is a great national evil*; that it is an obstacle to the progress of truth and godliness in the land; that *it destroys more souls than it saves*; and therefore its end is to be devoutly wished by every lover of God and man. Right or wrong, this is my belief."

The Episcopal Establishment of England,—we must consciously distinguish between this and the Episcopal Church, which is not a political hierarchy at all, but the congregation, more or less visible, of just so many faithful, and holy, and spiritually-minded men and women as are in communion with it, finding within its enclosure their best spiritual food, and admitted not by the hand of the ordaining or confirming bishop, but by the Spirit of the living God and by fellowship with the great Head of the Church—in contra-distinction to this, then, the Establishment, the Political and Hierarchical Establishment of the country, is a very nondescript animal; it has plenty of "muscular Christianity" at its command; it can deal very hard blows; it has talons, or claws, with which it can occasionally tear and rend, even now; but the marvel of the creature is, that it has a skin neither pachydermatous nor even healthily epidermatous; wonderful that a creature so constituted as to have no conscience skin within it, capable of any feeling, should have a mucous membrane upon it, covering over every part, so singularly sensitive and tender. The Establishment and its ministrations (we draw the distinction between these and the ministers of the truth as it is in Jesus within its walls) are remarkably able to inflict pain on others to any extent; they will trail to prison still very cheerfully; they will still fine and confiscate; they will still excommunicate from the Lord's table; they will deny a body in the churchyard burial, reckless of violating the feelings of survivors and friends; and it must be admitted, that the ministers of the Establishment gave to Mr. Binney plenty of occasion for any amount of severity in which he could indulge towards them. The late Bishop of London, Charles

James Blomfield, strongly commended to his clergy a book, the letters of "L.S.E.," of which it is but mere fact to say its folly, its falsehood, and its filthiness all are in proportion and all measured out to the extent of its author's powers. This book was commended from the Cathedral chair by the Bishop of London in it. The writer says:—"Dissenters in dissenting and separating from the Church commit the heinous sin of schism, which is, in my opinion, a greater sin than that of drunkenness, and therefore a great deal more frequently spoken of in the Word of God." And again: "I look upon schism, in fact, as tantamount to a renunciation of Christianity. What is it but a renouncing of the Church of Christ, a renouncing of her ministers, and through them, of Christ himself?" Again: "They, by their schism, cut themselves off from the visible Church, and cannot therefore expect to be considered as Christians, but according to the command of Christ, as heathens and publicans. In a Christian point of view, we have nothing to do with them, we must leave them entirely in the hands of God; they are without the pale of the visible Church of Christ; and we are to act in the spirit of what the Apostle says, 'What have I to do to judge them also that are without? Them that are without God judgeth.' The curse of God appears to me to rest heavily upon them." [Our readers will need to take a long breath after these precious gems of Ecclesiological and Biblical criticism.]

Principally in reply to this book and to the Bishop appeared Mr. Binney's well-known sermon, "Dissent, not Schism;" and certainly whatever amount of bitterness of expression may have entered into the speech of our author—and really bitterness we find none, though we do find idiomatic strength of expression—the Establishment has most industriously given him his occasion. Some circumstances must have burnt with moral caustic into his feelings the sense of the monstrous iniquity and wrong which canonical and rubric law will assist a clergyman in perpetrating. He says—

"Two facts illustrative of this supposed possibility came under my notice soon after these words were written. A clergyman in London refused to bury a child which I had baptized. The parents wished it to sleep in a grave they had in the churchyard; and I therefore went to the clergyman to request him to perform the service. He said, 'he could not do it conscientiously; he dared not to violate his conviction; he did not regard the child as baptized according to the meaning of the Church.'" "But you know," I said, "that it has very recently been decided in the Court of Arches that lay baptism is valid, and that you have no legal ground of refusal." "I know the decision, but I cannot accept it; I must decline." "You are

aware that the consequences of refusal may be very serious." "Yes, I know that; God, I hope, will support me, but I must obey my conscience." "Well, my dear Sir," I said, "God forbid that we should do anything to hurt any man's conscience. I will bury the child myself, for I can do it in a way which will entail no evil consequences on either of us." The poor man seemed greatly relieved. I could not go into the churchyard to bury the child, because to have opened my mouth on consecrated ground would have exposed me to a prosecution; but I went *to the outside of the rails*, near to which the poor little innocent's grave happened to be. The weeping friends stood round it. I prayed and spoke, addressing words of comfort to the bereaved parents; and then I explained to the people who had gathered about, the reason of the singular spectacle that had attracted them. I thus saved the clergyman's conscience, which compelled him to resist the law; but I certainly thought that either such laws should not exist, or that such men should not remain under them. The other case was worse than the foregoing. A friend of mine, who had been a most useful minister in the town where he had resided some thirty years, died. He had a vault, his own property, in the churchyard, in which lay two of his children. He, it happened, had been baptized in the Church of England. The clergyman, however, refused to bury him on the ground that he had been a schismatical Dissenting teacher; for, though baptized in the Church, and never formally excommunicated, he had, by being a Dissenting teacher, *ipso facto* canonically excommunicated himself. Nothing could move the man. The family had not the means of going to law; nor would they have gone if they had. There was no general cemetery in the place, or my friend's family-vault would not have been in the churchyard, nor would a stranger have been required to bury him. A grave was dug in the chapel in which he had preached—in front of the pulpit—and there we laid him.*

In the light of great civil and social wrongs like these—and such cases might easily be multiplied—what a mockery it is to talk of the bitterness of a sentence! A man insults your friend's corpse, and spits upon his coffin, and then complains that there is a little too much point in your syntax. Very good, indeed! No cause have we to wonder at the solemn soliloquy with which Mr. Binney sums up his "Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity" (to subscribe). He says—

"What would this demand—to what would it expose me? I must sophisticate my understanding. I must fetter my intellect. I must shut my eyes and close my ears to much that at present seems distinct and loud. I must call things by their *wrong* names, and that, too, where mistake may be infinitely hazardous. I must say to God, in an act of worship, what I should repudiate to man in

* "Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity," p. 26-27.

confidential conversation. Acts like these would be pregnant with painful and punitive consequences. I should lose, I fear, the love of truth, or the power of pursuing, acknowledging, maintaining it. I should cease, perhaps, to be affected by evidence; plain words might come to be lost upon me; if I got over some that are lying here, I seem to feel that I could get over anything; that there would be no language I could not pervert, parry, resist, or explain away. With my views, the act of subscription would either indicate the death within me of the moral man, or it would inflict such a wound that he would soon die—die, I mean, *so far as those things are concerned which must be lost sight of to subscribe at all, and of those which are to be done and said after subscribing*; or, if he lived, and continued to live, I should be daily obliged to be doing something, which would lacerate and pain him, and pierce him to the soul. The very services of religion would be sources of anguish. Prayer itself would consist, at times, of words which I feel I can never approve, and which, ever as I uttered them, would renew my misgivings, and disturb my peace. My nature, in its highest essence, would be injured. My moral sense would be sacrificed or seduced. I CANNOT DO IT. I will not. This, too, would be *'great wickedness and sin against God.'* It would be sin against myself. I never will consent to pay such a price for the advantages which clerical conformity can confer. I see them all. I feel their attraction. Principle as to some—preference as to others—taste, habit, association as to most—strongly induce and impel me towards them. I could wish them mine. I should be glad to secure them. I would give for them anything consistent with honour. *It should not be heroism to refuse that.* I determine to refuse it. To all the inducements to enter the establishment, I oppose one thing, and but one. With my predilections, I have little else; but *with my opinions*, I ought to have *that—a living conscience*. By God's help I will strive to retain it. It shall be kept by me, and kept alive. It and I must part company, if I offend it by deliberately doing what is wrong. God of my strength, preserve me from this; *'let thy grace be sufficient for me;'* *'keep back thy servant from presumptuous sin;'* with the light which Thou, I trust, hast poured into my soul, and the love with which Thou hast replenished my heart, I dare not permit myself to sanction and to say, what I feel I must, if I consent to use these forms and offices. *'A good conscience'* is to be found only in withholding that consent. I am determined to withhold it. I go nowhere unless conscience can go with me. I am satisfied to remain wherever it remains. This is my feeling; and *on account of this—and of this only—I HERE RESOLVE TO REFUSE ORDERS.*"•

To Mr. Binney also belongs this praise—that, before any other man of his denomination, he has comprehended the work of Congregationalism. Perhaps before the existence of Congregational

• "Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity." pp. 34-35.

Unions, Independency had more of a corporate spirit than it has now: within the last twenty years it has gained in catholicity, and it has lost in corporateness. In the old times of Independency it was held in oneness by an all-permeating instinct, which seems to have deserted it lately. Independents now speak of their principles with bated breath; they hand over the avowal and defence of their peculiar ecclesiastical dogmas to the "Liberation Society," afraid lest they should offend, by too explicit an avowal of Anti-State-Churchism, some of their newly-found clerical friends. For instance, "Rusticus" thus innocently writes to our amiable friend the *Record* :—

"I have lately heard it mentioned, as a difficulty in the way of joining the Evangelical Alliance, that at its sessions Dissenters will meet Churchmen on a friendly footing, and afterwards endeavour to bring about the separation of Church and State. As a friend to the Alliance, I hope that such an assertion can be met by a candid denial of its truth. For, surely, would it not be somewhat inconsistent one day to give Churchmen the right hand of Christian fellowship, and on the next day to join in a direct attack upon the interests of that Church which they hold dear? As the Churchmen who are members of the Evangelical Alliance cannot certainly be charged with any aggressive organization against Dissenting Churches, so I trust that those Dissenting friends who are also members consider it a point of honour, involving the cause of consistency and brotherly union, to stand aloof from any society whose object they know to be positively inimical as well as repugnant to Churchmen. Such a union of politics with religion is much to be dreaded, as injurious both to the best interests of the Alliance and also to the increase of real brotherly love."

A pretty price we shall pay for the grace and courtesy of the two fingers of recognition, if we are to throw all the freightage of our Nonconformity over the sides of our vessel into these Pacific seas! Truly, peace is good; but principle is better than peace. Great must be the changes in the Establishment before the Congregational Nonconformist can feel much tranquillity of soul towards it; a severe conscientiousness has compelled him to take his stand where Mr. Binney has taken his, and to say, "I hereby resolve to refuse orders." Things press upon the conscience of the thoughtful minister which perhaps never touch the spirit of the layman. Sometimes in amazement and perplexity one is compelled to cry, "How *can* they subscribe?" Truly, Mr. Jowett's elaborate apology for disingenuousness and casuistry in cases of conscience was needed, but the morality is dreadful. Compare the magnanimity of such declarations as those we cited above, from Mr. Binney's "Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity," with such miserable jesuitry as the following :—

“So, again, in daily life cases often occur in which we must do as other men do, and act upon a general understanding, even though unable to reconcile a particular practice to the letter of truthfulness, or even to our individual conscience.” [This would be a fine apology for forgery as well as subscription.] “It is hard in such cases to lay down a definite rule. But in general we should be suspicious of any conscientious scruples in which other good men do not share.” [An argument for being Romanists in Rome and slaveholders in South Carolina.] “We shall do right to make a large allowance for the perplexities and entanglements of human things; we shall observe that persons of strong mind and will brush away our scruples; we shall consider that not he who has most, but he who has fewest scruples, approaches most nearly the true Christian,” &c., &c.* All this is horrible! horrible! thus they come to subscribe, and this is what subscription brings them to.

How can they subscribe? Dr. Temple, who has subscribed all no doubt without a scruple, virtually disavows faith in all to which he has put his name, when he tells us “that had revelation been delayed till now, assuredly it would have been hard for us to recognise *His* divinity, for the faculty of faith has turned inwards, and cannot now accept any outer manifestations of the truth of God.” Again: “The Bible, by its form, is hindered from exercising a despotism over the human spirit; if it could do that, it would become an outlaw.”† That a man should have been able to subscribe and to say these things is dreadful, truly he must have become expert in casuistry; but it is most affecting to see Mr. Maurice hugging his chains; and alas, it seems to us, while describing with such exactness the beauty of the links and the rivets, revealing the consciousness of his bondage, it is shocking to us to hear his free spirit uttering such words as the following:—“I do not believe that we should dare to tell you that you have all a heavenly Father; that you may verily, and indeed, call yourselves God’s children, if we had not the Prayer Book to direct us.”‡ So that it can no longer be said “the Bible, and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants.” To square his conscience and his creed, and thus to apologise for his subscription, Mr. Maurice must find a broader gospel than Christ published, or Paul preached, or the New Testament contains. How can they subscribe?

When, in a Turkish mosque, one with a very harsh voice was

* Jowett on St. Paul’s Epistles. “Casuistry,” p. 397.

† Oxford Essays and Reviews.

‡ “The Faith of the Liturgy, and the Doctrine of the Thirty Nine Articles” Two Sermons, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A.

reading the Koran in a loud tone, a good and holy Mollah went to him, and said—"What is your monthly stipend?" And he answered, "Nothing." Then said he, "Why give thyself so much trouble?" And he said, "I am reading for the sake of God." The good and holy Mollah replied—"For the sake of God do not read; for, if you enunciate the Koran after this manner, thou wilt cast a shade over the glory of orthodoxy." And truly, if such men as those to whom we have referred have subscribed for the glory of God, for the glory of God they had better have remained honest and free.

This has been ever present to the mind of Mr. Binney. He has maintained the mission of Congregationalism to the middle classes of the country—the mind accustomed to thought, and incapable of mendacious condescension to the subtleties and sophisms of apologetic time-serving. Thoroughly aware of the defects in the Congregational system, as it works at present, perhaps his "Church Life in Australia" is intended to point to a method by which the entire independence of the Churches may be retained, while aggression may be rendered more usefully active, and conservatism more complete. Perhaps, also, there are some passages in his writings which indicate that Mr. Binney would not be entirely hostile to an Establishment; even, perhaps, that he regards an Establishment in this country as necessary to repel the insolence of the Romish hierarchy; but far, far different must such an Establishment be to that of the present. In utter despair of the utility of any political activity—perhaps in doubt or distrust of the right of the religious man to appeal to that agency—he continues then a religious Nonconformist; a believer in the work of Congregationalism—no reason why it should be hampered in its forms, its architecture, its melody, or its Liturgy. Its great work, however, is to trace religious honesty, to maintain the integrity of conviction, to rouse and to minister to thought, to hallow the most elevated affections; while maintaining the individuality of the individual, to be not less earnest in centralizing and confederating the churches of this Communion.* Such, on the whole, have been the Ecclesiological teachings of Mr. Binney.

He has been called a Conservative Dissenter; and he well deserves the epithet. Upon many things in the Church of England it is quite evident he looks with a loving eye. Dissent, he says, he regards as an evil. Sorrowing that he is unable to unite in the ministrations of its services, to Episcopacy he has not

* See "Congregationalism: its Mission and Necessities to the Present Age." An Address at Crosby Hall, 1848.

much objection, the strength and vehemence of his Congregationalism has never been on that side ; neither has he been a vehement dissenter from liturgic services and forms ; but he has maintained a decided hostility to the Rubric, and to the Prayer Book ; not indeed to the greater portion of the spirit or theology of the last, but to the slavery of its formulary, and to the too-frequently Popish twang of its absolutions and comminations—its confirmations and baptismal regenerations. Hence, he has kept a watchful eye upon all the movements within the Establishment in his day, just holding them up to the light, and surrounding them with that illustrative commentary calculated to show the utter absurdity of a Christian religion of the New Testament, expounded and defined by lawyers, and, hence, in the person of John Search, he indignantly exclaims, referring to the great Gorham case :—

“ A whole world-full of modern men, with the thoughts to think and the work to do belonging to their age, have been obliged to listen for weeks and months to the jargon of the schools, to metaphysical distinctions and theological niceties that *they* only can regard as important who draw the pabulum of their internal life from the past—*man's* past, not God's—the times of councils and popes and priests, who suspended eternity on whatever attached importance to themselves ! Why, who cares what this council, or that, or the other, thought or determined ? What is it to us, who have got something else to think about and do, in this nineteenth century of the Christian redemption, (and society nothing like redeemed yet,) than to hear what was thought, hundreds of years ago, on matters, it may be, which nobody believes, or about which we can judge better ourselves than any old ecclesiastical conclave could judge for us.”*

Severity and satire are the only weapons that can be employed upon some moral skins. And ministers of the Establishment have shown the way to wield the thong of religious satire ; listen to the hootings of “ The Owlet of Owlston Hedge,” and its pleasant companion, “ The Curate of Cumberworth, and the Vicar of Roost.” If clergymen treat so smartly the sins of their Church, surely they can scarcely be surprised if they find that the men whom they treat with indignity for dissenting from their communion, employ the same weapon. Moreover, Mr. Cunningham, of Harrow, a highly respectable clergyman, had employed the same weapon in his, for some time famous, but now forgotten, “ Legend of the Velvet Cushion.” Very singular is the position of Church of Englandism, and it needs to be expounded to Englishmen—it holds together the most perplexing and startling incongruities ; the *Saturday Review* and the *Record* are both organs of the Church of England ;

* Preface to the Great Gorham Case, p. 12.

the authors of "The Tracts for the Times," and "The Oxford Essays," alike minister from the altars of the Church of England—one thing holds all together; take that away, and everything tumbles to pieces—that one thing is not the authority of the bishop—not the Prayer Book, for that is insufficient—not the Word of God, and the rule of salvation, *they* are out of the question—it is just a bit of red tape.

In one of those dreamy moments when we were walking through London streets, we heard, or seemed to hear, a strange conversation going on between the pulpit of the King's Weigh House and the reading desk of St. George's-in-the-East. When London streets are still at night, it is quite wonderful what whisperings do creep up and down and round one's ears among the old buildings, and the comparatively new ones upon this occasion found a tongue. I think Weigh House begun it by a kind of half-dozing, musing soliloquy upon itself. "Well," methought we heard it say, "what a curious thing this religious Rubric is—what a troublesome matter to find your communion rails and pulpit balustrades are simply ropes of red tape—a pretty pass to come to indeed—Christ's Church maintained neither by conviction, conscience, nor His Testament, nor Apostolical prescription, but simply by the red tape, and very dirty red tape, too, of old prescriptive usage. I say, St. George, when do you turn dragon killer, and put an end to these riots?"

We thought we heard the reading-desk of St. George's reply:—"Weigh House, Weigh House, I've heard of you, and I do desire to have nothing to do with you. I don't know you; you are to me a heathen; all that is done within your precincts is *irregular*, and the unhappy man who stands within you is merely a disorderly layman. We must have Church order and rule:" and a shade of grim displeasure passed over the surface of the desk, and ruffled the tassels of the cushion above with a gentle agitation, as it said this.

"Church order!" again exclaimed the Weigh House pulpit, "Irregular! why, whenever and wherever in the whole history of Nonconformity, not to say my history, though I date my generations back for some two hundred and twenty years—whenever were disorders and irregularities carried to such an extent as on your premises. I believe our bishop has created sometimes a little stir by one or two of his sayings, especially one you have heard of, but those who did not like this left us; although as I have for some nearly a quarter of a century seen every nook of the chapel crowded, I fancy they have not been especially unpalatable and severe; if you say they were irregular, why they were in self-

defence—very different to the poor daft lunatic you call your minister—I tell you, St. George's, its all Popish. Somehow or other, I need not tell you how, I had an opportunity the other day of looking over a Roman Catholic Directory and Almanac, and there I saw very particular directions given for the colour of priestly vestments on any day—black and white, and green and violet, and red; these you call church vestments!—the ragged trumpery of obsolete and superstitious formality, the miserable haberdashery and upholstery of priestly trickery! And so for this precious order you would rather turn your temple into a den and cage of wild beasts, than dispense with green robes and white sheeted and sepulchral choristers. Well, I've never heard the rustle of a robe within my boards, but we've had quiet worship anyhow."

"I was quite certain," violently burst in St. George's, "that if I permitted myself to be ensnared into the condescension of any conversation with you, I should surely be bespattered with black words; there is insolence in every word you've uttered; but, say what you will, law is law, and order is order. What are you, you box of a schismatic, to talk such words to me, and I the consecrated desk of a descendant of the Apostles? Ah, Mr. Weigh House, you know as well as I do that all the disorder is made by those vile, Low Church people, who have no business with us at all; *ours* is the Church—the Church of the Rubric."

But Weigh House somewhat rudely broke in—

"Aye, aye! call it red tape; that's the vernacular word for Rubric."

"I don't want to speak in vernacular, as you call it, at all," cries St. George's; "but I will say this, I've a greater dislike to your Low Church friends, Weigh House, than to you. Why, at the best, like yourself, they are only tolerated. Faugh! they are not of our Church; they don't belong to 'our set' at all."

"You see, my dear St. George's, you are in a fog and delusion altogether. You have law! order!! why its all nonsense. And, so far from that, you are incapable of governing yourself, and you *can't* be governed, and you *won't* be governed. You have been harlequinading and rioting till you have succeeded in making your Church a laughing-stock to the world. The truth is, your Church is powerless. And you a reading-desk in the Church of England! Why, I wonder you havn't more spirit. How shamefully you've been neglected! Why, you couldn't have been treated worse at Rome; and, for that matter, you are in Rome, only you havn't the heart to say so. And then your Bishop of London—your Archbishop of Canterbury—have not so much power in the jurisdiction of their diocese as the Weigh House Bishop among his own flock; and yet he stands simply by personal

influence, and *you say you are backed by law*. And with you all things are a contradiction. Who is right—High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, or Puseyite? ‘You worship you know not what; we know what we worship.’ Of baptismal regeneration, a very necessary doctrine clearly to understand, you have one version in your noisy synagogue, but very different versions are given of it in the same parish, and your Establishment, poor old mother, can’t say which is right! And, by the proclamation of the Privy Council in the great Gorham case, one is declared correct, *and the exact opposite does not interfere with it!* Looking out, and listening to the uproar in your happy family, I have been reminded of a little morsel from an old pamphlet of our Weigh House Bishop, which may be interesting:—

“‘The reader may sometimes have observed in a lump of ice, feathers, bits of straw, pieces of earth, and fragments of crockery, all bound together, and kept together in one united mass, by a power distinct from that of natural affinity or attraction between the substances themselves. This (let him imagine other intrinsically valuable substances to be there, and the figure will be complete)—this is no bad emblem of the *kind* of union that exists in the Church, and the kind of freedom it enjoys from parties and heresies. Even when mechanically ONE, you can see something of the heterogeneous character of the substances that form the ‘united mass;’ but when the sun dissolves the force that unites them, the impossibility of their natural cohesion is evinced. So in the Establishment. There is much *now* to show to those who will either observe or reflect, what *that* is, whose oneness is so lauded; but, if anything were to dissolve the *force* by which its discordant parts are held in adhesion, it would then be seen of what contending materials it is composed, and how “contrary the one to the other” are many of those “ministers of Christ,” and “undoubted successors of the apostles,” at whose feet the writer now quoted sits so delightedly.’”*

The Reading-desk began to mutter something about “tradition of Church usages upheld by law:”—those old reading-desks will go on mutttering to any length. It was very incoherent, and the Weigh House Pulpit door creaked in token of impatience; and so, we believe, the little dispute closed.

If, in one word, we were to characterise Mr. Binney, we should speak of him as a thoroughly-furnished and strongly-built Nonconformist;—as we have said, a religious Nonconformist, rather than a political Dissenter. He has never, we believe, taken any part in political agitation. Very occasionally he has appeared on some platform to protest against some great Church-and-State outrage. Perhaps his happiest effort this way was his speech on Mr.

* “Two Letters of Fiat Justitia,” pp. 77, 78.

Shore's case; and his parody of Dr. Watts's well-known verse very well expresses all that he has attempted in this way to do:—

“The men that keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their Bishops are,
And better know the Lord.”

Hence, in his speech and writings, he has waged unceasing warfare with the errors of the Church of England—especially its Popish errors of ritual and of rubric. He has ever been so free in his sentiments respecting Ecclesiology that, while he has received from his brethren every honour, they have not passed free from considerable stricture. Exceptions were taken to his “Letter to a Dissenter, who charged him with not going far enough,” especially in the pages of the *Congregational Magazine*,—and he does, perhaps, in many of his ecclesiastical principles, approach much more nearly to the Baxter type of Nonconformist,—perhaps would like to retain the freedom of the Church with the action of a very modified Presbyterianism. We do believe that his standpoint is not very well known by his brethren. We can even believe that he does not always clearly comprehend it himself. Mere Congregationalism evidently does not satisfy him. Only on one point does he appear to be clear: the whole action of the Establishment is absurd, un-Christian, and, to religion, fatal—lawyers rending the robe of Christian truth and doctrine—a decision in Doctors’ Commons, a decision by Law Lords, where even the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the land can give no vote nor lift up a voice—a Church whose sacred enclosures may be exposed to the unhallowed and unseemly mob—whose ministers can refuse the rite of burial even to the most holy and consistent Christian—whose truth is only tolerated as a nuisance (for this is the estimation in which the Low Church or Evangelical party is held), whose error is chartered and honoured. Anything is better than union with such an Establishment as this. Fraternity with its ministers can only be fraternity with *them* as Christians; it cannot be fraternity with the Establishment. These, we apprehend, would be the views of Mr. Binney: not that Congregationalism is ideal perfection. He says, indeed, “perhaps no system, as at present ministered, is exactly suited to the condition of the country:” still, this is more free from objection than any.

But certainly Mr. Binney is greatly inferior in his powers as a polemic to his place as a preacher. All his polemical pieces are fragmentary; there is a looseness which does not appear in his more finished pulpit performances. Even in his discourses, there is the unfinished attire, too. Having completed the

thought and the argument, he seems to disdain any attempt at finishing the language; and hence, when fairly at home, his mind and heart all alive, he is seen to most advantage in the pulpit. There he is wrought up and compelled to do something, till that which was commenced of necessity is finished of interest and love. When we have heard him there, we have wished he could, instead of tossing about the world his fly-sheets against ecclesiastical sins—instead of fixing his glasses and tubes from the crow's nest in St. Paul's*—or becoming a Junius beneath the Pseudonym of John Search—we have wished he could have spent his days in revolving those awful thoughts which charmed the solitude of Jonathan Edwards. But his life has been broken into pieces: he would not suffer in his life too great a continuity; and no doubt, with him, as with all, He who made him, and made him what he is, placed him in the world most conducive to his own activity and to his Maker's glory. The chief fault artistically of his books is that they want joints—this is the want of "Church Life in Australia." To be rugged is a pleasure to our writer; but this often made him to be misconceived: and yet he has a very plastic power—in speech can be very plastic as well as very rugged—but the obligation presses in speech which does not make itself felt in the press or the pen. In a word, he is not an artist: we ever see a man more attentive to the thought than to the setting of it. From this remark, indeed, we ought to except the "Service of Song"—a gem of composition—not only a poem, but many poems in one.

Pre-eminently beyond any other preacher of his age must Mr. Binney be spoken of as the preacher to the young, to the thoughtful and the earnest of the young—to young men and young women—in a word, to noble, earnest-hearted manhood. He evidently has more sympathy with mental than merely emotional sorrows; for sentimental sorrows he perhaps has no sympathy; for the seeming of suffering which so largely afflicts many Christian souls, and needs—as it is a seeming itself—the ministry and consolation which seems, he has no sympathy; all about him and about his words is thoroughly human and thoroughly real; in all he says he lives, and therefore he understands and speaks to living souls; thus no man has done more to bring to an end that sentimental style of talk which proffers consolations never felt, to souls by whom they are never needed. Nothing more prominently distinguishes the preaching of Mr. Binney than its humanness—its reality and truth. It is the case, no doubt, there are many states of mind and heart he has not known or felt; but we believe he has never attempted to speak to them.

* See the Great Gorham Case.

We have had repeated to us a tradition of our preacher. Called somewhere to address some students, a very demure and well-intentioned brother was fated to precede him. He divided his homily into two parts—"And first," said he, "young men, remember that you are to be men of one book, the Bible; that is the book you have to read and expound, and you must know no other; and remember as you pass through great cities, pray 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;' let your eyes look straight on; the shops are nothing to you, their shows, their prices, and their gauds," &c., &c. When Mr. Binney rose, he said, he was "so unfortunate as to have to give to them advice exactly opposite to that they had just heard; hence he said, although the reading of other men may be slight, for amusement, or professional, you must read everything. Look at all books—bad books, that, if necessary, you may brand them, or point the bad page to the readers of them—good books, that you may commend them; then, as you walk through the streets, having prayed in the study, keep your eyes open there; look at all things—prices and people—how they buy and how they sell—the sellers and the purchasers—the hours of labour and the hours of rest; try to look at all—try to know the whole tariff of trade, and do not be afraid to find in it all matter for your sermons. You are teachers! Commend 'yourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.' Know then the world's thoughts and the world's ways, that you may be the world's masters and ministers." These words must have greatly astonished the first tedious brother, but how much more human and good.

It is said when St. Francis entered a town to preach, all the clergy went forth to meet him, accompanied by the youth, the women, and the children, waving their branches of greeting triumphantly before him. The preaching of the minister of the Weigh House would never awaken any such homage; but then St. Francis spoke to a larger congregation, as when he began his great sermon in the square in Spoleto with the words "*Angeli, homines, Dæmones*;" the preacher who omits all apostrophe to the angels and devils, and contents himself with talking to men, he cannot expect so mighty a mustering. Much more after the order of homage accorded to Mr. Binney, was that paid to St. Jerome when he preached in Padua and Milan, and other cities, the doctors and masters ceased their lectures, saying to their scholars,—“Go, hear the preacher of the best sentences and the worst rhetoric; gather the fruit, and neglect the leaves;” and that is a better compliment than to say, “Go, and hear what a rustling there is among the leaves, and as to the fruit, if there be any, try to get it.”

For to Mr. Binney's style we may apply a remark by way of

characterization he has himself used in prefacing one of his discourses :—"It is of that rough, rude order—that artificial and somewhat exaggerated sort of utterance, which *I designedly adopt* when writing what is to be read to a mixed multitude." Artificial, in the ordinary sense of the word, his style can never be said to be, only in the fact of a conscious usage of forms of expression which it is well known will strike and tell. It is often the case that a man describing a style of thought or argument, describes his own ; this, too, he has done when he says,—“An illustration is not a mere prettiness—an ornamental phrase that might be left out without detriment to the train of thought—it is something which really *lights up* that train of thought, and enables the reader or hearer to *see* the aim as well as feel the force of the logic, when the understanding having done its work, passion and genius shall crown the whole with some vivid illustration, which shall make it stand out with a distinctness that shall never be forgotten ! *It is one great faculty of the mind, holding up a lighted torch to the workmanship of another.*” This is a very fair description of all the greater efforts of our writer, and of his usual style in the pulpit. It is a rare thing indeed to find in union such a force of thought, so wholly free from dialectic bands, and winged by so much passion, yet with no action, ever breaking against *the calm* and dignity of the lofty purpose ; there are no prettinesses in the style—no elegant tropology, or fancy dandyisms of dress and adornment. Everything there seems necessary—passion and thought hold each other in check, and so produce a truly admirable unity ; hence thought never seems cold, because it is winged by genius, and the genius is never undisciplined or wild, because it is compelled to keep the pace of the more serious and orderly thought.

This orderly procession of thought leading on and up the attendant train of all the faculties, is the great charm of the preaching of Thomas Binney, and it may be said he is only happy when he sees clearly ; and happy are those moments to the hearers, too, when the understanding and the emotions are in *rapport*. The reason at any time any speech is ineffective upon the hearers, is because either the statement is not clearly seen or clearly felt—with Mr. Binney, eminently, not to see clearly is to be unhappy in ministration. But all speakers who speak not merely words of rote, must well know that state in which the mind is pursuing its way in public, attempting to set forth thoughts perhaps rather pondered than either perceived or felt ; the mind arrives at a certain stage of its journey, where it drops the spark which sets fire to the concealed, the hitherto unknown wealth—there are juices and spices for the incense—there is fuel for the flame, there is oil for

the lamp. Admirably has Mr. Binney himself described this state when he speaks of ministers "who are never visited by gushes of light irradiating the word—never filled with emotions of solemn rapture from the vivid impressions and enjoyment of its truths." The argument is in a blaze, and this is indeed the value of preparation, clear, long, and earnest, for the pulpit, or for the great occasion; then if the mind is free, or capable of freedom, and the self-possession of the soul be equal to its instincts, then the notes and papers all discarded, or only in brief prompting hints before the eye—then when long preparation has toned down all the superfluous and meretricious adornments, or appendages of the subject, then how sublime is the power! Of course the free mind, the heart that lives its teachings and its uttered impulses, to whom it is impossible to preach traditions, must often fail—fail perhaps beneath the very weight of "the burden of the Word of the Lord." But even in the failure of such souls there is the sign of that which is greater than the finest successes of other men; even as when Robert Hall broke down in the pulpit in his first efforts, his failure sent old Dr. Ryland to his knees in prayer, that so promising a spirit might be kept for the Church.

We remember to have heard of the subject of our sketch, that he had engaged to preach on some very special occasion, in one of the great towns of the north. He went to the house of his host, and having continued with the family till they were retiring to rest, he then intimated a wish to be shown into the kitchen, and left alone with the fire, a Bible, and tobacco; and in the morning he would speak to no one, but would breakfast by himself; and at the chapel—it was a morning service—he would speak to no one, but went straightforward to the pulpit: and that sermon is described, by very competent judges, as at once one of the most commanding and electrical of his efforts. Sometimes on such occasions his sermons are very long—two hours in length—but thus sacredly and seriously prepared; the order of the thought established in the mind, and the emotions felt, but held in leash, ready for the spring. Surely this gives some conception of the way in which men may preach; and while there is, perhaps, no necessity that this should be the ordinary process of preparation, yet men who have really been prophets, and have had communion with souls, have usually prepared thus; and thus men must prepare if they would have their preaching to become a power. Hence, although Mr. Binney's books are mostly small, they are thought books. A sermon is sometimes a closely compacted compendium of the process of thought, and the delineation of truth on the subject of which he treats. Far from being mere sermons in the ordinary sense, that is, a slight, sketchy illus-

tration of a text, they often, like the Sermons of Barrow, exhaust a subject, thus—"The Law our Schoolmaster," thus "Salvation by Fire and Fullness," thus "Life and Immortality brought to Light;" each is an edifice of Christian theology. But Mr. Binney rears for himself; scholastic, scientific theology is unknown here; the preacher's soul, the Bible, and the Spirit, build together and alone.

And here, perhaps, we may lay down our pen for a few moments, and indulge our readers and ourselves with two or three illustrative readings of those moods of power to which we have referred. Our first reading is a fine refutation of the theory of the mythical origin of Christianity. We may take this as a fair illustration of Mr. Binney's *argumentative and philosophical method* in the pulpit:—*

"The hypothesis is something of this sort:—The writings of the Old and New Testaments are the utterance and embodiment of the inner subjective life of the Hebrew race. Thus and thus was it, as these books in their own style relate, that the great mystery of the universe shaped itself to their conceptions. Thus and thus they thought about the visible and the invisible, the heavens and the earth, God and man, the infinite and eternal, duty and sin, guilt and forgiveness. Throwing their internal impressions into the form of a splendid ritualism, and associating this with rude myths of flaming mount and supernatural voices that gave to it a Divine origin and descent—thus and thus it was, that this singular people at once made palpable to themselves, by visible objects, their subjective ideas of spiritual truth, and indicated the profound earnestness of their souls by their full persuasion of heavenly guidance. At a subsequent period, stimulated by the recent appearance and extraordinary character of an illustrious individual—to many of his contemporaries a great prophet—to even modern unbelievers a person singularly gifted and singularly virtuous—the best if not the wisest of men—thus and thus it was, in the second portion of their writings that this same people, or large portions of them, with certain powerful minds as their leaders, threw *their* strong subjective conceptions of spiritual truth into the supposed facts of the history of Jesus, and the Christian interpretation of the Jewish ritual—an interpretation which attributed to it a previously prophetic design, and superseded it by an asserted supernatural fulfilment. The impression of the greatness, and the memory of the transcendent virtue, of Jesus, so deepened and grew in the minds of his contemporaries, and of those who were immediately affected by them, that there came at last to be no adequate mode in which this deep feeling, and these sacred and reverential memories, could be bodied forth, but in an imaginary miraculous record of his life—in something

* "The Law Our Schoolmaster," pp. 151-160.

superhuman being associated with his person—and in the extraordinary notion of his having in some way given a reality to the spiritual idea of the old law. * * * Without dwelling on the extreme improbability of this—this making into honest and truthful men, persons, by no means fools, who *professed* to record actual miracles, and *pretended* to direct intercourse with heaven—without dwelling upon this, let us allow for a moment the hypothesis referred to—let us accept it as the solution of the facts—and then notice, briefly, one or two of the things that would seem to result from it. In the first place, it must certainly be conceded that, taking all the facts—the way in which the several pieces constituting what we called the Bible was composed—the sort of book they make when put together—the connection between the two series of writings, and the two supposed religious dispensations—taking these and kindred things, and looking fairly and honestly at them, it must certainly be conceded that anything parallel to such facts is not to be met with in the history of the world. True or false, the Jewish and Christian religions are the most wonderful things of which there is any account in the records of the race. What an extraordinary people that Hebrew people must have been, who in the wilderness commenced, and in subsequent ages perfected, a ritual system embodying in its significance some of the profoundest truths afterwards to be demonstrated by logicians and philosophers—and who did this by no Divine or supernatural assistance, but simply from the impulses of their own inward religious life, which struggled to express itself, and which found utterance in this way! How wonderful that this rude people should go on, perfecting their ideas and multiplying their myths, till they took a new form in the history of Jesus, and in the spiritual or transcendental interpretation of the old ritual system which that introduced! What a marvel it is, too, that the whole thing should have been so constructed, and so carried out, as to seize on the human mind *beyond* Judea—to subdue the most cultivated portions of the human race—to supersede all other myths, theologies, and philosophies, with which it came in contact—and to be spreading in the world, as a regal power to the present day! But, while this general fact is a presumption of something singularly powerful in the genius of the Hebrew people, it should be next noticed, that the extraordinary nature of the Christian interpretation of the Hebrew ritual, is itself worthy of specific remark. The idea of taking the tabernacle, or temple, the altar and priesthood, with all the accessories of the ritual service, and giving them a significance—finding for them a design and a reality, that should at once fill the earth and reach up to heaven!—think of *that*. After the prophecies, or supposed prophecies, which for ages had stirred the national heart, filling it with splendid anticipations of a regal and conquering Messiah; after he was supposed to have come, and then to have departed, and to have so departed as to have disappointed the hopes cherished to the last by his immediate followers;—after this, what an idea it was, to turn the

very fact which shattered their expectations into a fulcrum on which to fix an engine that should move the world! What an intrepid and sublime *daring* there is in the thought of Messiah the Priest being placed in the foreground of Messiah the King!—the wide earth the place of sacrifice, the cross of ignominy the altar of propitiation, the upper world the holy of holies—the way into it being opened and sanctified by the resuscitated Redeemer, who passes through the veil of the visible heavens, as into the interior of a temple, ‘there to appear in the presence of God for us,’—for *us*, for humanity, and for the accomplishment of those spiritual objects which humanity spiritually needs! However the truth of all this, objectively considered, may be denied; the whole thing rejected as fanciful—as being nothing more than the imaginative forms in which strongly-excited and fervid minds threw their conceptions of spiritual things, from their inability to find for them fit expression and adequate embodiment in mere language;—however this may be, it must certainly be admitted that there is a stupendousness about the theory—a magnitude and a magnificence, that should lead to the recognition of it as of something to be classed with the creations of genius! * * * We shall have a miracle of human genius, instead of one of Divine power;—a prodigy of earth and nature, instead of an actual ‘sign from heaven!’ All things considered, it will be found, I suspect, that to admit the Divine origin of our religion, makes a much smaller demand on our credulity, than to accept the hypothesis for accounting for its existence suggested by philosophic naturalism. Waiving, for the moment, higher motives, we might say, That as men, we are believers for the credit of our understanding; as, if we were Jews, we should be disposed to become believers for the credit of our ancient faith.”

We select another citation from Mr. Binney’s more *practical* and *devotional method*. In the following extract he is speaking of ministers who do not spiritually succeed because they do not add eminent piety to eminent attainments and endowments. The extract, we may remind our readers, is from the celebrated sermon entitled “The Closet and the Church,” preached before the Congregational Union of Ministers, from the text, “The pastors have become brutish, and have not sought the Lord; therefore they shall not prosper, and all their flocks shall be scattered.”

“Whatever their denomination, they are to be supposed to have ‘entered by their respective doors into the sheep-fold,’ and not to have ‘climbed up over the wall,’ or to have forced admission in any other way. Nor, again, is it to be supposed that they are destitute either of natural gifts or acquired ability. Their powers may be great, vigorous, and varied. These powers may have been duly trained by academical discipline, enriched by science, purified by taste, brought into contact with all knowledge, and then concentrated on subjects of sacred lore. The men may be distinguished by lofty

thought, logical acuteness, ready utterance, force of words ; with minds as fertile in the lights and illustrations which the imagination supplies, as opulent in the materials of instructive discourse. Farther : it is not to be supposed that their manner in worship is careless or irreverent ; or their instructions crude, vapid, repulsive, or destitute of laborious intellectual preparation : it may even be imagined that they strictly adhere to the gravity and decorum of sacred things, and never advance what has not been somewhat carefully reviewed. It is not to be supposed that they deny the truth, and inculcate dangerous and deadly error. Their customary topics may be *substantially* evangelical, or at least consistent with the verities of Scripture. It need not even be supposed that they are wanting in fervour, variety, or impressiveness. They may have much of the artillery of eloquence at their command ;—may be ‘sons of thunder,’ striking to the depths of the conscience and the heart ; or they may speak in the ‘still small voice,’ with the words of love and the accents of tenderness, so that their speech ‘shall drop like the rain, and distil as the dew.’ Nor, lastly, are they to be conceived as chargeable with any gross immorality of behaviour. Their lives are not to be supposed vicious, nor their consciences burdened with great guilt ;—their characters are free from the suspicion of any flagrant impropriety, and their conduct, on the whole, in all outward and visible things, equal to the demands of society respecting them. In spite, however, of all that we have enumerated ;—in spite of personal ability, official order, pulpit accomplishments, grave and decorous *public* devotion, force of utterance, animated feeling, scriptural topics, moral worth ;—in spite of these and of other excellencies, there is one evil in the habits of these men, which, hidden as it is from the human eye, is real and deadly, and eats ‘as doth a canker’ into all they utter and all they do. *They* ‘do not prosper,’ and their flocks are ‘scattered,’—for they have become ‘brutish,’ and ‘*have not sought the Lord.*’

“ This, then, is the defect that poisons everything ;—they are not men of *frequent, earnest, private devotion*. They have great abilities,—*but they do not pray*. They are ministers of Christ, according to outward order,—*but they do not pray*. They are good, and, perhaps, even great preachers,—*but they do not pray*. They are fervent, pungent, persuasive, convincing,—*but they do not pray*. They may be zealous and enterprising,—leaders in the movements of public activity,—the first and foremost in popular excitement,—frequent in their appeals,—abundant in their labours,—working zealously in various modes and in divers places,—*but they do not pray*. They are men of integrity, purity, benevolence,—*but they do not pray*. And THIS ONE THING—their ‘restraining prayer,’—their not ‘calling upon God,’—their ‘not seeking after’ nor ‘stirring up themselves to take hold of’ Him,—this, like the want of love in the Christian character, ‘stains the glory’ of everything else ;—it renders worthless their genius, talents, and acquisitions ; obstructs their own spiritual prosperity ; impedes their usefulness and blasts their success. Though

a minister were an apostle, *and did not pray*, his 'speech and his preaching' would *not* be 'with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power.' 'Though he had the gift of prophecy, and understood all mysteries and all knowledge; and though he had faith that could remove mountains,' *and did not pray*, 'he would be nothing.' 'Though he gave all his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burnt,' *and did not pray*, 'it would profit him nothing.' 'Though he spake with the tongues of men and of angels,' *and did not pray*, he would be but 'as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.' He might be 'like unto one that hath a pleasant voice, and a lovely song, and that plays well upon an instrument;' but the music of the lip and the hand only, will never charm away the evil spirit from Saul; nor can it have in it that divine and life-giving harmony which 'of stones can raise up children unto Abraham.' "•

And, at the risk of quoting too freely, we must present our readers with the comprehensive and glowing delineation of the Psalms of David in "The Service of Song":—

"The songs of Solomon were a thousand and five. But how shall we describe those of the PSALMS? Than Solomon's fewer in number, but of higher inspiration and richer thought. As to their *form*, they include all varieties of lyric composition; they are of every character as to the nature of their subjects, and of all shades and colours of poetic feeling: but as to their *essence*, they are as a Light from heaven or an Oracle from the sanctuary:—they discover secrets. Divine and human;—they lay open the Holy of Holies of both God and man, for they reveal the hidden things belonging to both, as the life of the One is developed in the other. The Psalms are the depositories of the mysteries, the record of the struggles, the wailing when worsted, the pæans when triumphant, of that life. They are the thousand-voiced heart of the Church, uttering from within, from the secret depths and chambers of her being, her spiritual consciousness—all that she remembers, experiences, believes; suffers from sin and the flesh, fears from earth or hell, achieves by heavenly succour, and hopes from God and His Christ. They are for all time. They never can be outgrown. No Dispensation, while the world stands, and continues what it is, can ever raise us above the reach or the need of them. They describe every spiritual vicissitude, they speak to all classes of minds, they command every natural emotion. They are penitential, jubilant, adorative, deprecatory;—they are tender, mournful, joyous, majestic;—soft as the descent of dew; low as the whisper of love; loud as the voice of thunder; terrible as the Almightyness of God! The effect of some of them in the temple service must have been immense. Sung by numbers carefully 'instructed,' and accompanied by those who could play 'skilfully;' arranged in parts, for 'courses' and individuals,

• Four Discourses—"The Closet and the Church," p. 29-35.

who answered each other in alternate verse ;—various voices, single or combined, being ‘lifted up,’ sometimes in specific and *personal* expression, as the high service deepened and advanced,—priests, Levites, the monarch, the multitude,—there would be every variety of ‘pleasant movement,’ and all the forms and forces of sound, — personal recitative ; individual song ; dual and semi-choral antiphonal response ; burst and swell of voice and instruments ; attenuated cadence ; apostrophe and repeat ; united, full, harmonious combinations. With such a service, and such psalms, it was natural that the Hebrews should love with enthusiasm, and learn with delight, their national anthems, songs, and melodies ; nor is it surprising that they were known among the Heathen as a people possessed of these treasures of verse, and devoted to their recitation by tongue and harp. Hence it was that their enemies required of them (whether in seriousness or derision it matters not) ‘*the words of a song,*’ and said, ‘Sing us one of the songs of Zion.’ ”

It is, we presume, an incontestable fact that genius of the highest order seldom finds its way into the pulpit ; it is true now, as ever, that still “the foolishness of men” is the channel for “the wisdom of God.” In the world without the Church there are so many sources of fame and emolument—

“Man may range
The Court, the camp, the vessel, and the mart,—
Sword, gown, gain, glory : offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these will not estrange.
Man has all these resources,”

and none of them point especially to the Pulpit at all, and certainly not to the Dissenting Pulpit. The Pulpit of the Church of England has ever been, but for its friction against Dissenting power, notoriously feeble in comparison with its great power in the cloister and the press. With a few fine exceptions, the great men of the Church of England seem to lay aside all the peculiar attributes of their genius as they enter the pulpit. We admit there are exceptions ; but considering that the Church exists to teach, how very few the exceptions are. And it must be further said that a certain restrictiveness has done much to keep down the freedom of soul, which is the inborn heritage of genius. We believe that in very rare instances only will genius succeed in the Pulpit, perhaps never in the smaller country town ; there is more hope for it even in the small country village, where departure from an established and conventional order of expression is regarded with more charity and toleration. Usually, in the small town, the people require a solemn homage to ancient platitudes ; and eschew all new experiences ; and suspect the very soundness of the faith if it is proved by an argument too original or daring in its

colours or texture. Hence it has come to pass, that many people, cultured people, suppose that genius has no home in the Pulpit, and some that it has no business there. And yet, how rich in all that belongs to the highest moods of the human soul is the Pulpit literature of our land. Surely, the man who should closely look through its lore would find no lack of the purest gold; if in its pages could not be found the undisciplined fancy of the master of fiction (though even this questionable faculty is not wanting), here are the noblest tones of poetry, the most subtle and profound touches of feeling; the most intimate acquaintance with the ways and workings of the human mind and heart, here stand in the Pulpit library; the words of the masters of sentences; the words of the wise; here are the ornate, and the more stately and cold; the monarchs of parable and illustration—and those who follow the lofty and consecutive chain of thought to its wondrous and unexpected close; and if the Pulpit literature of the present age does not equal that of the past it is not wanting, some recent additions giving to us great hopes for the future.

To the order of men of genius eminently does Mr. Binney belong. In his sermons, there is nothing florid, finicking, or fine; nothing merely said to finish a period, or to give a glitter to a paragraph. On the contrary, there is nothing cold; there is great idiomatic strength, frequently in his preaching there is great terseness; but in the written sermon this yields to argument and to the sustained and resolute conception of the topic.

The author of the "Lamps of the Temple" has introduced into his sketch of the subject of these remarks many illustrations of his combined humanity and humour. He has offered, also, an apology for the introduction of humour into the Pulpit; and in this particular has placed Mr. Binney by the side of some eminent and illustrious names, especially Latimer and South. We have no need, therefore, to enlarge here by way of defence; and perhaps in the course of a few numbers we may present our own thoughts to our readers on the use and abuse of humour in the pulpit. Here it may be sufficient to say, that Mr. Binney uses humour and wit; he does not abuse them. In his printed discourses it is not to be expected that many of those racy words will be found which at once relieved the discourse and lightened the argument, and perhaps wakened up some drowsy auditor; but in his printed discourses there are many of those human touches which can only proceed from the humorous pencil, for human and humour are one. Thus he describes the mere popular preacher as "a strolling star tempting benevolence with a promise of pleasure." (It would be well if many Churches would bear in mind the characterization.) Our readers will remember his happy delineation.

tion of David—a perfect picture to the hearer's eye through the ear :

“The shepherd boy was bold and brave, manly and magnanimous, and had in him, from the first, the slumbering elements of a hero and a king. His harp was the companion of his early prime. Its first inspirations were caught from the music of brooks and groves, as he lay on the verdant and breathing earth, was smiled on through the day by the bright sky, or watched at night by the glowing stars. Even then, probably, he had mysterious minglings of the Divine Spirit with the impulses of his own ; was conscious of cogitations with which none could intermeddle, which would make him at times solitary among numbers, and which were the prelude and prophecy of his future greatness. He became a soldier before he was twenty. Ten years afterwards he was king by the suffrages of his own tribe. During most of the interval, his life was of a nature seriously to peril his habits and principles. He was obliged to use rude, lawless, and uncongenial agents. He had to live precariously by gifts or spoil. ‘He was hunted like a partridge on the mountains.’ By day providing for sustenance or safety, and sleeping by night in cave or rock, field or forest. *And yet this man—in the heat of youth, with a brigand's reputation and a soldier's license—watched carefully his inner-self ; learned from it as a pupil, and yet ruled it as a king -- and found for it congenial employment in the composition of some of the most striking of his psalms.* When his companions in arms were carousing or asleep, he sat by his lamp in some still retreat, or ‘considered the heavens’ as they spread above him, or meditated on the law, or engaged in prayer, or held intimate communion with God, and composed and wrote (though he thought not so) what shall sound in the church, and echo through the world, to all time !”

But especially we love those pictures in which the humanizing power of the preacher is seen shedding over his subject a pathos and a beautiful tenderness as melting as it was unsuspected. Who can forget that vivid picture of the Catholic girl's “Salvation by Fire.”

“Look at that poor Catholic girl, there ;—doing her penance, and counting her beads ; repeating her ‘aves,’ and saying her ‘pater-nosters ;’ lighting a candle to this saint, or carrying her votive offering to another ; wending her way in the dark, wet morning to early mass ; conscientiously abstaining from flesh on a Friday ; or shutting herself up in conventual sanctity, devoting her life to joyless solitude and bodily mortifications ! She is imagining, perhaps, that she is piling up by all this a vast fabric of meritorious deeds, or at least of acceptable Christian virtue. She may expect on account of it to hear from the lips of her heavenly Bridegroom, ‘Well done, good and faithful’ one ;—‘enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’ ‘Thou shalt walk with me in white, for thou art worthy.’ We, however, believe that ‘she labours in vain, and spends her

strength for nought ;' that she is building with 'wood, hay, and stubble ;' and that the first beam of the light of eternity will set fire to her worthless structure, and reduce to ashes the labours and sacrifices of her whole life ! Be it so. Her '*work* may be burnt ;' she may '*suffer loss* ;' but *she herself* may be mercifully '*saved*.' In the midst of all that mistaken devotedness to the gathering and amassing of mere lumber as materials for building up a divine life, even in connection with the strange fire of an erring devotion flaming up towards saints and Madonnas, there may be in her soul a central trust in the sacrifice and intercession of the 'one Mediator,' which shall secure the salvation of the superstitious devotee, at the very moment that she witnesses the destruction of her works. The illustration is an extreme one. I purposely select it because it is so. The greater includes the less."

And more important by far, than the defences in which he engaged for the outworks of Nonconformity, we reckon to be the impulse he gave to a higher strain of devotion within the churches of the Denomination. It is a wonderful thing that the relation of the Minister to the "Service of Song in the House of the Lord" should ever have been broken. Yet nothing is more certain than the fact, that for generations the minister handed over this as a part of the worship in which he had but little concern ; and, in many instances, he principally exercised his influence only to repress all efforts which might be made to restore to the Service harmony and beauty. Very industrious even the energies put forward for a long time for the suppression of all taste and art ; and, inasmuch as Romanism had made beautiful things to be an abomination in religious service, it was thought that a barn-like architecture, and a music where all chords were only used for discordance, were most fitted for the production of Divine impressions. This had long been felt by the churches. The value of the great central man of action is, that he had power and genius to interpret a popular sentiment and to supply a want. This Mr. Binney did. "The Service of Song in the House of the Lord" was greatly instrumental in awakening a new feeling throughout the Denomination, and in creating in our midst a sublimed Psalmody. The Prayers of Mr. Binney, too, introduced another element. Too frequently prayer had degenerated into mere confessions of faith—the mere answers to a catechism—statements of a creed. Perhaps the perfection of Prayer would be the preservation of the spirit of the Liturgy, without the form, combining the special prayer of the hallowed Christian heart, and the wail of man as a creature. Prayer is of a region above criticism—almost above remark. Perhaps the only thing we should permit ourselves to say is : "Did not our hearts burn within us ?"—and, in a very eminent degree,

both by his personal power of prayer and by his general aid to the great work of the sanctuary devotion, Mr. Binney has aided the Divine services of his Denomination.

Surely the preparation of this paper has been to us a very delightful task. Would that we could think its perusal as delightful a task to the reader! We have been carried back to many an old scene in the Weigh House, beginning with our experience nearly a quarter of a century back. Thither we often went on a Sabbath evening. Our dear old pastor often condemned our "gadding," and we are not about to defend the practice. Well, for our punishment, we were usually compelled to stand through the service. But what a delightful service it was! The singing always hearty and strong, but profoundly devotional and clear; the minister standing there tall, still, collected, and announcing the hymn. Then the prayer, always so fresh, and hallowing, and real; then the sermon, in which somehow everybody felt as if the preacher were talking with him. Preaching of all kinds and styles, but always new, always fresh, to a young mind. What scenes we have beheld there! Sometimes the preacher, standing in perfect, cool, supreme command, holding all the hearts of the audience in his hand, and doing what he would with their tears. Such was his sermon for Robert M'Kenzie, the co-pastor of Dr. Wardlaw, lost in the wreck of the *Pegasus*. Always all along the preaching was heard—

"The still, sad music of humanity."

Scarcely ever did the preacher dilate on Nature, or any of her majesties; his landscapes were always the heights and depths of human souls, or the solemn mountain passes and peaks of abstract thoughts upon the gloomy questions of human history. Sometimes the sermon was "one perfect chrysolyte" of pure abstract thought, very variously impressing the hearers; sometimes a spirit floating in an ether of its own world; and sometimes, like a spent swimmer, toiling, raftless and buoyless, over and through a difficult sea. At a later period, we heard many of the Lectures on Proverbs; truth to say, too, we have beheld scenes of strange humour flowing over that great assembly; but look whichever way we will, we are compelled to see that tall, commanding figure slowly shaking himself into action, as a lion might shake the dew-drops and the sleep from his mane, after a night in the cave; the hand slowly passing through the hair on one side of the head; the speech, now a little more rapid, so rapid that the speaker saves himself from stumbling by picking up the last word, pronouncing it again, and making it the starting point of a new

sentence ; then the sentence, or the division, completed ; and the heaving of a long sigh, audible over the whole chapel, and a feeling of indeterminateness from the speaker passing to the hearer ; then some broken words, a careless use of the left hand, and the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, engaged as if the preacher, instead of standing in the pulpit, were standing in the compositors' room, throwing type into "pie." Then, perhaps, some dark question casts a strange shadow across his thought. For instance—"Could God by power destroy sin ? Could He by a physical act annihilate it ? Could He make a seraph out of a Tiberias or a Borgia, each retaining his memory and consciousness, as He can make an angel or an archangel out of nothing?"* And now the wheel is in motion ; and words come, blow after blow ; and the preacher, as he advances to the close, puts his hand through the centric shock of his, in those days, carelessly worn but beautiful glossy hair ; and soon, with a cogent appeal to practical thought—the end. Well, "the words of the wise are as nails ;" they are also as "rivers of water in a dry place ;" and the reader will believe that those scenes stand out in the memory for the life they communicated. The memory of some of those tones is thrilling yet ; the first surprise of some sudden turn of thought comes upon us now ; we are again one of that vast congregation of young men—the first, perhaps, of that kind ever seen in London ; we feel again, as then we felt, the honour of being born for manhood—born to life in a hard, struggling, much-enduring world. Certainly, in the days of youth, our first wider conceptions of the reality and nobleness of life were given to us by Thomas Binney.

In closing this feeble sketch, may we not venture to express a hope that we may yet see two things : first, before Mr. Binney leaves us—and may that event be very, very distant—more than one volume of sermons from the many he must have in his study ; and, second, a uniform and complete edition of all those already in print, or out of print ?

* "Life and Immortality brought to Light through the Gospel," see p. 40.

II.

THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF ENGLISH WORDS.*

WE introduce, by this article, to the notice of our readers two little books, each in its way admirable, and each widely different from the other. Mr. Farrar's *Essay* is the work of a scholar thoroughly furnished—not only from the world of books, but by a power happily and harmoniously to generalise the results of varied reading. To those who have made themselves familiar with the somewhat extensive and heavy literature of philology, in the writings of Bunsen, Bopp, Grimm, Pictet, Garnett, and Latham, the book will, perhaps, present nothing new; but, even to such, it must be interesting: to those, on the contrary, who have no time for such elaborate study of those profound speculations, we may commend Mr. Farrar's volume. He conducts the reader by many a river of speech to the great mysterious ocean beyond, in delightful talk and suggestion, not unfitted for an evening's refreshment after a hard day's toil in the counting-house. The purpose of Mr. Swinton's book (an American re-print, by our enterprising English publishers) is very different. It is an addition, and a very pleasant one, to the many popular volumes upon English etymology. It is a thoughtful and very entertaining compilation; the reading, if it has not the merit of being rare or scholarly, is various, and sufficient for the intention of the book; and, while from many of Mr. Swinton's etymologies we are compelled widely to differ, and should most likely be utterly at issue with him in the position he would assign to Horne Tooke in the modern science of philology, we must speak of his volume as a very pleasant companion to the delightful little volumes of Dean Trench. Obviously, very much more may be said than Mr. Swinton has introduced into his compilation; and we may premise at the outset, that, for the remarks of the following paper, we are not indebted to the book of Mr. Swinton, or Dean Trench, while we gladly acknowledge the pleasure their perusal has afforded us.

Rambling among English words, is like wandering among the ancient ecclesiastical shrines and baronial edifices of our land; it is like a pilgrimage to the stones and marbles of Westminster, or

* 1. *An Essay on the Origin of Language, based on Modern Researches, and especially on the works of M. Renan.* By Frederick W. Farrar, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: John Murray. 1860.

2. *Rambles among Words: their Poetry, History, and Wisdom.* By William Swinton. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Co. 1861.

Exeter, or Winchester, or Ely, or Lincoln, or York, or Gloucester. Here is a venerable spot, yonder a memorable tomb; in this place a curious brass, and in yonder chancel a rich pillar; in yonder aisle a rich and wondrous window. We linger to notice the deep groining of the Saxon arch, or admire the grandeur of those massive pillars, or pass on to the lighter Norman columns leaping around us. How interesting to observe where first the heavy and antique window yields to the lightness of the lancet-shape: and the stern grace of the early Gothic at last merges in the ornamented and foliated Tudoresque, the Corinthian of our Gothic style. Even so, while we read, as pedestrians, the achievements of our nation in stone,—in our study, we are carried along to mark the same changes and variations in language and literature.

It is as if we stood on Salisbury Plain, and beheld, not Stonehenge alone, but around us all the vast buildings reared there, through the long ages of England. There is first, Stonehenge, which may stand as the type of the rude and bold *Celtic mind*. Those stones, defying tempest and time, are like the language of that age; the words few and rude, but strong, imaginative, expressive; the language of a most primeval people, guttural and harsh, but amazingly sympathetic with the sobbings of nature in her pathetic, and the scream of nature in her tragic moods.

On the same Plain, you have the halls of Conigsburgh, and the aisles of Gloucester. The emblems of the simple, and more humane Saxon mind; a mind, in which the amplitude of the detail, and the variety of the form, never obscured the perfect individuality of every part: a most simple mind, full of fancy and of contemplation, breathing into its language, even as it breathed into its buildings, the minglings of the poetry of the forest and the sea—appropriate building and language for the Forest-lords and the Sea-kings.

Looking again on the same Plain, the strongholds and keeps of Arundel, Berkeley, and Warwickshire rise to the eye. And, still further down in the gallery of ages, Tintern, and Fountains, and Furness; marking the period when grace and strength were growing side by side, and the Norman energy and politeness were rounding the more naked simplicity of the Saxon. Nor is the picture called up to the fancy so arbitrary as, at first, it seems: there is a real connection between a nation's achievements in language and in stone. *Buildings are words, too.* They embody and give reality to the more ethereal and apparently transitory developments of thought, "rendering," as Mr. Swinton quotes from Zoroaster—"rendering apparent the images of unapparent natures, and inscribing the *unapparent* in the apparent frame of the world." And hence, we might linger still on the Salisbury Plain

of our literature, to notice how St. Paul's Cathedral—that beautiful exotic—was reared also, when the mind of our country began to forsake the cardinal forms of our Saxon literature, and our simpler language, and to pour along our pages and our speech the words of Greece and Rome.

Without any special ethnographical study, a slight attention to the transmigrations of English words, reminds us how far, and through how many peoples they have travelled. Embedded in our language, like the fossils and bones in the matrix of the earth, are the rude and rudimental forms, reminding us of our Asian origin. What the Latin is to us—the dead tongue of a nation and a tribe, long since dead and buried—that, the Sanscrit is to the broad and extensive range of tongues spoken in India; and there are innumerable words in our language pointing out our connection with that mysterious speech. How far are all words of one origin? To what degree may we trace them in one family? How far may all the children of men be made to understand each other? Most students of etymology, have simply regarded the relations of languages as strange, curious, whimsical coincidences—loose, capricious, and accidental; but may we not anticipate a higher and nobler result than this? If, for instance, we find words, belonging to our language, scattered over the Eastern tongues (the Teutonic or German embedded in the Oriental)—if the English *about* is only the Persian *abad*: the English *door*, only the Sanscrit *dur*: the English *daughter*, only the Persian *dokhter*—if the English *chip* is only the Persian *chop*, rod or stick; and *jade* the Persian *ieh*; and our English *hubbub* only the Persian *hubub*—may we not speak from such a hint. Mr. Welsford, an accomplished and competent Hindoo scholar, has, in his work on the English language, pointed out a number of remarkable coincidences between English and Sanscrit words, or rather Sanscrit roots. He has carried the same principle of examination most successfully into the Greek, the Latin, and the Slavonic languages, in so many instances that we must not attempt to cite illustrations: let it suffice that the Sanscrit has the privative *a* of both—the Greek and the Latin—and that, before a vowel, it is changed into *aa*. The Sanscrit has also the privative prefix *Un*, as a verb signifying to deduct or lessen. The eldest race on English ground is the Celtic; but Mr. Welsford has, just as satisfactorily, traced the Sanscrit element in that Allophylian, and most aboriginal tongue. Thus, in the analysis of the migration of our speech we find our paternity and ancestry in India.

A deeper erudition may perhaps object to this method of etymological or philological study; still, the instances we have cited, and ten thousand similar analogies, may be found guiding us to

truths lying far below the more alluvial strata of mere etymology. The etymologist very frequently does not see the truth he admits. Do not words, in their changes and variations, guide us to the fact of the existence of some imperishable language deeply fixed in the foundations of human nature? Is there some element conveying the same fundamental idea through all languages, and thus intimating to us the identity and fraternity of the whole human race? We may believe this, without subscribing to the creed of the very learned Dr. Alexander Murray, who says, by the help of nine words, "ag, wag, hwag, bag or bwag, of which fag and pag are softer varieties, dwag, thwag or twag, gwag or cwag, lag and hlag, mag, nag and hnag, rag and hrag, swag, all the European languages have been formed"—this well-known and most euphonious theory is referred to by Mr. Farrar. There is no telling whither a man will ride when he mounts his hobby-horse; and, however wooden a hobby-horse usually is, it matters little to the rider. Still, when we do find, without a doubt, primitive analogous forms of languages abounding in the spoken languages, we cannot but believe that the elements of etymological and philological criticism are lying, like the bones in the Kirkdale Cave, the Lyme Regis, or the Paris Basin, waiting for some philological Cuvier or Owen to reduce them to order and to law. Our knowledge of language, and of scientific grammar, has often seemed to us like the knowledge we may have of a limb, or a bone, without a knowledge of the moving creature and the laws of animated existence; and yet some great discoveries have shown to us how much we may hope for yet in the unicising the forms of speech.

But it is more pertinent to the purpose of our present paper to say, that the study of English words introduces us into a curious and most entertaining historical museum. The study of the parts of speech is most entertaining; nouns have been, with truth and ingenuity, likened to the piles driven into the river, on which you rear the pillars for the arches of the bridge; but verbs, and conjunctions, and prepositions, are like the very bridge and arch itself, by which we pass to and fro over the river of thought, and hold intercourse the one with the other. Of the first efforts of our ancestors in the way of speech we have some knowledge; the Saxon language is especially illustrative of this. Our fathers had the things, but they had no very clear appellation for them, and therefore, they expressed the idea with some circumlocution, betraying great poverty of speech, and yet great point or significance; they had *grapes*, but no name for them, and therefore they called them *wine berries*; they had *gloves*, but no name for them, so they called them *hand shoes*, as we are told the Dutch do to this day; they had *butter* among their delicacies, but no name for

it, so they called it *cow smear*, the unguent the cow afforded, and which they smeared on their bread. So also we have in the Anglo-Saxon, *the smear monger*, for the butter merchant; we have the *stink of a rose*! instead of its smell; fancy a mother mourning that *her knave's lungs were addled*—by this in the idiom they would have expressed sickness of consumption. If they described a *preacher*, they would have spoken of him as a *beadle*, *spelling from a steeple*. So also *palace*, our extreme of architectural grandeur, was only *place*, the *king's*, or the *bishop's place*. Our fathers would not speak of a *very pretty sapling*, but of a *green beam of a tree*; while our word *landlord*, which even a poor peasant may be, gives the idea which it had of territorial dignity and sovereignty as the lord of the land.

Such words are indeed the first displays of language. But if we dig down among the derivations from the most polished Greek, we find the same crude forms—piles of the bridge of speech, of which we spoke. It is this curious alighting on the most unexpected relations which gives the interest and charm to all etymological pursuits. And, at the same time, we cannot too often warn ourselves, or our readers, to be careful, that etymology is a dizzy and bewildering study; while we must pity those persons who are not, in some measure, fascinated by the curiosities which lie embedded, as we have said, like fossils within the successive deposits and accumulations of our language through many ages. For instance, who could expect to find *salad oil* in connection with an ancient piece of armour? and yet, hence its origin. *Salad oil*, as we all know, is usually considered the purest and the best oil, and used only for the purposes of the table. A *salad* in ancient times, was not a tasty dish of green meat, served with the cheese and ale; but a head-piece of defensive armour, and the oil used for brightening it, was the best oil. If you refer to an old French dictionary, you will find the word *salade* used in this sense. And, in our own language, the word occurs in all lists of ancient armour; although now, it signifies, not what is put on the head, but what, through nature's vizor—the mouth—we put into it. *Treacle* boasts a Classical origin, but few persons would suspect its paternity. In fact, by a strange and winding ancestry, it comes from the Greek *THT-RIAKA*; which also signifies witchcraft, and was originally intended as a medicine, an antidote against the bite of a serpent. It is not without a stretch of thought that we identify *Westminster*, or *York Minster* with the place of the *Minister*, or the serving place. And we need a similar stretch to associate *cockle shells* with *cochlere*, a spoon; although they were so called because so used. Nor, when we speak of the *drinking horn*, or the *wassail horn*, do we think of *horned cattle*, though the term is applied from the horn of the

animal being used for this purpose. And if the reader has visited York Minster, and has seen the great Horn of Ulpha, then the analogy and the reason will be instantly suggested to him. *Candlestick* carries us back to the time when none of our modern elegancies of that description existed. An ancient candlestick was a stick slit at one end for the purpose of holding the candle, and three nails stuck in the stick for the same use; and although we have this utensil now made of gold, silver, brass, glass, and porcelain, yet we give to all the same name, and retain the *stick*.

Thus we may see how words *grow*. The expressiveness of many is lost sight of by us, until we dig about them. The word *bankrupt*, for instance, from the French word *bankerout*, from *bancas*, Latin for the bench, table, or counter of a tradesman, and *ruptus*, rupture, broken—the broken counter; and this word *bankerout* was the word in common use once; as Shakespeare says,—

“Dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but *bankerout* the wits.”

We fear we must put together words which rise to our memory, and which seem to have little light to illustrate each other. The names of places are especially curious. Few persons have visited London who have not seen the *Bull and Mouth*, but few of them have associated it with an ancient period of English history. The *Bull and Mouth*, and the *Bull and Gate*, are rather extensively scattered over the south of England, though seldom or never seen in the north; and they have reminded the reader of the attempted achievement of Henry VIII., the taking of Boulogne; and are, in fact, simply Boulogne Mouth, or Boulogne Harbour. Public-houses wonderfully perpetuate memories. The *Saracen's Head* transfers our recollection to the times of the Crusades, when all Christendom was in arms against the Saracen, and the head of Saladin became a desirable prize. But even etymologies much more obvious than these, have been overlooked. Very few of the millions who have passed by *Charing Cross* have identified it with the little village of *Charing*, and as few have recurred to the time when the disconsolate monarch caused the body of his Queen to rest there, and called it the place of his *Chèr Reine* (his *Dear Queen*). Although all persons have visited *Vauxhall*, few have associated it with “*that eminent and illustrious martyr, Guy Faukes*;” yet Vauxhall is Faukes's Hall, or “*La Salle De Faukes*.” Faukes was a powerful baron in the reign of John, who received from that king a grant of land in South Lambeth, where he built a hall or mansion-house, which bore his name, and is still an estate belonging to the Chapter of Canterbury.* In America the word

* Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*, pp. 112 and 168.

"*Canterbury*" is used as synonymous with our "Drawing a long bow," or "Throwing the hatchet." "*What a Canterbury!*" is one exclamation for "*What a lie!*" or "*What a tale!*" Or, to recur to a more humorous association, few who have looked upon that curious body-guard of royalty, called the *Beefeaters*, have ever thought of their actual origin. Alas, alas! no word shows more how words degenerate. Oh, gentlemen of the Guard! is it come to this—that those specimens of Tudor yeomanry should be supposed to be royally appointed to eat beef at public entertainments for the diversion of kings, queens, and courtiers! In fact, this body-guard of waiters was first appointed by our suspicious king, Henry VII. He appointed them to deck his table, to take charge of his board, to spread all royal vessels, to serve at the royal *bufet*—in fact, to be his *beofiteurs*; and this very naturally became corrupted into *Beefeaters*. Something like this is the origin of the word *Roamer*, if we may trust a probable etymology, which derives it from *Romcer*—that is, a *Pilgrim*—one who has been to *Rome*; in an age when such an achievement implied great wanderings, or, in our sense of the word, *Roamings*. And the word *Saunterer* is, like it, one who had wandered through the "*Sainte Terre*," or the Holy Land. Thus the reader will see how interesting is the archæology of words.

We hope not to offend any of the masters of the shears and the board, if we venture to take in hand, for etymological purposes, the *Cabbage* of the tailor. There is a proverb very old—nobody ever supposed it could be true—"Tailors will cabbage;" and the popular mind identifies the word with the common vegetable. In fact, the proverb is very general; it is not only English—it is Gothic and Teutonic. The word *Kabbage* is the word *Kaboss*—a little basket; and this is the only way in which we can make any sense of the proverb.

Etymologies like these are, it may be presumed, safe and clear; but the dreams of etymologists, and their forced derivations, have frequently formed a subject of joke to the satirist. We very well recollect the story of the clever old French writer, Menage, who derived the word *Peruke* from the Latin *pilus*, a hair. He very gravely gave to the world the following progressive transmigrations: pilus, pelus, pelutus, pelutacus, pelutica, peruke. Professor Porson, who was at once a great wit, and a great scholar, in contemptuous satire of this meandering stream of etymology, derived the word *Cucumber* to Jeremiah King, thus:—Jeremiah King, Jeremy King, Jerry King, jerking, jerkin—cucumber. We hope not to expose ourselves to the shafts of any of the Porson race, yet we have surely said enough to show that one of the most interesting studies, whether consecutive and scholastic,

or simply desultory, is to trace the amazing transformations and modifications of words.

Even in themselves, words are wonderful. What is every word but a window, by the opening of which we have an opportunity of looking into a man's soul; and the transparency of the word is always, by so much the more, a better medium for mental communication? Or, we may call words the strings by which a series of pictures is presented in rapid succession to the eye. The time was, when every word was a picture. He who used a word first—almost any word—had a clear and vivid presentation to his mind of some object, and used that object as a type, and analogy to certain ideas, and pictured images present to his mind. Dean Trench furnishes many instances. Look at a word or two. *Dilapidated*: dilapidated fortunes, a dilapidated character, a dilapidated house. Is there not a vivid picture here, when we identify the word with the Latin *dilapidare*—the falling apart of stones—and so survey stone after stone falling away, and leaving only a place of ruin? So the word *Candid*, white. How beautiful, in this connection, as applied to the word Candidate—presenting the felt necessity that the candidate for any office should be white, and unsoiled in reputation! So the word *Husband*—the stay, and support, and binder together of the household, as old Tusser has said in his “Points of Husbandry:”—

“The name of husband—what is it to say!
Of Wife and of household the band and the stay.”

And the word *Wife* is like it; it is only another form of the words “weave,” and “woof;” and in it we have, not only a picture of what was supposed to be a principal characteristic of female industry, but the moral idea, too, of our weaving, by her influence and affection, heart to heart, and the whole household into one. In the same way *Pity* grows into Piety.

Shall we offend our readers if we “*axe*” them to give us their attention while we trace the dynasty of that much abused and truly vulgar word. Chaucer did not disdain it—

“Axe not why: for though thou axe me,
I wol not tellen Godde's privitee.”

Mr. Pegge has cited many other instances. It is very shocking, but we have the mother of Henry VII. concluding a letter to her son with—“As herty blessings as y can *axe* of God;” and Dr. John Clerk, writing to Cardinal Wolsey, says—“the King *axed* after your Grace's welfare;” then the word *axe* is transformed into “*t'ax*,” which, we suspect, is that which is “*axed*.” And this again is transformed into “*task*,”—that is, a subsidy, or tax; till we read in Holinshed of a “‘*task*’ granted to be *levied* for the

King's use." And this again is transformed into "TAKES," by which term ancient leases were called. We believe in all these cases there is a deeper etymology than that we have given. The word seems to be both Celtic and Saxon. At present it is interesting to see in the task of the schoolboy a "tax;" and in that which is taken, that which is "*taxen*" or "*aren*."

Thus words are, as has been said, the true chameleons, changing their *apparent*, but not their *real* character, with every age; exchanging certain colours for others, developing new powers of expression and utterance, until, it must be admitted, it sometimes becomes very difficult to find any certain modern forms in analogy with the ancient idea; for it is just the same with ages as with men—they use their words from their innate sense of fitness, and this gives rise to that ever-varying thing *Literary Style*—style or standard of expression. Thus—

"Speech is morning to the mind.
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else, lie dark and buried in the soul."

Thus we see that every writer has his own standard, and he uses the same words used by another, with more or less vividness and force, with more or less weight or grandeur, in harmony with a law within him. The words which roll and heave, or march and tramp with such majesty in Milton, fly like swift sharp arrows from the pages of Thomas Fuller. Those same words sound like the cadences of rich cathedral music in Hooker; in Sir Thomas Brown, silently waving to and fro like rich and heavy arras or tapestry; in Tucker, like the musical fall of a beloved homely footstep; in Carlyle, swift and fast they fly, like sparks from the clattering hoof of the prancing Cossack steed. The brilliant history of Macaulay, the shrewd, finished outline of Jeffrey—how unlike;—and yet all these are made vivid to us by words. Words are like gold-headed nails, and they suspend before the eye the solemnly-waving silver-shielded heraldry of Sir Thomas Brown, or the heavy arras of Foster.

And thus the transformation is constantly going on. Words, now, often seem to us to wander about like bodies without souls, or souls without bodies, they are divorced from their primitive meaning and associations, and unable to find each other again; or, as Mr. Farrar well says, "words, of which the composition was originally clear, are worn and rubbed by the use of ages, like the pebbles, which are fretted and rounded into shape by the sea waves, on a shingly beach; or, to use the more appropriate image, suggested by Goëthe, their meaning is often worn away like the image and superscription of a coin." And there are such shades

of meaning, contained in words, which are not present to all eyes or minds—to some the Greek, to others the Saxon. How far the two *seem* to be apart; though perhaps *not*. But, the mind most capable of feeling the grandeur of the one, will feel most the pathos of the other. But there is a moral chemistry, which seizes the word most adapted to the emotions of the nature—a mind phrenzied and on fire, when the chariot wheels roll rapidly, it needs a fiery element, which the Saxon has not so fully at command. Socrates, like William Cobbett, would probably have preferred a Saxon idiom; while, to a mind on fire with immense conceptions, and imaginations, and generalizations—as Milton's—the Saxon alone would be insufficient. It is our happiness that we have them both. The power to use and assimilate must depend on the law within.

Hence, what is all the transformation of words in their more obvious apparelling, compared with that transformation they undergo in becoming the expositors of a thousand, or rather a million varying shades of thought? It is said, that no two of us see an object precisely alike. May we not say, that no two of us use a word in precisely the same sense; for words all suffer a kind of metempsychosis. If we would have proof of this, we have only to ask two or three persons to give to us a description of precisely the same thing or event—a storm, a sunset, a landscape;—get a piece of iron defined, or a ship, or a star, or a horse;—get them to be talked of in the various technicalities of a painter, poet, old sailor, or mechanic, practical man, man of science—we shall obtain from every one some minute particulars of variation, although enhancing the value of the description as a whole; and hence, from this cause it is then, that the annals of mental science present such an immense territory of debateable ground.

We are often interested with the struggles of the human mind to express itself when words have not been given:—

“During the trial of the mining case, at the late Liverpool Assizes, a number of old, and not very brilliant witnesses were examined, to prove the extent, and mode of working the mine. The following dialogue took place between one of them and Mr. James, the barrister engaged for the prisoner:—Mr. James: ‘Now you say you worked at the mine?’—Witness: ‘Ees, sir.’—Mr. James: ‘How did you work?’—Witness: ‘Why, it wos woorked oop and down, you ‘no—this way, that way, t’other way, foot-ridden way—dang it, every way.’ (Loud laughter.)—Mr. James: ‘I must confess I don’t understand you.’—Witness: ‘I think I spoke plain enuf.’ (Loud laughter.)—Mr. James: ‘No doubt you did, but the stupidity is on my side, not on yours.’—Witness: ‘That’s it. You are quoit stupid. You conna’ onderstand English!’ (Continued laughter.)—The Judge: ‘If we had been in the habit of working in mines, doubtless

your language would be perfectly intelligible, but as it is, we cannot understand you.'—Witness: 'Well, I conna spako ony plainer. Dang me if ever I seed such stupid people since I left pit.'—Some further attempts were made by the learned counsel to obtain a more definite answer to the question, but it was 'no go,' and the witness was at length told to leave the box, which he did, apparently with a still stronger conviction than before of the natural and irremediable obtuseness of judge, jury, counsel, and auditory."

And here is a well-known like amusing, though slightly different incident:—

"At a trial at the Court of King's Bench, between certain tweedledums and tweedle-dees, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the 'Old English Gentleman,' Cooke, the well-known musician, was subpoenaed as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, for the opposite side, that learned counsel rather flippantly questioned him thus:—'Sir, you say the two melodies are the same but different. Now, Sir, what do you mean by that?' To this Tom promptly answered, 'I said, Sir, that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently, the position of the accented notes was different.'—Sir James: 'What is a musical accent?'—Cooke: 'My terms are a guinea a lesson, Sir.' (A loud laugh.)—Sir James (rather ruffled): 'Never mind your terms here, Sir. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?'—Cooke: 'No.'—Sir James: 'Can you feel it?'—Cooke: 'A musician can.' (Great laughter.)—Sir James (very angry): 'Now, pray, Sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his Lordship (Lord Denman, who was the judge that tried the case) and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent?'—Cooke: 'Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay stress upon any given word, for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, "You are an *ass*," it rests on *ass*; but if I were to say, "You are an *ass*," it rests on *you*, Sir James.' "

If it is difficult to take an object seen by the eye and to accurately define it, how much more difficult must it be, accurately to define that by which the object is seen or known? The mind has a large amount of furniture, which it is, unquestionably, very difficult to take stock of—sensations, volitions, perceptions, ideas—how shall we define all these? Most philosophers, so soon as they attempt the task, upset the theory of some other teachers. There are a number of words, for instance, which stand in the schools like ready-armed combatants, waiting the charge to battle. It is quite amusing to see to what a controversy the very word *idea* has led. Sir William Hamilton has shown, that if Plato,

Descartes, Hobbes, and Gassendi all met and conversed upon *ideas*, the disputants would all be in the dark as to the very word they had employed so often, since all would be employing it in a manner different from his neighbour. Thus, by one it would be regarded as the images of the objects of the external world projected on the mind; by another it would be regarded as the grouping of conceptions by the mind, within itself; by another, the whole world in which we live would be so regarded as to be spoken of as an idea within the mind: till matter, and all its forms and varieties, themselves came to be considered only as ideas. To all which may be added Dr. Currie's definition, who, when bored by a foolish blue-stocking as to the precise meaning of the word *idea*, which she said she had been reading about in some metaphysical work but could not understand, answered, at last, angrily—"Idea, madam? Idea is the feminine of idiot, and means a female fool." We cannot be ignorant of the collisions of the schoolmen on this point. We cannot be ignorant of the wonderful speculations of Berkley, of which Byron has said—

"When Bishop Berkley said there was no matter,
I think it was no matter what he said."

Another clever punster has said, in his prompt, catechetical poem:—

"What is Matter?—Never mind.
What is Mind?—No matter."

But we are not permitted to dismiss the matter thus summarily. There are some pertinacious spirits who will follow up the inquiry until they have received, if not what is satisfactory to others, what is an answer to themselves. How do I become conscious of my own existence? How do I become conscious of the existence of the external world? Let me be a sensient and intelligent being, and it matters not whether I have been taught the long range of lexicon phraseology, or whether I know not one single word. *Words are conveniences*; they are a necessity of our state; they are the signs of things. We prefer to call them so, to saying they are the signs of ideas. Words are the handwriting of time and space; they are the penmanship of consciousness and thought. But time, and space, and consciousness, and thought, might all exist without any words. Words merely, and in themselves, it must be understood, explain nothing; words do not even give *ideas* to the mind,—if by the word *ideas*, we mean mental conception, and arrangement, and abstraction; for, whatever Horne Tooke may say to the contrary, we must contend that there is such a power as abstraction. Nay, are not conception and abstraction in degree one? Words represent, as Mr. Garnett

has said, "conceptions founded on perceptions." But, as we have seen, these words present nothing certain to the eye; they are the signs of the present perception, not of the past or the future. *The Book*—who sees in it the *Beech covers* of the ancient leaves? What analogy is there between Buckinghamshire, book, and beech? *Loaf*, *lofty*, and *lady* express to us very different ideas; yet all have, in fact, the same signification. Words, therefore, are many of them, come to mean what those who use them intend they shall mean; and thus, from age to age, their meaning sinks and swells, and rises and falls, for the mind finds its own level, and words reveal its power and the measure of its presence.

And when we speak of the trustworthiness of words, we must not forget how many thousand errors may spring up, even in the spelling, in the course of a generation. Instead of illustrating this by any serious dissertation, let us do so from an anecdote of no less serious and dignified a person than the Duke of Wellington, from the newspapers of the time:—

"A very comical story has been related in private circles for some days past, which is too good to be lost to the public, particularly as it includes the names of several distinguished individuals. The story runs thus:—That Mrs. Loudon, the lady whose clever writings are so well known, being lately in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, wrote a letter to the Duke of Wellington, requesting him to allow her to visit his gardens, for the purpose of inspecting and taking the measurement of several fine beeches, known as the Waterloo Beeches, at Strathfieldsaye. The letter was signed with her initials, 'C. J. Loudon,' and was duly presented to his Grace, who, raising his glasses and looking at its contents, came to the conclusion that it was a request from the Bishop of London, whose signature is 'C. J., London,' to allow him to inspect and take the measurement of his Waterloo breeches. With his usual dispatch, the Duke immediately ordered his valet to forward his inexpressibles, with his compliments, to the right reverend Prelate, imagining, it is supposed, that they might be wanted for some artistic purpose. It will easily be conceived with what amazement the Bishop received this extraordinary parcel; and it is not to be wondered at that his Lordship concluded, naturally enough, that the Duke had gone clean out of his senses. The joke, however, appeared to his Grace so exceedingly good that he took the earliest opportunity of showing the Bishop's note to his friends, when the error was soon detected, and Mrs. Loudon thereupon received a polite compliance with her request."

And, therefore, we must not trust words too much. We must treat them as young ladies are said to treat the words of their lovers before marriage—as very pleasant, and worthy of respect, but not to be the anchor of too much confidence. You cannot

find the unvarying and infallible meaning ; and thus, if men trust words too much, they will assuredly become sceptics. You cannot settle a word by a word. True, our old friend Philosophy tells us, that we cannot think without words ; that invariably, in all our cogitations, we find that we are shaping our thoughts into letters ; and we say, “ Aye, it is even so, old Truepenny.” But, this is only a partial truth, for thought exists before all words ; and this is the mechanical action of thought, rather than the spontaneous gush of words to the mind, and we have conceptions in our mind which words vainly strive to realize. Our conceptions seek to embody themselves, for their own convenience, in words, but what is the word compared to the conception ? What is time ? We cannot get beyond chronometrical arrangement, but we have an idea overleaping that. What is space ? All that exists without form, and is void ; but surely no words will assist us to see or know that. What is truth ? The sneer is on the lip of Pilate, as we pluck him, retiring from the judgment-hall, by the robe, and say, “ The Word is truth ;” but Pilate, even if he were a Christian, might respond, “ What word ? The word within, or the word without ?” The word in the letter, or the word in the spirit ? Is the Bible *all* and every kind of truth ? Surely not. It is equally true that the squares of the periodic revolutions of our planets are governed by the square of the distances. What, then, is all nature truth ? We neither affirm it nor deny it.

What is right ? What is a pound ? Are not these perplexing questions of perpetual occurrence. Do they not illustrate the vacillancy of language and of words ? And, not only so ; let any one remember how the mind of man unconsciously gives itself up to the dominion of its own prejudices and tastes. Many writers use words as the old Scottish freebooter prayed,—“ Turn the world upside down, Lord. Oh Lord, turn the world upside down, that men may get a bit of bread.” We have many writers, who very remorselessly turn all speech upside down. If any person ever needed illustrations of this, he may find them in the writings of Hume and Gibbon. With what sophistry have both of these distinguished writers compelled words to obey the bidding of their mind—Gibbon especially, how he saps our “ solemn truth with awful sneer.” Of all those men who ever attacked the Christian faith, *he* has the least manliness ; he always fights with inuendos, behind a bush, and walks with steadiness the plank of double meanings ; his sneers, his satire and scorn, are “ like the old Pictish weapon, at once a spear and a shield.” “ He hides himself behind the very weapon with which he wounds you.” Here is an illustration,—“ Appolonius, of Tyana, was born about

the same time as Jesus Christ. His life is related in so fabulous a manner by his disciples, that we are at a loss to discover whether he was a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic," meaning Apollonius, but the words are so cleverly placed in their juxtaposition, that they convey an insinuation against the Saviour. We cannot be too careful of words; they are like those rivers whose mouths are Deltas, they bear down and deposit things; they pour into the mind of the reader, or student listener, the peculiar formation and colourings of the mind from whence they come. How strange it is, to think that all those signs, the imitations of noises in the external world—the imitations of forms, and shapes, and things, and the imitations of human labour and handycraft—those shades of colour caught from every varying cloud—those signs standing so complete, so individual, and alone—should be capable of so much mental absorption, till there, on those pages, they are presented, abstractions far removed in the embodied wholeness from those signs they first represented. The chemistry of the air is wonderful, by which all the *débris*, the charcoal and carbon of human corruption, are caught up, transformed, and made to contribute to the life of men, and animals, and flowers. The chemistry of the human frame is marvellous, by which from day to day it is built up, and wondrously maintained. The chemistry of the ocean is marvellous, by which the salt wave is made to minister to the constant refreshment and life of our globe. But what shall we say to the chemistry of words?—that constant fluctuation, yet embodiment and crystallization—that constant emigration of one race of words with another, yet each absorbed in the grammatic architecture of the whole? What shall we say of that constant flow and interflow of speech, which we all so use, yet which never diminishes or becomes less? *Words*—serried legions of thought, armed to the teeth, they are the means by which brave souls overcome. *Words*—safety valves of thought, if we had them not, the soul, for want of utterance, would go mad, would turn upon and destroy herself. *Words*—comforting balm, pressed out of the precious flowers of life—sweet experiences, and sacred consolations. *Words*—lies, simulated masks, which grinning hypocrites hold up before their face. *Words*—oaths, blasting bolts, which passion shoots against the Eternal, as the pigny, man, calls Heaven to hear how he defies Him. *Words*—links between matter and mind—the material drapery of one, the consecrating spirit of the other. In all ways and forms how singular! Charters of our ancestry; our heraldry; breath of our better being; and, alas, proof also of our responsibility to a higher law than themselves, to which they are all witnesses, since "by our words we are justified, and by them condemned."

The study of words is not literary trifling. Do we not see how the analysis of a word leads to important knowledge of the state of society. Mr. Newman, in his interesting work on regal Rome, has entered into a discussion of the word *matrimony*, and the institution *matrimonium*. The reader will perceive that the word *matrimony* does not include so high and sacred a state as *wedding*. It assigns to the institution of marriage as the chief end what is only one of its ends; it regards marriage from that word as the state in which the woman becomes a mother. We have been sorry to see this doctrine, which degrades the individuality of woman and the Divine intentions of marriage, promulgated recently in the *Edinburgh Review*. We must think the intention of marriage deeper, higher, more sacred. We must regard it as the union of opposites in character and quality, for the most spiritual purposes; regarding woman only as the mother, and her position in life as having relation only to natural intentions, degrades the mother; in fact, this was the crime of all Paganism. Marriage was only the means by which the wealth of population was maintained for the city. This is the crime of modern utilitarian science; it darkens down like a black curtain over most of the pages of modern political economy; it was the crime of ancient Judaism, rebuked in the most pathetic lines by the Prophet Malachi, in which the true grounds and ordinances of marriage are illustrated; and rebuked again by our Lord, in language which traced the ideas of the Jews on marriage home to the hardness of their hearts. Now, this word *matrimony*, although we have wedded it to a larger signification, *did, in its origin, mark the difference between the Latin and the Sabine marriages*. The Latin never gave the wife into the hand of the husband; she remained permanently in her father's power; he might at any time recal her, and give her to another. A marriage beneath the Sabine law was made with the sacred auspices, and was called *connubium*, or *nuptiæ legitimæ*, and the wife was "*justa uxor*;" but a marriage, valid in law but deficient in ceremonial sanctity, was designated only as *matrimonium*, and the wife was called *injusta uxor*, an illegitimate wife. Those wise old Pagans, in their rude way, saw that religion alone gives the beauty and sanctity to the marriage state, and thus, the word *matrimony* itself, now so honourable, may indicate that the domestic morality of the oldest Latins was less elevated than the Sabines. In savage society, and in those oldest states, no union between the sexes was ratified until children were born. Prior to this, the woman had no claim on the man. The ideas we associate in our sweet Christian domestic union with the words husband and wife, did not exist. Their intimacy and association were but an ordinary friendship; but when a child was born, society recognised the woman's claim to a mother's support.

Our readers would be surprised, if we were to attempt to show to what an extent these ideas have a hold, practically, in many parts of England, in Wales, and in Cornwall; even though the Parliamentary reports illustrate that with us, among our unenlightened populations, the marriage state is actually the mother state, or matrimony.

Thus we see how language changes its form and usage, just as it has been remarked, our word *miscreant*, which really means only a misbeliever, a heretic; assures us of the instinct which points to the bad faith as the companion for introduction to a bad life.

We have detained our readers too lengthily, by showing how language is beaten out, that we cannot devote any time to the consideration of the not less important subject of *Abbreviations*. It is the aim of the human mind, as Horne Tooke says and shows, *not only* to provide itself *with words, but with winged words*; and it does this by employing, very frequently, words abbreviated in themselves, to give wing and force to those which are of greater importance and worth to the mind. The fashions of speech, too, are like the fashions of our clothes, not so arbitrary as they seem. They result from many reasons of taste, comfort, convenience, and habit. The most barbarous period of language will be found to be the middle period, when men are feeling after fine and true tastes; even as it is the case that men and women wear rings in their noses, not in the earliest infancy of society, nor yet in its latest maturity. And we may be sure that that is the highest form of speech which conveys ideas most distinctly into the mind, that we shall succeed in conveying such ideas plainly in the degree in which they are plainly perceived by us. Clear speech is as surely the result of clear thought, as clear water flows from a clear fountain; and we very wisely determine that it is safe to caution young readers against writers who indulge in dark sayings, partly, because such writers do not know what they have to communicate, and partly, because dark speech shadows and darkens the listening mind.

Let us return for a few moments to the Saxon language, our mother tongue, the speech of our fatherland; and let us say that, while Bosworth's noble Saxon Lexicon is no stranger to our study-table, we must admit our obligation to the very clever and admirable review of it by Mr. Rogers; and the Saxon tongue, the speech of our Saxon forefathers, is our own—we have not relinquished it yet—we shall find no other to supply its place. The following generalization is very striking:—"The English language contains 38,000 words; of these, 5-8ths are Saxon. From the Saxon come our grammatic forms and classes of words. Our inflections are Saxon; the comparative and superlative of

adjectives ; the *en*, and the *est*, and the most frequent termination of our adverbs, *ly* ; our articles and definitions—*a*, *an*, *the*, *this*, *these*, *those*, *many*, *few*, *some*, *one*, *none* ; those important words—*more*, *and*, *most*, *have*, *be*, *shall*, *will*, *may*, *can*, *must*. How pictorial is our Saxon tongue ! It gives names to the heavenly bodies—the *sun*, *moon*, and *stars*. It names three of the four elements—*earth*, *fire*, and *water*. It names three of the four seasons—*spring*, *summer*, and *winter*. It gives names to the divisions of TIME—*day*, *night*, *morning*, *evening*, *twilight*, *noon*, *midday*, *midnight*, *sunrise*, and *sunset*. So also it names *light*, *heat*, *cold*, *frost*, *rain*, *snow*, *hail*, *sleet*, *thunder*, and *lightning*. *The most beautiful and striking objects of our scenery are Saxon—sea, land, hill, dale, wood, and stream. The forcible words expressing action are Saxon—sit, stand, lie, run, walk, leap, stagger, slide, stride, glide, yawn, gape, wink, thrust, fly, swim, creep, crawl, spring, spurn. The dearest household words are Saxon—father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister, son, daughter, child, home, kindred, friends. So also hearth, roof, fireside, love, hope, fear, sorrow, shame, tears, smiles, blush, laugh, weep, sigh, groan. As we said above, abstract and general terms are Latin or Greek ; but individualities are Saxon. Latin gives us movement, and motion, and sound ; but buzz, hiss, clash, rattle, hum, are Saxon. Latin gives us colour ; but Saxon gives to us white, black, red, green, and blue. Latin gives us crime ; but Saxon brands on the criminal the name of murder, theft, robbery, lie, steal. Member and organ are Latin ; but ear, hand, eye, and lip, are Saxon. Animal is Latin—man, cow, calf, Saxon ; and so are those noble compounds of poetry—a thunderstorm, thundercloud, kingdom, witchcraft, swordbearer, earthquake.” We read these words, and thus find that our land was not subdued at the Conquest. No land can be subdued while the language flows, and percolates through all its villages—is spoken by its firesides—is used to inspire in religion, to fire in battle, to swell and sob in poetry, to chronicle the story of the ancient crone, to embody the lessons of the teacher, to roll the martial strains of the warrior, to ripple in the ears of the lover. It is true the terms of honour and dignity were Norman ; but what a genuine old Saxon word is KING, and how (as has been remarked) its prevalence assures us of the necessity of an appeal to the popular Saxon *hust* before the ruler could mount the throne !*

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Wamba when appealed to to guide some rather strong-willed porkers.

"Truly," said Wamba without stirring from the spot, "I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion, that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs, would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe ; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort !" quoth Gurth ; "expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs ?" demanded Wamba.

"*Swine*, fool, *swine*," said the herd ; "every fool knows that."

"*And swine is good Saxon*," said the jester ; "but how call you the *sow* when she is flayed, and drawn, and quartered, and hung up by the heels, like a traitor ?"

"*Pork*," answered the swine-herd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that too," said Wamba, "and *pork*, I think, is good Norman-French ; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name ; but becomes a Norman, and is called *pork*, when she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles ; what dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha ?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone : "there is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. *Mynheer Calf*, too, becomes *Monsieur de Veau* in the like manner ; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speakest but sad truths ; little is left to us but the air we breathe, and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board ; the loveliest is for their couch ; the best and bravest supply their foreign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon."

This conversation does, in fact, describe the change which passed over our language by the Norman conquest ; but, spite of

that and many other invasions and predatory incursions on our homely speech, *the Saxon holds its ground amongst us, and is the popular language still*. It is true, it is, as we have attempted to show, wanting in the generalizing and synthetic power; but it has a wonderful copiousness of detail, and, by its power to present the most graphic pictures and the most impressive sounds in their most detailed proportions and varieties, it speaks with an amazing fulness and clearness to the feelings of the people. We talk of the superiority of the Saxon tongue. Many persons do not, even while commending it, see the reasons of their own commendations; but, in a word, this is the cause: *we say the people understand it better—they do so because it does not tax our powers of generalization*. For all terms of classification, *we fly to the Greek or the Latin*; for all terms of homely popular significance, *we ought to fly to the Saxon*. It is true, it abounds in phrases we have come to consider coarse and vulgar. It abounds in monosyllabic words; and modern usage has determined on the introduction of words of three or four syllables.

And the beautiful old Saxon Bible, crown and chief of our Saxon heirlooms! Reverenced, first of all, because the infallible Word of Truth—the light in a dark place to a lost world; yet reverenced scarcely less as the dearest token of our nationality, too. What if some interpretations would give or take away a shade of meaning to many a text—what if a severer diction be demanded here, and a more plastic and expanded version there! Let it lie in our pulpits—in our parlours—in study, kitchen, cottage, and hall, untouched, as long as England is a nation; beautiful and beloved old Saxon Bible—sweetest and most fragrant offering of our ancient lore—in its pages the tenderness of our land's language is pressed out—in its pages the glory, and the beauty of our speech are enshrined; glorious to the eye as a monument—sweet to the taste as a confection—the memorial of a simpler, and more trusting, and believing time—music of a deeper, mightier, holier heart than ours! The Bible of England is the legacy of our Saxon fatherland, and irreverent, and sacrilegious must be the hand that would touch it. Pages read by the buried generations, slumbering in the scattered churchyards of our land; pages of the Puritan Cromwell, and the prelates Taylor and Ken; pages, shadowed and heightened by a faith and earnestness such as earth saw never before; pages, quoted by Saxon martyrs on their way to the stake, and by patriots on their way to the scaffold; pages, in which there is seen not only the Word of God, but the instinct of the nation, at once responding to, and becoming a channel for, the Divine Word; pages depository of the precious

words of the best English hearts ; English hearts should guard, and English voices say, We bless our old Saxon Bible !

The words of some men have been so honoured as to be handed down from age to age, giving to their name an immortality independent of their achievements. What perennial life there is in words—in the great words, which are born instantaneously from great deeds. Some words contain so profound a truth, in so essential and compact a form, that the ages, as they pass, will not allow the sentence to expire. This is the origin frequently of those sententious proverbial utterances the experience of ages and centuries has enshrined. Words like those of the stricken and dying Wolsey—"Had I served my God as faithfully as I have served my King, He would not have cast me off in my grey hairs ;" those thrilling words of the octogenarian martyr Latimer—"Cheer up, Brother Ridley !" said the old man, as he was stepping into the fire, and they were about to chain him to the stake—"Cheer up, brother Ridley ! By the grace of God, thou and I will kindle such a flame in England this day as God will never allow to go out any more." Such words as Hampden's, when he began the struggle for English liberties—"God is with us !" How electrical they must have been in their day and hour. What dreadful strength in those words with which Strafford received his death-warrant—"Put not your trust in Princes." How Nelson's signal comes telegraphed down to our eye and to our heart—"England expects every man to do his duty." Words like these—and they might be multiplied a thousand-fold—are the pith and marrow of biography. They are like an ever-burning lamp over the tombs of those who could speak them. Thus, from age to age, has our language been built. Our words have been the organ tubes of great minds ; the lungs of our language heave with the breath of freedom, of music, of poetry, of Divine truth, and therefore of Divine philosophy. It has known many ages, and many forms of literature. But the words of Englishmen have been brave words, and always free. The language we speak to-day, is that of those periods glorious to us through the night of time : we are speaking the words spoken by the free Alfred—by the ploughman Cedmon—by the wise Asser ;—the words spoken by the English Chaucer.

The great words of England in "Piers the Ploughman," the solitary Malvern monk who anticipated so well in, and expressed himself on, his times so vigorously. Great words of England, words of Spenser—that brightest, richest dream of chivalry—that true "Ehrenbrightstein"—that broad stone of honour—the Revelry and Carnival of Fairy Land, "where the gentle knight came pricking o'er the plain ;" words—mirrors in which we see 'the lovely Una and her milk-white lamb,' and the grot and the

den of the blind Archimage. Great words of England, Shakspeare's words! Not Greece, not France, not Rome, not Germany, nor Spain, nor Italy, have ever locked and enshrined such treasures in their languages. And Johnson, and Webster, and Massinger—in the pens of these men, are those words we daily use. What lightning conductors have they become; what tempests and storms have they raised; what hearts laid bare; what events recorded! Words now smooth as the sea, like a sheet of shining quicksilver, and now those same words "The welkin and the ocean all in flame" with the free speech of England! Great words of England, Milton's words—

"Rolling through the vast and boundless deep,"

who carried language nearer to the Empyrean than any before! What Ninevitic palaces rise, like his "Titanic structure, huge and vast!" What deep Porsenna bells peal through all those infinite and awful tones! But we must stop. What myriad hands have reared these awful works. Dead the tongues that spoke, the hands that wrote them. Yet all the triumphs of this tongue have not closed, the speech of the golden-mouthed Taylor, and the stately Hooker; the speech of the homely, epic, and pictorial Fielding, and the ambitious, and gorgeous Gibbon; speech of the Saxon Bunyan, and the grotesque and many-sided Brown; speech in which Wordsworth has set all mountain winds to music, and Tennyson has wrung and tortured Music herself, until she murmured to lyrics and melodies of a deeper harmony than she had comprehended before; and Carlyle has muttered from a cave, wild, savage, pathetic dissonances, as it were the fusing down in one, of all wisdoms, follies, madneses, magnificences, as the world has known. *Free speech!* how great its destiny—to utter to a myriad unborn generations yet, words that shall give free laws and constitutions, evangelical truth, and science, and thought and feeling to wandering nomade tribes in the gorges of the Himalayas; to the cities and rising civilization of Tasmania; to the vast interests of that new world, shaken to its centre now by Slavery, the world's greatest foe. Free words of England, already boasting a higher ancestry, and prouder empire than any other words before Copt or Hebrew, Greek or Latin. In the long future be it our glory and boast that these words contain, in a higher degree than any other ever spoken, the most tender utterances of sacred affection—the most exalted aspirations of human thought.

III.

HISTORY AND HISTORIANS.*

THE reception of a new history worthy of the name, has cast our mind upon the reconsideration of some of those first principles of the historian's work, and historical science, which, even historians themselves have, perhaps, more frequently forgotten than remembered; principles, however, sure to be recalled to recollection by the devout student of history, even if the writer be remiss in directing attention; just as the *cicerone* may guide to the spot famous for its associations, and, unable either to narrate or to suggest, the visitor will not fail, in such a case, to supply the deficiency of the guide. Indeed, we do not expect the guide to make reflections to us; a suggestion may be pardoned, but more than this becomes tedious and impertinent; and the historian is not expected to be a homilist; but, we do demand of him that the narrative shall be so lucidly and completely written, that it becomes indeed its own commentator. The volumes of Dr. Motley are not to be dismissed with a slight and hurried notice; they narrate events, with which our traditions are too intimately blended, and conduct to conclusions, in which all lovers of freedom and of truth are too profoundly interested, for such treatment. They are a valuable contribution to our historical literature, and not less a delightful accession to our fireside reading. Next month we shall, with our readers, walk through this fine gallery of historic portraits, and attempt to set before them, concisely, the more distinctive events of that important period, the brave annals of which Dr. Motley has with so much freshness, and vigour, and interest recorded.

Historic writing is one of the most difficult, as it is one of the most dignified occupations of the human mind. It needs nearly all the qualities of genius, yet nothing is more certain than that more than genius is needed for the historian. The love of books; the patience of plodding research; the resolute burrowing among the driest earths

I. The Rise of the Dutch Republic; a History. By John Lothrop Motley. In Three Volumes. London: Geo. Routledge and Co.

II. History of the United Netherlands, from the death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort. With a full view of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L. Vols. I., II. London: John Murray.

III. The Limits of Exact Science, as applied to History. An Inaugural Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge, by Charles Kingsley, M.A. Macmillan and Co., Cambridge.

and most worthless accumulation of rubbish and chaff; the acquaintance, as a matter of course, with many languages; the power to strike through, and seize the weakest and strongest points of an event, an incident, a character; the power to grasp the outlines of many facts, to see as well their hidden meaning, and to group them so that there they lose their prosaic character, and are bodied forth in the light of graphic description, until it is difficult to discriminate the historian from the poet,—and yet, in the midst of all, to preserve the historian essentially and entirely distinct from the poet; to know precisely the relation the infinitely small in human affairs should bear to the almost infinitely large, and to keep the eye constantly fixed not only on the throne, and the throne room, but on the back-stairs leading to the throne room; to trace in human manners and customs the shifting web-work of human thought, and thus to be, not only little less than a poet of the highest wing, but little less than a metaphysician of the deepest and shrewdest comprehension;—making the pages, not only to flame with the hues of reality, but bringing into clear and unmis-taken light the secret sophistries as well as the open sins of the human heart.

Hard, indeed, is the task of the historian; and few, very few, are the books we can truly call histories. The truth is, we have been in the habit of honouring many of the *materials* of history with that more general and honoured name. An antiquary is not a historian; a fact-collector is not a historian; nor is the poetic dreamer over facts or dates a historian. Colours and canvas will not make an artist. A grouping of dead materials in the most proper, but dead nomenclature—this is not history. History is that humanizing power, which, like a camera obscura, takes up, and causes to pass before the eye, the things, the events, with all their colours, all their hues, with all things cohering together in their proper proportions; it is the drama on a large scale. History is the drama of ages; it ought to contain all that the drama contains. The historian should use all men, and all things, from the song of the ballad-singer in the street, to the whisper of the minister of state in the council chamber. An old coin, or an old sabre, or an old coat in the room of an antiquary, or the faded portrait in the old ancestral gallery, obsolete customs and usages in retired villages, or the tariff and the scale of custom rates and charges, the architecture of the nobleman's palace, the worshipper's temple, or the peasant's hut, all are the materials of history. To the historian, the roar of the mob, to whom the mayor is about to read the Riot Act, is as important as the roll of cannon, and the blasts of trumpets on the distant field of battle. Attentively he notes the costumes of the times of old—as interesting to him as the autograph

dispatch of the sovereign of the times. He will not lose sight of the story of the population in such terms as Feudalism and Chivalry, but will determine to know how the people, as well as their masters, lived, what they did, what they refused to do ; the colour and quality of their bread, and the state of the highway, will be to him matters of grave and momentous concern.

But these may be denominated the outer vesture and material of history. It is clear, that, a historian is not a mere dealer in the marine stores of nations. There is in all a moral purpose controlling the material aids. Dr. Arnold has defined one of the chief qualities of the historian to be, activity for truth and impatience of error. To present an age or a people as they were, this is the object of the historian. One would almost go the length of saying, that the historian should have no favourites—no heroes. He should be like the dramatist, in the distance he maintains towards personages and events. He is not to be the apologist, or he ceases to be the historian. He is not to be the partizan, or he ceases to be the historian. If he *too* prominently leads a hero on the field or on the page, he sinks his character, and from the historian becomes only the epic poet. In the world of actual life, it may be doubted if there be at any one time, any man who overrides and eclipses *all* other men. It is the historian's duty to show us how events linked themselves together, and grew out of each other. How the evil deed contained the evil seed. How the evil seed contained the evil fruit. How crime and fashion used its black crape and varnish, and vice its rouge. How the principles of public happiness were planted ; how they matured and grew. How books were columns of light, or of cloud. How men were boons and blessings, or festering curses on the nation's heart. He must show all this, not by philosophising or expounding, but by narrating ; he must place the stream of events in their own light, and make deeds, events, and men their own expositors.

Historians like Dr. Motley, or Lord Macaulay, remind us of the Judicial power of the Pen ; in their hands, it becomes the true sceptre, mightier than the sword—mightier than the globe grasped by the monarch, the symbol of dominion and rule ; it is the true arbiter. The pen confers immortality on princes when the hand is paralysed, and the ploughshare has passed over the place where once stood the throne of an illustrious dynasty. The pen will preserve the name of the prince in the literary and historic archives. The pen writes down the deeds of the great captain, whose sword swept like lightning round the nations of his day ; he is not only conquered by death, he is conquered by the pen ; his place in history waits on its award. Is it not very strange to think how we little men sit in judgment on the crimes, and the

careers of those who would have made us tremble, who made the whole world tremble while they lived? Why, nothing can make us think of the great Marlborough but as a mean, pitiful, dastardly miser, a treason-hatching traitor who bought a place of power by the sale of his sister's honour, and maintained it by involving his country in debt that he might pocket the gains; who sold one sovereign, and was preparing to sell another; yes the pen enables us to say that. Thus the pen, the awful pen, sits, like an avenging fate, upon the memories of men, or stamps them with its irreversible seal. Is it not powerful? Is it not as wonderful as powerful? You see a prince like Henry the Eighth with the intellectuality of a man and the will of a beast. You see a man like James the Second, who, in the menagerie of kings, may safely pass for our English hyena. You see creatures like Jefferies or Bonner, these men could make, *did* make, gloried in making poor, weak women tremble. You figure them, with blood-shot eye and white-lipped, or lipless mouths, and cruel tusks and teeth, glaring and gnashing for their victims, and champing over their thwarted will, or standing gloating over a bleeding corpse. How indignant you feel. Be quiet, be quiet, history has them all right; they are safely bound in the chains of the pen; they cannot, they shall not get free; they are fast. In the day of their power, how they would have sneered at the poor Grub-street crew! Who so contemptible as the poet, the historiographer, the chronicler? Him, neither gartered, nor starred, nor titled. Him! conciliate him! No, away with him! Put him in the pillory, in the stocks, in prison. Away with him to the quartering knife of the hangman. See De Foe, standing in fact in the pillory, and composing a song in honour of it. See old Samuel Johnson scourged at the cart's tail through the streets of London. See Alice Lisle, venerable and glorious matron, led to the block. See Elizabeth Gaunt, sweet-hearted woman, led to the stake, for daring only to give bread to the hungry. See Bunyan in prison for twelve years, and George Fox in nearly all the prisons in England. See Russell, and Sydney on the block. Be quiet, be quiet, suppress your indignation, the memory of the victim and the tyrant are both in the keeping of the pen. Your pen is the true Lord Keeper of the consciences of all ages. It is the pen that haunts and dogs the steps of tyrants, with the everlasting Cassandra scream of execration. The pen raises against them the avenging hiss. The pen, in the hands of one they would have treated with contempt, is their judge,—jury,—sentence,—and executioner.

Other reflections are forced upon us. History is just and cold. One of the chief lessons seems to be this, that Nature, and Time, and Providence serve, we had almost said they *wait*, upon man—

not men. The ages, as they advance, dwarf and reduce from their stately proportions, sovereigns who seemed, in their day, so imperial in their influence : others, on the contrary, are elevated to their true place ;—history leads them forward, or thrusts them backward. What a world seemed to wait upon the will of the morose idiot Philip II. ; and a world trembled, too, before his cold-blooded superstitious savageism. He moves to his gloomy tomb in the Escorial, his way lit up by illuminating fires of *Auto-da-fés*, and his ears are incessantly regaled and charmed by the shrieks of victims on the rack. A dreadful world, indeed, he made of it. Wealthiest of modern princes—supreme over the most comprehensive empire—and a will ; and what did it all avail ? It availed to teach us that, in the long run, the most powerful will is impotent before eternal justice. Rome and Spain, in that day, were powers indeed. They had state-craft, and king-craft, and gold-craft, and torturing cruelty, and mendacity, and armies, and traditions ; and from all this they have sunk to be the most beggarly, nay, even the most blackguardly, powers in the world. They are reduced to this by the very means, as described by Mr. Motley, for conserving their power. Spain suffers her expiation as a thriftless nation of brigands and bandits ; and Rome suffers her's—a poor skeleton, rattling its bleaching bones over Europe, clothed in its dalmatic and purple, the tiara of ancient days over its eyeless old sockets, upon its hairless scalp, so playing at ghosts with the nations. The story of history is such, that a reader may become a prophet, and from the deeds of a nation in the present, he may declare its future always. There is just so much to stand between the kingdom and doom as there is justice in the land. “ Righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is disgrace and death to any people.”

This is very much the doctrine of Mr. Kingsley's truly admirable lecture. Perhaps this is the tendency of our modern thought upon human affairs, to show here, as in the vast zodiacs of the heavens, there operates the Divine Law. And is not the law of history the holiness of God ; faithfulness to it surely is prosperity, and unfaithfulness to it surely is misery. History, too, is the record of the disturbing forces, which break up the monotony and commonplace of human affairs,—the disturbing forces of genius—of folly—of enterprise. Very wonderful is it that man possesses the powers to disturb the arrangements of society. The rise of a Hildebrand—a Luther—a Napoleon—who can calculate or forecast the horoscope of these strange births of time ? Who can forecast the horoscope of the hordes of the North, whose wondrous pathway is described with so epic a pen by Thierry ? And, therefore, we take some exception to the terms of Mr. Kingsley's lecture ; it sounds too much as if the progress of human souls and societies

could be submitted to the same arithmetical formulæ as the pathway of a planet. We know the kind of force which might disturb a planet in its course; and we know the kind of force which might disturb the moral balance of a nation, or a world, and we speak of both as acting beneath the operation of certain laws. But there is a remarkable difference—just the difference there is between the madness or the sublimity of love, and the force of a projectile. “The Limits of Exact Science as applied to History!” Well, without a doubt, a reader will see in history the plain operation of certain laws; but he will certainly see how the Invisible rules all; how obviously all the hinges and springs of moral movement have their relation to “things not seen as yet”—nor intended to be seen. “Without doubt,” says Mr. Kingsley, “history obeys, and always has obeyed, in the long run, certain laws. But *those laws assert themselves, and are to be discovered, not in things, but in persons, in the action of human beings.*” And, therefore, we demur to the adaptation to this field of observation and research of the terms of the inferior worlds of natural philosophy and science; history is greater than mechanics—greater than mathematics; the forces of human souls are mightier in their energies than the dynamics of matter—the hydraulics and hydrologies of the universe. It is far nobler to say, as Mr. Kingsley has said: “And this belief that history is God-educating man, is no mere hypothesis, it results from the observation of thousands of minds, throughout thousands of years;” “studying it we rise thereby to more deep and just conceptions of the education of man,—and it may be of God himself.”

Thus the most sacred and sacramental work in literature, rightly regarded, may be said to be that of the historian. You see, if the historian has power to see extensively, and to set down what he is able to see, he becomes the vindicator of the Divine Idea, in the course of events, and the Divine Presence, in the government of them and of the globe. It is a great work—as much greater than the work of the poet as the death of Ridley and Latimer were greater than the agonies of Triptolemus. But, in our historians, we mark the want at once of simplicity and sagacity. Is there a history so delightful as the Book of Genesis?—and after this, is there one so pleasant as the simple tale of old Herodotus?—simplicity is so wide-minded, as well as clear-hearted. The historians of our own country do not ever seem to have been gifted thus. They have not written beneath the oppressive sense of the awfulness of the events which crossed the canvas they were spreading. We have no patience with them; and it becomes us, as fathers of families, as ministers of religion, as members of society, if we turn to the pages of Hume, or Gibbon especially, to

point to the sins of their histories. Never did historian spread so magnificent a canvas as Gibbon. He chose, not merely the greatest moment—he chose the greatest hours of the whole world's drama ;—he chose to paint the ancient civilization in its last gasp, in its expiring struggles. He chose to paint that strong and hoary despotism of the ancient world with all its Oriental splendours and its European barbarisms around it. He called to his canvas, with more or less distinctness, the awful shades of the Caesars. Obedient to his call, the forest hordes came thronging on their desolating way. He heard the crash of that astounding Empire, which bound in one all the crimes and all the glories of the ancient world. As in a great dissolving view, he beheld the Coliseum of Rome pass, and yield to the spectacle of a Cross, and one on it like to the Son of God. He saw the ancient peoples expire, and yield to the new races. He saw the new race, as it rushed across the canvas, the apostle of a new faith ;—and he saw no *lac* in all this. We may venture to speak of that great performance of Gibbon's—which is, for composition, for grouping, for era and event, perhaps the finest history our world's literature has known—as like the great image in the Apocalypse of Daniel, where the gold, and the iron, and the brass, and the clay are mingled in the strange confusion of great meanness, and great magnificence.

Hence, we have no patience with Gibbon. We have always felt that the peculiar kind of poison, which is his great literary ware, may be conveyed with peculiar stealth in historical composition. An inuendo may be made to look so like a fact. The poison of Gibbon is conveyed in homœopathic quantities, perpetually repeated ; and, as has been remarked, reminds us of those Italian proficient in the art of toxicology, who conveyed death, in minutest portions, in a gorgeous ring or a glowing rose. It was a severe, but a just criticism of Professor Porson's on this great writer, that—"His humanity never slumbers unless when women are to be ravished, or Christians to be persecuted." It is sad to see Christian clergymen, like Dr. Robertson, and Joseph Warton, patting Gibbon on the back, and thanking him for his volumes, and never taking exception to the pages in which "he saps a sacred truth with solemn sneer"—in which he seeks to cast a shadow over the martyr's crown, and to apologise for the barbarities of the Roman Emperor. His account of the death of Cyprian, extorts from us a grim kind of laughter, so kindly does he linger over the mercies of the executioner, and forget the agonies of the martyr. True, the Bishop was banished, but, says Gibbon, "to a very pleasant and fertile country." He was sentenced to death, "but he was not conveyed to prison, but to a private house, and an elegant supper prepared for him." Sentence was pronounced : "but it was

a mild death, only beheading, and he was most graciously spared the torture." Isaac Walton exhorts the angler, when fishing with a frog, to put his hook through the mouth, and out at the gills, and then, with a fine needle and silk, to sew on the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of the hook; and, in so doing, to use him as though he loved him. Such was the charity of Hume, and such the charity of Gibbon.*

Whenever we think of Gibbon and his pertinacious hatred to Christianity, and his incessant sparrow-shot of inuendo and sarcasm, we think of the happy appropriation to him, by some writer, we forget whom, of a famous passage in Peter Plymley, tended to annoy George Canning—"Pompey was killed by a slave, Goliath smitten by a stripling, Phyrrius died by the hand of a woman; tremble, thou great Gaul, from whose head an armed Minerva leaps forth in the hour of danger; tremble, thou scourge of God; a pleasant man is come out against thee; and thou shall be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk against thee, and thou shall be no more."

We are compelled to say we have as little patience with Hume as with Gibbon. If we did not know that, in reading a book, we can only see what our moral nature permits us to see, we should charge Hume with deliberate perversions and falsifications. Professor Smyth, of Cambridge, has distinctly made out such cases against him; and we must further direct the reader to a very elaborate article in the *Quarterly Review*.† Hume is our national historian, but he is the Belial advocate of infidelity. All religion, with him, is superstition and fanaticism. He constantly aims to suppress all belief in belief as a motive to action. It has been truly and wittily said—"He bombards St. Peter's, but his shells always glance off on St. Paul's. His spear pierces through Archbishop Anselm, but it pins Archbishop Sumner to the wall; and the filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council, defiles the General Assembly."‡ Belief in special Providence is, with Hume, a gross absurdity. And he estimates merit or demerit, in any institution, or individual, exactly in proportion to the presence, or absence of so deleterious an influence as Christianity.

But we detain our readers with these remarks, briefly to say, that the grand defect of these writers is this, they did not perceive Christianity to be an element in the history of the world. Now, Christianity to us, on the contrary, gives the law of history. It is the unicising element of the drama of the globe.

* See an admirable article on Gibbon in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxii. p. 378.

† *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvii. ‡ *Ibid*.

All is confusion without it; whether we walk with Gibbon through the streets of ancient cities, and mark the plague of which they died; or whether, with Hume, through the cities of Britain, through the middle ages, and mark how they rose to power, to order, and to grace. It is Christianity which unriddles the mystery of the earth, and explains its enigma. And we must hold him to be a defective historian who does not perceive this working element of power.

 IV.

JUPITER CARLYLE.*

IN an age singular for its literary resurrections, the life of Dr. Alexander Carlyle is not one of the least remarkable, although we should quite demur to that extensive criticism which has made it one of the most remarkable. It is very delightful reading. How could such a book be other than delightful? It is a real autobiography; but it has all the charm of fiction. It carries us back in its review and narrative to the very days and persons of "The Heart of Midlothian" and "Redgauntlet," of "Waverley" and the "Antiquary." The man who is speaking to us saw the Porteous mob; he knew Colonel Gardiner, and heard him tell the story of his conversion three or four times to different sets of people; but it would seem very differently to our more generally received tradition. He was out in '45; he was with Gardiner on the field of Preston Pans; and he saw the Prince Charles Edward at Edinburgh; he was with Smollett in a coffee-house in London when the news of the battle of Culloden arrived, and the city was in an uproar of joy; he relates with a very graphic pen his adventures in getting home that night:—

"I asked Smollet if he was ready to go. I wished to go to New Bond-street, and he lived in Mayfair. He said he was, and he would conduct me. The mob were so riotous, and the squibs so numerous and incessant, that we were glad to go into a narrow entry to put our wigs in our pockets, and to take our swords from our belts and walk with them in our hands, as everybody then wore swords; and, after cautioning me against speaking a word, lest the mob should discover my country and become insolent, 'for John Bull,' says he, 'is as

* Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk, containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1860.

haughty and valiant to-night as he was abject and cowardly on the Black Wednesday when the Highlanders were at Derby.' After we got to the head of the Haymarket through incessant fire, the Doctor led me by narrow lanes, where we met nobody but a few boys at a pitiful bonfire, who very civilly asked us for sixpence, which I gave them. I saw not Smollett again for some time after, when he showed Smith and me the manuscript of his 'Tears of Scotland,' which was published not long after, and had such a run of approbation."

There were very few of the celebrities of that age Dr. Carlyle did not meet and know. The volume abounds with personal anecdotes, and little medallion portraits. Indeed, this is quite a distinguishing characteristic of the book. They are by no means painted on ivory, but in the bold, rapid touch of the memory of some old meeting. Our octogenarian brings vividly before the eye of the reader the notables of all ranks—Dukes, Marquises, and Earls; John Home, the author of "Douglas," David Hume, Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Blair. He knew David Garrick well, and tells us incidentally, that when he was returning from Leyden, he had in the same boat with him the celebrated dancer Violetti, who afterwards became the wife of Garrick. He saw Garrick act, and records—"I thought I could conceive something more perfect in tragedy, but in comedy he completely filled up my ideas of perfection." He heard the great Lord Chatham speak, "with that commanding eloquence in which he excelled, for half-an-hour, with an overpowering force of persuasion, more than the clear conviction of argument. With all our admiration of Pitt's eloquence, which was surely of the highest order, Robertson and I felt the same sentiment, which was the desire to resist a tyrant, who, like a domineering schoolmaster, kept his boys in order by raising their fears without wasting argument upon them." He met Franklin, when that great apostle of prudence was in England. He knew John Wilks very well. He heard Dr. Dodd preach: here is the occasion—

"Before I began my operations relative to the window-tax, I witnessed something memorable. It being much the fashion to go on a Sunday evening to a chapel of the Magdalen Asylum, we went there on the second Sunday we were in London, and had difficulty to get tolerable seats for my sister and wife, the crowd of genteel people was so great. The preacher was Dr. Dodd, a man afterwards too well known. The unfortunate young women were in a latticed gallery, where you could only see those who chose to be seen. The preacher's text was, 'If a man look on a woman to lust after her,' &c. The text itself was shocking, and the sermon was composed with the least possible delicacy, and was a shocking insult on a sincere penitent, and fuel for the warm passions of the hypocrites. The fellow was handsome, and delivered his discourse remarkably well for a reader. When he had finished, there were unceasing

whispers of applause, which I could not help contradicting aloud, and condemning the whole institution, as well as the exhibition of the preacher, as *contra bonos mores*, and a disgrace to a Christian city."

Through singularly eventful days lived Dr. Carlyle. He was born in the year 1722. In the year 1800 he began to write this autobiography; but he did not bring it down to a lower period than 1770; the age of 48. Late in life Sir Walter Scott met him. As he died in 1805, he could not know in Scott the great enchanter of the *Waverley Novels*; but the novelist hit off a graphic portrait of him:—

"Well, the grandest demigod I ever saw was Dr. Carlyle, minister of Musselburgh, commonly called *Jupiter Carlyle*, from having sat more than once for the *King of Gods and Men* to Gavin Hamilton; and a shrewd, clever old carle was he, no doubt; but no more a poet than his precentor."

And Scott's delineation was true, although Mr. Burton, the admirably judicious editor of this autobiography, attempts to make out a case for Carlyle's possession of "the gift and faculty divine." He interested himself indeed in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," and in Southey's poems; and we must quote his criticism of Wordsworth's earlier, and then utterly despised poems, as a gem of criticism; but the reader will notice that it shows the possession of the perceptive power—the artist's eye—rather than the poet's conception or passion:—

"I must tell you, who I know will sympathise with me, that I was very much delighted indeed on the first sight of a new species of poetry, in '*The Brothers*,' and '*The Idiot Boy*,' which were pointed out to me by Carlyle Bell, as chiefly worthy of admiration. I read them with attention, and was much struck. As I call every man a philosopher who has sense and observation enough to add one fact relating either to mind or body to the mass of human knowledge, so I call every man a poet whose composition pleases at once the imagination and affects the heart. On reading '*The Brothers*,' I was surprised at first with its simplicity, or rather flatness. But when I got a little on, I found it not only raised my curiosity, but moved me into sympathy, and at last into a tender approbation of the surviving brother, who had discovered such virtuous feelings, and who, by his dignified and silent departure, approached the sublime. After being so affected, could I deny that this was poetry, however simply expressed? Nay, I go farther, and aver that, if the narration had been dressed in a more artificial style, it would hardly have moved me at all.

"When I first read '*The Idiot Boy*,' I must confess I was alarmed at the term as well as the subject, and suspected that it would not please, but disgust. But when I read on, and found that

the author had so finely selected every circumstance that could set off the mother's feelings and character, in the display of the various passions of joy and anxiety, and suspense and despair, and revived hope and returning joy, through all their changes, I lost sight of the term *Idiot*, and offered my thanks to the God of Poets for having inspired one of his sons with a new species of poetry, and for having pointed out a subject on which the author has done more to move the human heart to tenderness for the most unfortunate of our species than has ever been done before. He has not only made his *Idiot Boy* an object of pity, but even of love. He has done more, for he has restored him to his place among the household gods whom the ancients worshipped."

Surely we have said enough to show to our readers the great and varied interest of this volume. Before we lay it down, however, we will call attention to two or three other particulars.

A singular interest will attach itself to this book, as the record of the social usages and manners of the times; glimpses of Edinburgh life, of life on the Borders, of London life, of Manse life, of life in Scotland. In Edinburgh, especially, we think we have pretty accurate delineations from the master-hand of the author of "*Waverley*;" but if any readers suppose that the loose life of those days is overdrawn, let him look over these pages, and in very sober prose he will find the record of manners and customs, it is most gratifying to think, belonging entirely to a past age. No doubt, in all great cities, there is much to mend yet; but, for any respectable society, such a tavern as Lucky Vint's, and such recreations, are impossible. Hither, Lords Lovat and Grange, two old men of seventy, adjourned with young Carlyle; and the refreshments, on the whole, are anything but gratifying to our correct taste. Very curious are the accounts we hear of Lord Grange and the father of Dr. Carlyle, passing together long hours of prayer and theological discussion, and then sitting down to drunkenness. Getting tired, however, of the religious half of the entertainment, Grange would disappear altogether, and give himself up entirely to a life of debauchery with the hard drinking and dissolute livers of Edinburgh. This alternating life between prayer and pious conversation, and lewdness and immorality—"Some men are of opinion," says Dr. Carlyle, "such men could not be equally sincere in both. I am apt to think that they were, for human nature is capable of wonderful freaks. There is no doubt of their profligacy; and I have frequently seen them drowned in tears during the whole of a sacramental Sunday, when, so far as my observation could reach, they could have no rational object in acting a part. The natural casuistry of the passions grants dispensations with more facility than the Church of Rome."

Or what will our readers think of an agreeable tour young Carlyle made round the country, with his father and Mr. Robert Jardine, minister of Lochmaben. He says they were very orthodox and pious clergymen; but they had both of them a great turn for fun and buffoonery!

To heighten their merriment, they took along with them another minister, a sort of daft body, with whom they could use every sort of freedom, and who was their constant butt. Carlyle confesses, he thought the entertainment very dull; but they turned their wigs hind-side foremost, and they diverted the children and made the maids titter. Among other places, they came to Bridekirk, and here is a little picture of the domestic manners of the day:—

“The laird was gone to Dumfries, much to our disappointment; but the lady came out, and, in her excess of kindness, had almost pulled Mr. Jardine off his horse; but they were obstinate, and said they were obliged to go to Kelhead; but they delivered up Mess John Allan to her, as they had no further use for him. I had never seen such a virago as Lady Bridekirk, not even among the oyster-women of Prestonpans. She was like a serjeant of foot in women's clothes; or rather like an overgrown coachman of a Quaker persuasion. On our peremptory refusal to alight, she darted into the house like a hogshead down a slope, and returned instantly with a pint bottle of brandy—a Scots pint, I mean—and a stray beer-glass, into which she filled almost a bumper. After a long grace said by Mr. Jardine—for it was his turn now, being the third brandy-bottle we had seen since we left Lochmaben—she emptied it to our healths, and made the gentlemen follow her example: she said she would spare me as I was so young, but ordered a maid to bring a gingerbread cake from the cupboard, a luncheon of which she put in my pocket. This lady was famous, even in the Annandale border, both at the bowl and in battle: she could drink a Scots pint of brandy with ease; and when the men grew obstreperous in their cups, she could either put them out of doors, or to bed, as she found most convenient.”

We do not remember that there is much exception taken to these practices of Scotchmen; but, remarking upon the bad wine he was so unfortunate as to find at Harrowgate, Dr. Carlyle says—“John Bull has little taste, and does not much care, for, provided he goes to bed muzzy, whether it be with his own native drink, ale, or unsophisticated port, he is perfectly contented.” We don't doubt the truth of the statement, so far as John was concerned; but, certainly, “going to bed muzzy,” was even still more necessary to Sandy.

And mentioning Harrowgate, what a glimpse we catch of the life of the 'times at English watering-places. Our Doctor records two visits there in 1763; and some few years later, he stayed at the Dragon Inn. Harrowgate, at that time, was a very pleasant place, and so, indeed, it is now; but then it furnished the best entertainment of any watering-place in Britain at the least expense.

“The house we were at was not only frequented by the Scotch at this time, but was the favourite house of the English nobility and

gentry. Breakfast cost gentlemen only 2d. a-piece for their muffins, as it was the fashion for ladies to furnish tea and sugar ; dinner, 1s. ; supper, 6d. ; chambers, nothing ; wine and other extras at the usual price, and as little as you please ; horses and servants at a reasonable rate. We had two haunches of venison twice a week during the season. The ladies gave afternoon's tea and coffee in their turn, which, coming but once in four or five weeks, amounted to a trifle. The estates of the people at our table did not amount to less than £50,000 or £60,000 per annum, among whom were several members of Parliament ; and they had not had the precaution to order one newspaper among them all, though the time was critical ; but Andrew Millar, the celebrated bookseller, supplied that defect, for he had two papers sent to him by every post, so that all the baronets and great squires—your Sir Thomas Claverings, and Sir Harry Grays, and Drummond of Blairdrummond—depended upon and paid him civility accordingly ; and yet when he appeared in the morning, in his old well-worn suit of clothes, they could not help calling him Peter Pamphlet ; for the generous patron of Scotch authors, with his city wife and her niece, were sufficiently ridiculous when they came into good company. It was observed, however, that she did not allow him to go down to the well with her in the chariot in his morning dress, though she owned him at dinner-time, as he had to pay the extraordinaries."

Before we lay down the volume, we must notice the singular absence of all feeling of regard or reverence for the sacred office he held, evinced in this Autobiography of Dr. Carlyle. At the time he wrote this book he was an octogenarian ; but there is not one thought or expression of reverential love or homage to the Providence which had spared his life—acknowledgment of the love, and mercy, and sacrifice of a Redeemer, never, by any remote possibility of suggestion or association, crosses a page. It is shocking to think that the book really shows far less faith than that of a pagan, far more indifference, even, than that of a sceptic. David Hume heard him preach in Athelstaneford church for John Horne : when they met before dinner, "What did you mean ?" said the sceptic to the clergyman, "by treating John's congregation to-day to one of Cicero's Academics ? I did not think that such heathen morality would have passed in East Lothian." Carlyle puts it down as an instance of David's good-natured pleasantry ; we rather see in it a piece of well-merited satire and reproof. The Kirk of Scotland had three classes of clergymen—the Mods, or Moderate Party, the Mids, and the Mad. Carlyle belonged to the Mods ; and surely, if he is a representative man, as no doubt he may be regarded, a graceless race they were. We have seen something of the bibulous capacity of the holy and orthodox ministers in the account of the bouse above. At a later period, Carlyle was cited before the Presbytery for his love of theatres ; "and for that he did, without necessity, keep company and eat and drink with actors and actresses." We fear he belonged to the number who fell beneath the heavy ob-

jurgations of Douce Davie Deanes : "I ken them weel ; they are a' carnal, crafty, and warld-hunting self-seekers, Yerastitians, and Armenians—every ane o' them. It is but a fashion of integrity that ye will find amang them, and a fashion o' wisdom and a fashion o' carnal learning ; gazing glancing glasses they are, fit only to fling the glacks in folk's e'en, in their pawky policy and periods of eloquence frae heathen emperors and popish canons." A curious illustration of the pulpit morality of the times is furnished in the history of the sermon borrowed by George Logan from Carlyle to preach before the Presbytery !

But we must close this volume of delightful reading. Whatever lessons it may teach—whatever illustrations it may give of personal or social character, there can be no doubt about the interest of the book. It is written with a hard, concise brevity—only once does the writer's pen approach tenderness, and then the picture is touching and perfect. It is when he records the death of his wife, a year and a half before his own. This is, however, not in the Autobiography, but in the supplementary chapter ; he says :—"She composed her features into the most placid appearance, gave me her last kiss, and then gently going out like a taper in its socket, breathed her last. No finer spirit ever took its flight from a clay tabernacle to be united with the Father of all and the spirits of the just."

Our readers will procure this book, and go through its pages for themselves. While they admire its power of graphic delineation of person and of character, and are interested in the traditional veil which it at once lifts, and with which it interests the reader, we have no doubt all with us will rejoice, that with all our social sins and defects of ministerial character, we may congratulate our age upon the possession of something purer and more earnest than that described by, or embodied in, the "Autobiography of Jupiter Carlyle."

V.

POETRY OF THE MONTH.*

WE have here two very different volumes of poetry ; each, in its way, containing many beauties, but springing from a very different soil. Mr. Bennett's volume is born of a reverent and loving spirit, enjoying the world, and especially the social affections of the English fireside. Miss Proctor's volume, on the contrary, contains, we believe, not one piece which can truly be called cheerful ; there is an elegiac strain through all, sadness and disappointment. Readers of her previous volume will be prepared to expect this ; but we fear we must say that the present has also a morbid taint, as if sorrows had not only been felt, but hugged to the heart too closely, we dare not say simulated. We have here, however, many thoughts, the production of suffering, and the feeling is usually very tender, and frequently touchingly so. This is always dangerously near to the sentimental, and we fear we must say, again, Miss Proctor has not entirely escaped the taint.

More, too, than the previous volume, this bears the trace of Mrs. Browning's influence upon the heart and mind of the author. Her turns of thought often meet us. We think we miss a certain freshness and buoyancy of heart in these verses. We seem to be listening to the confession of a nun ; but then if the nun never goes beyond her convent, her cell, her church, and the grate of her confessional, and still persists in revolving the old story—the old disappointment—let her vary the tale as she will, and add to it all her meditations upon it, it will become a very irksome confession. Nay, she perhaps begins to idealise mentally, while yet she keeps only her walk beneath the lime tree's shade, and thus inevitably sentiment will take the place of reality. A sorrow which might have had divine uses settles down upon the lees of mere selfishness. From the poem called "Light and Shade," we infer that Mrs. Browning's "Vision of Poets" is not strange to Miss Proctor. Will she pardon us if we say, that a right perception of its doctrine might strengthen the teaching of her own verse. But having said so much, we may with pleasure confess that many of the pieces have been read with enjoyment. The poems as a whole flow along like a stream, with a quiet murmur—greeting as it goes, unable to move very rapidly—deep, and not always clear. Yet these poems cannot be said to sound the depths of the human heart ; they rather express some of its very common feelings. Common sorrows and ordinary reverses of the soul are turned into a solemn hymn, like music, sometimes a story and sometimes a homily. This is

* Legends and Lyrics. A Book of Verses: By Adelaide Anne Proctor Second Volume. London: Bell and Daldy, 186 Fleet-street.

II. The Worn Wedding Ring, and other Poems. By W. C. Bennett. London Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly.

just the point, however, in which we doubt the perfectness of the impression. Has Miss Proctor really found life to be dressed in such a suit of sables? The great inspiration of the song is ever woe and resignation; very plaintive is the note frequently, but it is still one long-continued wail of a heart knowing its own bitterness. Here, for instance, is a very pretty little thing called

EXPECTATION.

The King's three daughters stood on the terrace,
The hanging terrace, so broad and green,
Which keeps the sea from the marble Palace,
There was Princess May, and Princess Alice,
And the youngest Princess, Gwendoline.

Sighed Princess May, "Will it last much longer,
Time throbs so slow, and my heart so quick;
And oh, how long is the day in dying;
Weary am I of waiting and sighing,
For Hope deferred makes the spirit sick."

But Princess Gwendoline smiled and kissed her:—
"Am I not sadder than you, my sister?
Expecting joy is a happy pain.
The Future's fathomless mine of treasures,
All countless hordes of possible pleasures,
Might bring their store to my feet in vain."

Sighed Princess Alice as night grew nearer:—
"So soon, so soon, is the daylight fled!
And oh, how fast comes the dark to-morrow,
Who hides, perhaps, in her veil of sorrow,
The terrible hour I wait and dread!"

But Princess Gwendoline kissed her, sighing,—
"It is only Life that can fear dying;
Possible loss means possible gain.
Those who still dread are not quite forsaken;
But not to fear, because all is taken,
Is the loneliest depth of human pain."

But to one gifted and graced as is the writer of these verses, it would be impossible for any disappointment to come alone. The sternest sadness of life to the Christian heart is accompanied by Hope. We could wish, and we sincerely say it, that Miss Proctor had, in her poems, spoken more of the Forerunner—of "that within the veil"—for, we have no doubt, that to her mind these do solve the problem of suffering, while they give resolve also to the heart of the sufferer. The vainest egotism in the world is to dwell merely upon the delineation of our own woes; but to describe them to others, that they may see at once the depth of them and realise the method of our extrication, such confession becomes Divine ministration. Such confessions differ as widely as those of the self-torturing sophist, Rousseau, and those of the great father of the Church—Augustine. In

Miss Proctor's poems there is much that is confession, and much that readers who are able to receive it will find to be ministration. But, with this also, there is a touch of the bitterness and unbelief, and of faithlessness in life.

Miss Proctor's and Mr. Bennett's volumes reached us at the same moment, but a greater difference cannot be well conceived than between the two. Mr. Bennett's verses are well known by us, and we have before now said our hearty commendatory word upon them; they are the productions of a happy, cheerful nature, to whom life has brought all its best things, and taken few away. His verses, so flowing along like a merry brook, occasionally detained, it may be, for a few moments, and compelled to wear upon its wavelets a deeper shadow from some overhanging tree, or brooding village, or darker bay, but hastening on again, as fast as possible, into the open space, the sunshine, and the buoyant air and light; a hearty appreciation of all graceful and beautiful things—not merely the cold critical eye to perceive, but the heart to feel beauty as well—for whom travel has done a little, and books more. Happy husband, happy father, lively and free, in his, no doubt, happy home, and with no disposition to see the dark things of life, and therefore no power to interrogate them. We do not think that this volume will add to Mr. Bennett's reputation; certainly, it will not diminish it. We have no baby poetry here; and Mr. Bennett is the acknowledged and crowned laureate of babies. We may suppose that Mr. Bennett writes poetry for amusement, and he certainly possesses the power to confer pleasure; but he might do, we think, higher and better things than he has yet done. We do not depreciate his performances; but they mostly rather reveal power to do better things. He has a fine eye for nature—lines of very graphic description—description which shows heart-work and artist-work are here. He has, also, a fine eye for art; he has, also, which in these days is a more rare faculty, reverence before noble men and teachers—he rather stands in homage than in impertinent unbelief—all these are indications of power to do more than he has done. Sometimes, we think, we find in him the power to be awed, and to awaken awe. In the verses "By the Sea," there is much that reminds us of Byron; but, no doubt, Mr. Bennett felt all he says—

Thy fellows are the eternal air,
 The might of storms—the stars—the night,
 The winds thy wastes of waves that tear,
 The sun, and the great joy of light.
 These share thy life; these, but the nod
 Of Him thou tremblest at, obey;
 These tell with thee the power of God;
 His ministers, with thee, are they.

Awful art thou when thou dost lie,
 Sun-tawny, crouch'd upon thy sands,
 Breathing the stillness of the sky,
 Fawning upon the trembling lands;

Then, from thy couchant vastness, man
 Such dumb and wondering terror drinks,
 As through Thebes, hush'd and ashen, ran,
 Gazing upon the breathing Sphynx.

But, when beneath the awful skies,
 Storm-darken'd, in thy chainless might,
 White with wild wrath, thou dost arise,
 How are men scattered in thy sight!
 Then woe to those, the things of breath,
 Mortals by whom thy depths are trod:
 Thou giv'st them and their vaunts to death:
 They know thee for the scourge of God.

Dust of the dust, we come—we pass,
 But fleeting shadows, of time born,
 By time devour'd, shades thou dost glass
 In thy eternity—thy scorn.
 Earth changes; ages are not; thou
 Wert, art, and still shall be the same,
 Vast, boundless, changeless, endless now
 As when light first upon thee came.

And still, as when through brooding night
 The first grey sunrise heard thee raise
 Thy thundrous hymn, through gloom, through light,
 On high goes up thy voice of praise.
 Thou symbol of thy Maker's power,
 Thou giv'st to man's eyes, faint and dim,
 His might—His majesty; each hour,
 In calm, in storm, thou speak'st of Him.

We are the playmates of thy waves,
 Rock'd into greatness on thy breast;
 Thou giv'st us all things—riches, graves,
 Conquests, and all thy wild unrest.
 We feel thy salt spray in our veins,
 Thy tameless spirit in our souls;
 Through the free thoughts of our free brains,
 Through our free speech thy thunder rolls.

Yet thou art death's; thou, too, shalt be
 Its prey, with earth and time, at last.
 We die to live; the heavens shall see
 Thy end; thou, too, shalt join the past
 Greater. O Sea, are we than thou:
 I, when thy mighty life is o'er,
 I, deathless, then shall be as now.
 Immortal, when thou art no more

The "Worn Wedding Ring" is very prettily and tenderly said. We quote only a verse or two—

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
 Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er me and you;
 And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too,
 Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
 When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
 Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,
 That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—young voices that are here,
 Young faces round our fire, that make their mother's yet more dear,
 Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you,
 More like thy loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, bless'd be God! all He has given are with us yet; around
 Our table, every precious life, lent to us, still is found;
 Though care we've known, with hopeful hearts, the worst we've struggled through;
 Bless'd be His name for all His love since this old ring was new!

But, after reading these pleasant verses of a cheerful soul, successful and bearing no traces of world-disappointment, Miss Proctor's volume awards us a still more touching expression of sadness. Of all the things which make Mr. Bennett's book bright and cheerful, perhaps not one is to be found in its companion. No rapture before nature, no descriptive touches of art; but far better, there is "the evidence of things not seen,"—the endurance which abides for that which shall be.

WE must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love for life is only given,
 And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in heaven:—
 Oh, Love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a creed.

True that this earth must pass away, with all the starry worlds of light,
 With all the glory of the day, and calmer tenderness of night;
 For, in that radiant home can shine alone the immortal and divine.

Earth's lower things—her pride, her fame, her science, learning, wealth, and power—
 Slow growths that through long ages came, or fruits of some convulsive hour,
 Whose very memory must decay—Heaven is too pure for such as they.

They are complete: their work is done. So let them sleep in endless rest.
 Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully blest;
 It has no room to spread its wings, amid this crowd of meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below,
 The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe,
 Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that it shall rise again.

If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we should not know
 What was our Life of Life when here—the hearts we loved so much below;
 I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.

But love is no such soulless clod: living, perfected, it shall rise
 Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies:
 And that which makes this life so sweet, shall render Heaven's joy complete.

In the same spirit of suffering and enduring effort for the life to come, runs the poem called "Maximus"—

MANY, if God should make them kings,
Might not disgrace the throne He gave ;
How few who could as well fulfil
The holier office of a slave.

I hold him great who, for love's sake,
Can give, with generous, earnest will,—
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I prize the instinct that can turn
From vain pretence with proud disdain ;
Yet more I prize a simple heart
Paying credulity with pain.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives ;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly steadfast heart ;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success ;
He who knows how to fail has won
A Crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway ;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the Martyr's crown of light—
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater Conqueror in His sight.

With one more quotation, entitled "A Lost Chord," we close our extracts from this beautiful volume, full of sweet things for sympathising health and gladness, to read by the fireside, or sick-bed of sorrow and suffering.

SEATED one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then ;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
 Like love overcoming strife;
 It seemed the harmonious echo
 From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
 Into one perfect peace,
 And trembled away into silence,
 As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
 That one lost chord divine,
 That came from the soul of the Organ,
 And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
 Will speak in that chord again,
 It may be that only in Heaven
 I shall hear that grand Amen.

VI.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, AND REVIEWERS.*

"I THINK Crab, my dog, be the sourest natured dog that lives," says Launcelot, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." We hope that this is not a suitable character for reviewers in general; but it certainly is for the *Saturday Review* in particular. Reviewers have been guilty of some grim business in their day, but never was there such a Draco of a fellow as this; a perfect Fee-fo-fum in the craft. Often have we said, "has this fellow no feeling of his business?" No doubt a lofty aim nerves the hand which holds the knife for scalping, or the spade for digging a grave for a reputation. But sometimes, almost with tears, we could have besought the stern reviewers to "do their spiriting a little more gently." The judge does not joke when he puts on the black cap. We would have fain implored our Three-fingered Jack, in the midst of the agonies he was compelled to inflict, to remember that mercy is beautiful alike in gods and men. Alas, we know that such entreaty would be all in vain, and more than Roman inflexibility would forbid the concession to tenderness.

Our readers must have heard of Attic salt. But ah! did they ever hear of Attic mustard? Well, the real thing is to be met with in the *Saturday Review*—that's the firm for Attic mustard—

Attic mustard and pepper; indeed, the able Editor must be a kind of Attic cruet—a cruet where all the condiments may be found: pepper, mustard, vinegar, and salt; all things, minus the oil and the sugar. Sweet things, and soothing things, are an abomination to the able Editor; savoury pungency, rather than confectionary, is in his line. *Force, force*,—this is what, like all great men, the able Editor cultivates. Indeed, it is a very well authenticated fact, that in order to the production of any one of these papers, the Editor calls a committee of the castors and the cruet; thus they all meet together like a committee of high-seasoned pundits, while the Editor calls on vinegar or pepper, as the case may be, to impart of his peculiar seasoning to the article. It must be admitted, that all the pungencies are mixed here very proportionably. Not that usually there is any meat for the seasoning; it is seasoning, and nothing more, in which, very unpleasantly, the able Editor will have, over all other tastes, the taste of *mustard*.

And the able Editor, who is he? Is Tom Sayers in orders? Is there a Rev. Thomas Sayers, M.A., Oxon.? There is in the thing much of the spirit of that illustrious and gifted man; those eulogies upon him, and that distinguished battle.* They seemed

* The *Saturday Review* was one of the most interested defenders of the disgraceful prize-fight. These are some of its opinions:—

“That Sayers should have fought so long and so beautifully as he did is the greatest triumph of the art of which he has been the worthy chief; and it is a proof, which his countrymen will not soon forget, that he possesses, in the fullest measure, all those qualities which, in more deadly conflicts, have shed imperishable glory on his country's arms. We might say much, if it were necessary, in defence of prize-fighting, but we will content ourselves with saying this—that when British soldiers cease to feel the interest they showed in this famous battle, they will forfeit at the same time their character for unrivalled prowess. And an equal tribute of praise and admiration is surely due to the gallant spirit which brought Heenan across the ocean and sustained him until he fully learned the scope of his own tremendous powers. But who, let us ask, is Heenan? He was born of Irish parents in America. The blood which flows in his veins is that which has been poured so freely on every battle-field where the armies of the Queen have triumphed. Indeed, the difference between the rivals is only this—the parents of both were Irish, but the one couple migrated to England, and the other to the United States. Sayers and Heenan in the prize-ring, and Marshals M'Mahon and O'Donnell at the head of armies, appear to have derived their pugnacity from the same prolific soil. Not that we would attempt to rob America of any portion of the honour won for her in this splendid contest. Sayers most amply justified the confidence which his countrymen reposed in him. A more accomplished, enduring and courageous boxer never wore the belt of champion. We trust the combatants and their friends will feel that enough has been done and suffered for the honour of the men and of the countries which gave them birth.”—*Saturday Review*, April 21, 1860. Art., “The Fight for the Championship.”

And here, the previous week, is another gem of enlightened morality, biblical criticism, and hortatory remark:—

to us, to proceed from too partial a pen. We said, instinctively, the hand of a relation is here, if not the great Sayers himself. Funny fellow, how he pats his pets on the back, or squares and bullies at his foes; indeed, it must be confessed, a classical Tom Sayers—but still Tom Sayers. Can our readers inform us, was Tom Sayers ever at Oxford? for Oxford has known strange fellows in its time. And here we have one who is quite disposed to carry the fast life of Oxford into the editorial columns; and the bully shakes hands with the scholar; and a knowledge of Greek is not only supposed to be a very pretty and sufficient set-off for ignorance of everything belonging to the world of common sense, but a very necessary language to swear in; indeed, if we may say so, of so able a paper, is it not true, that we may find in its columns some fine illustrations of pot-house oratory, and also pedantic ignorance?

And yet, in the midst of it all, the creature is droll; oh! very droll. It believes in itself, after a fashion; not in any sacred sort of way. Indeed, sanctity of any sort and our Review would be a queer kind of marriage, Harlequin and Niobe. But the drollery of the creature is mainly to be found in this—its aim to be an universal utterance upon all things; and especially, among others, religious things and affairs. Sometimes it talks so piously

“In a country where it is known that honour and property are only safe so long as its citizens are ready to fight in their defence, the nature which loves fighting for its own sake will always command respect. A man like Tom Sayers, who left his business as a bricklayer from mere devotion to boxing, possesses, we may say, a character which, in proportion as it prevails among Englishmen, will make this country feared abroad and safe at home. We hope and believe that there are many thousands like him in strength and spirit, but sticking to their business, whatever it be, steadily, and yet ready for a fight with any one who may think fit to challenge them, and looking upon the use of arms, not as a disagreeable duty, but as a pleasant interlude in the daily routine of life.

“It may surprise some persons, but it is nevertheless true, that Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy furnish at the present moment an example which deserves to be generally imitated. For *what, let us ask, is the course of training which these champions must undergo at their country quarters during the weeks which precede the fight?* The first principle necessary to be observed is ‘to keep the body in temperance, soberness, and chastity.’ Indeed, the leading rules which guide the judicious trainer might almost all be found in the *New Testament*. ‘*To keep under the body, and bring it into subjection,*’ is a precept of which no one knows the value better than the successful prize-fighter. The maxim, ‘so run that ye may obtain,’ is frequently forgotten by the candidates for literary and scientific and forensic eminence, but never by the aspirant to the honour of the champion’s belt. The boxer knows that he is nothing without training, and accordingly he trains diligently. But, as the *Oracle of the Ring* puts it, ‘the mass of mankind who indulge in excesses of every kind—in too much eating, drinking sleep, sloth, smoking, &c.—would go through the task of life, would discharge their respective duties much better, far quicker, and with vastly greater ease to themselves, did they submit to training.’”

you could almost imagine that the thing had left off being a mere jackanapes; till, lo! while you are admiring a sort of sacramental fervour, it turns to, ready for anything, a dish of the peculiarly high-flavoured English from Billingsgate, or impudence of a Gascon, or a flunkey. Yes, in fact, this is a very droll deliverance in our age. True, some things are blasphemous and horrible enough; for instance, the wish (to which we may refer presently) for a renewed exhibition of Baal worship in England, in preference to more Christian forms of devotion not connected with Church of Englandism.

It would be a curious and instructive study, if possibly one could get at the religion of our able Editor. We are not inclined to be very impertinent or intrusive into the sanctuary of a man's private opinions; but when he becomes troublesome, and makes a bluster about the bad conduct of other people's houses, one is much inclined to say, "Well, brother, let us look at yours." Now, our able Editor would describe his religion best certainly by negations—there are so many things he *isn't*; but it would be difficult to find one he *is*. A good deal of the sophist appears. Keep some Oxfordisms out of sight, and he most likely would tell you there is very much to be said on both sides of the question. Sometimes, we really don't know whether we are reading the prelections of an atheist playing at Puseyism, or a Puseyite confounded into atheism. But we may defy any reader to escape from the conviction that the paper not only represents one, but both. A somewhat too much maligned contemporary has baptised it the "Saturday Sadducee." It is very true. Manufacturing its wooden god and paper deity, and then writing bitter leaders, because some people won't worship before the hopeful shekinah it sets up in the temple of its *very* peculiar people. Indeed, it does not aim to be English, but Oxfordish; and so far as Oxford is concerned, it aims to please everybody; always promising that everybody is High Church. Having no particular conscience, it has a good word to say for the broadest-of-the-broad Church party; and it is not wanting in a word, now and then, of encouraging approbation for Bryan King—a valuable and necessary man for some emergencies. It is not wanting in liberality to any man of the proper High Church school. He may be doubtful in his doctrine or in his discipline; that matters very little. The great aim indeed of the "Slippery Saturday"—as some person, rather irreverently, called it one day in our hearing—is to keep within the Church all things quiet, snug, and comfortable. Nothing provokes the able Editor's ire more, than any little reasonable attempt to reform some of the usages of the Church of England.

"We confess that it would be scarcely worth the trouble of a fight to urge claims to the *status* of an Establishment on behalf of a clergy whose bishops had no Greek, and whose deans and rectors were of the Close and Curling type—Mr. Curling, who recently raved at a public meeting convened in a church at Southwark to 'sympathise with the members of St. George's-in-the-East.' But whatever people may think of chants and copes, we are not going to pull them down to put Little Bethel in their stead. A Tower Hamletized Church would be something more serious and more lasting than even Mr. Bryan King's unwise experiments in chasubles. And we are glad to observe the growth, large as rapid, of a feeling that the Establishment is seriously menaced by an interest to which we are not disposed to give influence in a wider sphere than it already holds. We have not the slightest objection to Bethesda and Dr. Watts' Hymns for those who like them, but we have the strongest dread of those who are the representatives of Ebenezer being the dominant representatives, and the sole teachers of us, our wives, and children." *

A queer illustration the *Saturday Review* gives of the "woe to the man by whom the offence cometh," in reference to the St. George's-in-the-East riots:—"It is a fact that Mr. King did most of the things, which are now so offensive, for several years without let or hindrance, until he happened to get embroiled with Mr. Hugh Allen. The *post hoc* may not be the *propter hoc*, but Mr. Allen has to account to all the right feeling of England for the fact that the St. George's-in-the-East riots and his election to a lectureship so accurately synchronise!" Poor Hugh Allen! England and London would have known nothing of chasubles and copes but for his atrocious interference. He has sadly disturbed poor old Mother.

An illustration of the way in which all attempts at Reform within the Church are met by the *Saturday Review*, is its treatment of Lord Ebury's motion for the amendment of the Prayer Book:—

"If people do not like the Prayer Book, they are not compelled to listen to it, or to join in it—if they do like it, neither Lord Ebury nor the 480 clergymen who pull his strings have a right to deprive them of it. The 480 clergymen may follow the example of the Norwich dignitary, who took fifty years to screw his courage to the sticking-place, and to throw away at last the orange which he had squeezed for half a century; and the long and the short of it is, that it is a question to be settled on pure Benthamite principles. As 480 are to 10,000, so is the Royal Commission to the *status in quo*. Those who don't like it may leave it; and with those who do like it we have

* *Saturday Review*, March 10, 1860. Art., "The Church Establishment."

no right to interfere. If 10,000 clergy wanted a new Prayer Book, they would not need Lord Ebury's help ; and as they do not require a new church, they must be only set down with that numerous class who know, if not when they are well off, at least what they are stupid enough to be content with. We should recommend to Lord Ebury to go on his way, like many other Reformers, pitying the poor imbecile bigots who don't know their own interests or their own tastes ; and as time seems to hang wearily on his hands, we would advise him to construct a Reformed Ritual for his own household, or to build a chapel, which there is no law on earth to prevent, and he can then hire a Levite who may be contented to shut the Prayer Book when the boys, home for the holidays, begin to gape."*

Can't ye let mother alone, and go away? Cool enough and impudent. All this, and something like it, is frequently alleged ; but our friends should remember that the Prayer Book is a national institution. The Church is founded on the Prayer Book. Every Englishman, therefore, Churchman or Dissenter, is right in *seeking* any such modification of its views or expressions, as may make his position in the Church more pleasant and conscientious if there, or enable him to return to it if he has left it.

For some remarkable things the *Saturday Review* has said, some good words, in the period of its brief existence. There is a custom, much more general in its operation than many dwellers in our large towns are aware of, the refusing to let a farm to any farmer who shall dare to attend a meeting-house of any description. We ourselves lived in the next village for many years, to one, where this time-honoured usage obtained. Its rector-landlord exacted from every tenant—the farmers in writing, the labourers in verbal promise—that they should attend the parish church. In some villages we have known, the custom is still more binding, prohibiting even any prayers to be read in the farm when the persons present shall exceed a certain number. In Wales last year, a Miss Morrice, a lady of considerable estate in Cardiganshire, made herself conspicuous by her tyranny in this particular. Our friend had a remarkable deliverance on this occasion—it is worth while referring to that article;† it is a precious specimen of casuistry. As to "conscience," with its accustomed sneering daring, it soon gets rid of any difficulty growing out of that matter. "This unhappy word 'conscience,' as everybody knows, only means in practice everybody's own view ;" and then Miss Morrice finds in the *Saturday Review* an able defender:—"We presume it is not intended to say that

* See *Saturday Review*, Lord Ebury's Motion. 1870.

† *Saturday Review*, Oct. 6, 1860, No. 258, Article—Religious Intolerance.

Miss Morrice ought to be compelled by Act of Parliament to take Ranters and Jumpers for her tenants. Had Miss Morrice and ~~her~~ clerical friend only kept their own counsel, and quietly evicted the Calvinistic Baptists and the Sanballats of Cardiganshire, nobody would have been a bit the wiser! To compel Miss Morrice to take or keep any tenants would be in itself persecution. If Miss Morrice is to be held up to anything but ridicule for her freaks, we must say that an Act of Parliament ought to be passed to suppress the present practice of the congregation of Rehoboth Chapel dealing for their groceries and flour with the elders of that respectable and conscientious society." But this is just a loophole through which we get a little light upon the worn-out traditions about acting up to, or according to the light of, convictions from time to time; we do get some information through these *Saturday* columns, giving to us the latest upon this desultory talk; and from this it does appear, plainly enough, that the most ridiculous of all talk is that about the immutability of morality. To *Saturday* Reviewers it is clear that morality is, after all, only expediency, convenience. Civilization is average respectability

Great is the ire of the *Saturday Review* against Mr. Spurgeon; indeed, he is to them their standing topic for a leader when topics are few. The invention of the able Editor is considerable; but take away John Bright from the first half of their columns during the last year, and Mr. Spurgeon from the second, and he would have to exercise some additional ingenuity in looking about for subjects. Mr. Spurgeon is so well able to justify himself on all occasions, that we need put ourselves to no degree of exertion to become his apologists. We only refer to the matter for pointing the contrast—what eulogies are heaped upon that wondrous fane, St. Margaret's, on which art and architectural taste have lavished their thousands; high rank, and wealth and fashion, their large sums; that sentimental religionists to the number of a few hundreds, may be charmed; for the immense Metropolitan Tabernacle, where all the strong, rugged souls of Englishmen and English women go to learn the way of eternal life more perfectly, the able editor has only article upon article expressive of his scorn. Let the reader also notice, that with all the scorn, some envy also is mixed, giving very considerable flavour to the articles. True, there is great desire to bring into contempt the voluntary system. Very shocking, thinks the able Editor, all this pleasing the people—this speaking to their tastes. Well, it might be replied, that it is certainly more amiable than speaking by the policeman, or by the soldier, which all Church of Englandism ultimately means. But the true reply, perhaps, is, that because the Church of the *Saturday* Reviewers has no interest in answering to the multitudes

the questions they would propose touching another world, it does not therefore follow that no answer should be attempted, meeting the mental and moral mind of the questioners. The rising of St. Margaret's and the Metropolitan Tabernacle at the same moment, is significant. We are not, like the Reviewers, about to satirise, or object to the taste which rears St. Margaret's, but if the majesty of a temple is to be proportioned to the multitudes that reared it, and the multitude finding within it their life, and truth, and way, we vote for St. Spurgeon's even before St. Margaret's. We condescend a little in noticing this. We may say in passing, we do not belong to the section of the Church of which Mr. Spurgeon is a minister; we know, indeed, something of the Rehoboths and Little Bethels, and Ebenezers, on which the *Saturday Reviewer* is so lavish with his ridicule and contempt, and he knows them as well as we know them. It would be a waste of paper to inform the able Editor that those Little Bethels are scattered over the whole land in villages and towns, each building costing from one to thirty thousand pounds—Mr. Baines's little Ebenezer, at which he flings his "dead wut," cost some ten thousand pounds. But all this is trivial talk; and there are those near to him, who could inform him, even of these things, better than we can. When men publicly abjure the possession of so troublesome a moral commodity as conscience, or conviction, all words are vanity; and yet one might suppose that even upon this pachydermatous astuteness it might come with the force of some sentiment akin to the sublime, the knowledge that all these buildings have risen by pence and pounds, freely given without one Government grant, or one Royal letter, or one Church-rate. The Church of England, indeed, in our age has done nobly, too, but only when she too has become a voluntary. Could the Church of England possibly be faithful to the doctrines of *Saturday Reviewers*—faithful merely to its own Articles, it would itself be dwarfed back to the stunted and withered life of the last age, before it began to tread in the ways of Nonconformists; and if the Churches were called neither by the names of Rehoboth, Little Bethel, or Ebenezer—none of which, perhaps, they could in that case deserve—well might they be denominated, such refuges as they would then have become, Caves of Adullam.

But why this hostility to Spurgeonism—this word is the Reviewer's own coining—and this hostility to all large concourses assembled together to hear preaching? The services in the theatres are reprobated again and again, as an unmixed calamity; but the services in Exeter Hall, and St. James's Hall—even those in the Abbey and in St. Paul's—it is hinted are almost equally calamitous;—but why? it may be asked. The gathering of multitudes together to

hear, has not been in Catholic countries, even, regarded thus. Our Reviewer opens the secret in a significant sentence, in which sympathy is expressed with Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Maurice, because they alike seem to maintain that religion cannot be apprehended by the common sense of mankind, or the people in general. Of course, we need not to inform our readers that all belief in the Holy Spirit, as guiding into truth, would be treated as a mere delusion and dream. This is singular, indeed, from men whose only conception of religion would seem to be the merest sensationalism—genuine disciples of that delusion which Wordsworth so indignantly condemned when he said—

“Great God, I’d rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.”

In a number of passages, the outlook for man is one of mere despair. To these we may revert again presently: meantime, we believe we do no injustice to this Paper, which we may call the representation of the Theology of the Oxford Essays and Reviews, when we say that its teaching is, on the whole, that religion—certainly subjective, experimental religion—is impossible for the uncultivated and illiterate man. It is a very old teaching brought nearer home. That which, no doubt, was felt by the Humes, and Shaftesburys, and Voltaires of the last age is felt and taught now by those who profess to represent the religious life of a section—and that a very important section—of the community. Hence, the absurdity of all your appeals to the working classes; your talk to them about religion. Why, what avails it all? Their outer senses are uncultivated; they cannot convey any great generalizations to the mind; the race has no “*communis sensus*,” no sense beneath the senses by which it apprehends: and the idea of Divine aid—why, that is the raving of man in his delirium. Religion must be done outside of the man. Spurgeons, Exeter Hall assemblings, theatre preachings—all this is mere madness; it originates in madness, in those who first set the miserable ball rolling; and it ends in madness, in those who become the subjects of insane excitement—simply and only wrought upon by the senses. It is all fitting food for fun. Sometimes, indeed, the able Editor becomes rabid, and foams. Never accustomed to the exercise of much courtesy, at these times it goes altogether, and his language becomes the froth and the foam he condescends to: as was said of Jeffreys, the judge, “he goes along his way like Hannibal over the Alps, with vinegar and fire.” At other times, his language is droll and pitiable; when it reaches these periods,

it is not only contemptible, it is horrible. Here, for instance, we have a choice specimen of our Reviewer's manner, delivering himself upon the question of revivals, and especially upon a well-known occasion lately at Exeter Hall:—

“Baal's religion is quite as good as this, and better, too, because it is not an offence against the light. Wherever there is a grovelling superstition on the earth, wherever there is an unclean and devilish tyranny, it is not so bad as the religion enthroned at a revival meeting in Exeter Hall. Who is responsible for these excesses they best know who, whether in Ireland or in England, lend the sanction of authority, or connivance, to revivalism and special services in theatres. In any other country than this, such a scene as that of last Sunday would be a matter for police. Where the Cancan is not prohibited, those pious orgies and solemn hymns would scarcely be permitted; but, under Sir George Lewis's estimate of religion, an outrage either on public peace or public decency, if it pretends to a Gospel sanction, claims the right of sanctuary. All that we now want is to import other Oriental rites into the *culti* of revivalism. We have got the howling and dancing Dervish, we only want devotees to cut themselves with knives and lancets, and to fling themselves under the wheels of Lord Shaftesbury's carriage; while the Traviatas of the midnight meetings will be quite ready to revive the worship of Ashtaroth or Baal Peor at a moment's notice.”*

The full enunciation of these views extends, of course, over the whole paper; but there are two or three articles, in which the whole chemistry of the thing is contained. Several things have provoked our friends; among others, India and the Indian missionaries. A peculiarity of this wondrous Review is, that it cannot even praise gracefully: it always praises with a reserve, and a but. This is illustrated in its words about the first Baptist missionary; but, more especially, it reveals what we must call its hatred to Christianity, and to the propagation of Christian truth by the missionary, in subsequent articles. On every occasion, some degree of contempt is shown for the truly great Sir John Lawrence; and Lord Canning, the very height and type of a political Lilliputian, is extravagantly praised for his neutrality in refusing to sanction missionary preaching. And very curious the arguments are, too; precisely those which we should suppose would be urged against a State Church in England, are used to put down missionary preaching in India:—

“In such a state of things, it certainly does seem immeasurably undesirable that the State should undertake to commit itself to theo-

* *Saturday Review*, 267. Art. “Revivalism.”

logical propositions, the extent of which would only be equalled by their vagueness. To attempt to profess a religion without professing a creed, is an absurdity. If the English Government in India were to inform the people of India that Christianity was true, without informing them whether it meant Roman Catholic Christianity, Church of England Christianity, Greek Christianity, Baptist Christianity, or Unitarian Christianity, it would publish nothing more nor less than an unmeaning platitude. To do justice to those who are most earnest upon the subject, their proposal is not so vague as this. It has the merit of being definite enough ; for it virtually consists in proposing that the Government should hold out to the natives of India the authorized version of the Bible as an ultimate, infallible, and sufficient exposition of their own views. The proposal, though ostensibly reasonable, is essentially monstrous. In the first place, this is not the doctrine of any Christian Church whatever. It would be impossible to extract it from the Thirty-nine Articles, and it is diametrically opposed both to the principles and to the practice of the Roman Catholics, who form a large proportion of our population. Why is the Government of India to take upon itself to assert to its subjects that the Song of Solomon and the Book of Esther are ultimate, absolute, and infallible truth ; and that the Books of Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and the Maccabees are entitled to no authority at all ? However true the proposition may be, it is one of which the Government of India officially knows nothing at all."

"There is one way, and one only, by which the Government can legitimately aid in the conversion of the natives ; and that way, though the least showy, would be the most effective of all—namely, by example. Let the Government show a real zeal for the good of the people—let it administer justice with purity, keep the peace with inflexible rigour, raise the revenue mercifully, carry out great public works, roads, tanks, railways, and telegraphs, vigorously and boldly—and we may, perhaps, after several generations, lead the people of India to ask why these things are so ? One main answer would be, that the nation which does these things has, for a thousand years past, been under the influence of a variety of creeds, societies, habits, and feelings, most of which may ultimately be traced back to certain transactions which occurred in Judea nearly 2,000 years ago. These influences, collectively, are called Christianity. It is impossible to define its essence, or exactly to trace its forms ; but, wherever it is in vigour, in spirit, and in truth, righteousness and peace meet together, and justice and truth kiss each other. This would be governing India on Christian principles, in a very true and most important sense ; and, if such a consideration may be alluded to here, would probably set the nation right before God, far more than any official publication of any theological dogma."*

And this expresses all that the world has to hope from the

* See *Saturday Review*, No. 195. July 23, 1859.

Saturday Reviewers; this is just the measure of it all; indeed,—we have a certain measure of faith, too, in the mere Deism of this article. But in this, as in many another teaching, it is especially fond of sneering at prayer.*

The science of Negations is extensively believed in, and practised, now-a-days; but that most admirable and satisfactory region of thought has no more faithful and consistent exponent and defender than the *Saturday Review*; it is, in truth, a perfect *Sneerers' Gazette*. From the first number to the last, it would, perhaps, be impossible to find one walk of usefulness—one branch of action, belief, or goodness, which had received from it the grace and favour of a smile; on the contrary, there are few objects and efforts for good which have not received the benediction of its sneer. A highwayman, who sets himself to shoot everybody he meets upon the road, may chance to hit somebody no better than himself; and even so it is with the *Saturday Review*. On one or two or three occasions it has hit hard some folly of the hour; but, even in such a case, you read with no pleasure. It is very true, that it has caught a humbug by the throat; but that's a chance; just as pleasantly it would seize and make a martyr of a saint: just as if a man, hunting the Apostles to death, killed Simon Magus; and so, indeed, slaughtered a friend without knowing it.

As an illustration of the way in which the satirist sometimes strikes a blow at a popular folly, we may instance the following, but they seldom wield so useful and innocuous a pen:—

“Finally, how miserably inadequate the prizes distributed on these occasions! Too paltry to be a real recompense of merit, they are, with all their paltriness, just useful enough to some poor creature to make him smother his pride and take a gift which burns or ought to burn his hand. Though he cannot afford to be squeamish, he knows in his heart he is ashamed. Blushing like a peony, hat in hand, and tugging at his grizzled hair with an indescribable look of confusion on his weatherbeaten countenance, Walter Wiggins, the father of the parish, is led up like a sheep to the sacrifice. *Considere duces*. There sit the red-faced burly judges. Gracious heavens! what has Wiggins done that he wears that hang-dog air! What makes him feel so hot and uncomfortable! What crime has he committed that he should be presented in this awful way to his betters! Who is the pompous personage in the chair, and what is that pair of corduroys doing on the table! Heaven knows the poor fellow never was so utterly wretched in his life before, and would rather be gored by the squire's favourite bull than have the ceremony of walking up to go through again. ‘Wiggins,’ says the fattest of the gentlemen, eyeing

* *Saturday Review*, No. 239. May 26, 1860. Art., “Christianity in India.”

him as if he was some remarkable domestic animal, 'you are an honest fellow, and have shown that you know your station in life. Wiggins, an honest man, it has been well observed, is the noblest work of God. His lordship will shake hands with you, Wiggins. This is Walter Wiggins, my lord. A sovereign for you, Wiggins.' The fact is, humble worth and an industrious life never lose their reward. For fifty years, man and boy, winter and summer, in sunshine and in rain, this fine old English working man has toiled upon his master's farm, without an unloyal thought or a discontented wish. He has asked no favour, but to be allowed to rent some smoky cottage or other. He has taken no alms but a Christmas present from the squire. He has lived, as he will die, in the old place. Which of all the committee sitting there to patronise him has worked on so cheerily and so well with so few comforts? Well, merit is requited even here below. Virtue shines in uncontaminated corduroys at last. Wiggins has his guinea and his gorgeous apparel, that men may learn how Honesty brings its blessing in the long run. 'Bow to the gentlemen, Wiggins, and go down. Pass up the next farm labourer.'

"Such are thy rewards, O Virtue! O Morality, what atrocities do well-meaning people perpetuate in thy name! What old and faithful servant could undergo such an ordeal without a passing thought of the unworthiness of the part which he was playing? Let us ameliorate the moral condition of the labourer by all means, but not begin by taking from him the first element of all morality—self-respect. An air of patronage will ruin the best sermon. No man preaches well who preaches down upon his flock. Let him that is without blame among us, and none else, fling the first corduroys and guinea to be scrambled for by the worthiest of the poor. We may rely upon it the system is a rotten one. There are plenty of methods by which we may do good among the lower classes without claiming a right to bestow these degrading prizes as the return for well-spent lives."

There was once a foolish old fellow, for whom the able Editor would have felt only the profoundest pity or contempt, named John Newton, he used to say—"I see before me two great heaps in the world, one of happiness and one of misery. Now," said he, "if I can take one handful from the pile of misery, and add one to the pile of happiness, I think I have gained something." We fancy we see the sharp, curt sneer of our able Editor before this ridiculous utterance, and his hearty exclamation of "All bosh." If there is any thing for which our Editor has unmingled scorn, it is philanthropy—not merely rose-water philanthropy—all, every kind of effort to make man or society better, receives the same complimentary and hearty curse or

* See *Saturday Review*, Art., "Rewards of Virtue."

sneer. We should have thought that if any thing might have passed free from contempt, it might have been the Field-lane Ragged Schools and Night Refuges; for, indeed, there is no premium held out to pauperism there; it is just charity providing for the wretched for whom the workhouse will not provide; but our sardonic Reviewer only beholds in it unmingled evil, and, of course, food for fun. Everything ministers to fun, and the funniest thing to a *Saturday* Reviewer is the "social evil," a prostitute, or a Magdalen; the efforts made by the promoters of the "midnight meetings," and the promoters themselves, receive the weightiest blows of our able Editor, though. Reading these articles, our committee of castors and cructs, conceived above, seem to be transformed into a committee of seducers, resolved with all the heartless animalism of subsensual intelligence, to defend the time-honoured institution of the brothel; such men can say anything, but there are some faces whose very bronze would blush while writing such words as those we have printed in the notes below. We are not now to say to what extent we sympathise with that singular effort to do good. Goodness sometimes feels its way through many mistakes to the good it does, and blundering benevolence frequently commands our homage, where blaspheming beneficence only awakens our pity for the meanness which it would have us to regard as magnanimity.

In every way to which the thought of modern benevolence turns, the low square forehead of our able Editor scowls; he is a highly enlightened Gradgrind; this is all "what we want is facts." Only he won't accept all the facts, especially if they militate against any convenient pet theory. One thing he is clear upon—like "Mr. Filer," he is bent upon—that is, putting down all benevolence; especially does he love to travel out of his way to find some little hard-working society, perhaps having no establishment of paid secretary, or officers, but aiming to do a little to smooth away a sorrow. Now, that any body should try to do this at all is to the able editor very funny, but that it should be done freely is a piece of fun beyond belief. A society exists like the Aged Pilgrim's Friend, or the Aged Christian's Society; their work is slight, but it is good; to give to a poor old Christian; far enough from the workhouse, yet wanting many a little comfort to soothe and sweeten life and old age;—to give to this poor old believing, and praying, and respectable infirmity, even so small a sum as a shilling a week, seems to our poor demented and benighted nature not at all a funny thing; nay, such arrant idiots are we, that some aspects of the deed seem to us to be even divine—to give to the poor old creature the little offering which provides a little tea and sugar even, sets our able Editor's cachinatory faoul-

ties in a roar over his bottle of port, or glass of brandy and water; thus this advertisement:—

“SPECIAL APPEAL on behalf of the LONDON AGED CHRISTIAN SOCIETY, established 1826, for the Permanent Relief of the *decidedly Christian* Poor, of the age of 65 years and upwards, resident within five miles of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Committee are compelled by the urgency of the case to appeal to the Christian public for aid to raise a fund to enable them to replace the amount of Income lost by the lapse of the Long Annuities, which terminated last year, and in which several legacies had been invested. The loss to the Society by the failure of the above source of income is not less than £75 a-year.”

Well, the advertisement seems modest enough, natural enough; the Society, a praiseworthy, quiet Society, doing as much good as possible with very small means: whereupon we are called upon to hear sneers about offering relief to “decided Christians”—sneers at “the experiences of the regenerate.” Here is the morsel called into print by the above advertisement:—

“Competitive examinations are undoubtedly the rage, but this competition of decisive Christianity beats anything that has yet been attempted in this line. How do they distinguish between a decided and an undecided Christian? Is it the length of the face? Or *is there an inimitable snuffle which an experienced Secretary recognises at first hearing?* Do the candidates for a certificate of decisive Christianity give in a return of their attendances at church, distinguishing the days on which they kept awake through the sermon? Or are they made to confide their experiences to the Secretary's private ear, he marking ‘regenerate’ and ‘unregenerate’ against their names, according to circumstances? Generally, it is young ladies of the scrupulous age—seventeen to twenty-five—who pour these gushing confidences into the clerical bosom; in which cases, no doubt, they must be very refreshing to a chastened spirit. But from elderly paupers of more than sixty-five years of age we should think it would be insipid. Besides, as the usual tests of regeneracy—abstinence from pink ribbons, dancing, and play-going—are not applicable to these poor old folks, it must be difficult even for the most experienced vessel to decide whether they are in a state of justification or not. But, whatever the Secretary's shibboleth may be, or that of the clergyman to whom he trusts, we are very certain that it must produce a crop of hypocrisy out of all proportion to the hunger it relieves. The set of poor women who go to Church regularly in consideration of the weekly dole of soup from the parsonage are very apt to be the worst characters in the parish. Madame de Maintenon thought she would convert the French court by reserving the Royal favour exclusively for ‘decided Christians,’ and the result was, that she trained up the generation who were the

boon-companions of Dubois. The experience of pious parsonesses, as to the expediency of reinforcing the promises of the Beatitudes by promises of weekly soup, generally coincides with the experience of Madame de Maintenon."*

The mighty masters of Oxford are well set to work in penning such rubbish as this.

The views the *Saturday Review* has taken of the "social evil" are among the most indecent of its utterances. It has not hesitated even to throw its soot over some of the men who have taken part in the movement. Especially one, whose life has been sanctified by the saintly virtues of self-denial and renunciation, by purity and intense activity—all these again, however, being only fuel for fun. Most of these articles are such as only a dirty life and a foul heart could pen, expressing such entire absence of all belief in goodness for its own sake. Here is one of the morsels:—

"Those who devote themselves so earnestly to minister to the Magdalen forget that there are thousands of maids-of-all-work in London who are not unobservant spectators of the favours lavished on their erring sisters. Let them try to look at the Penitentiary system from the point of view of a maid-of-all-work, who drudges from morning to night for half-a-crown a-week and her keep. She knows companions of her youth, no richer than herself, who flaunt up and down the street, dressed, as she thinks, like any lady, enjoying unlimited freedom and unlimited gin. Naturally, she thinks this is pleasanter than ten hours' ceaseless scrubbing, and is strongly tempted to adopt the vocation which leads to such results. *The only thing that comes in aid of her principles to deter her is, that she has heard that it often ends, after a few years, in broken health, destitution, and an early death in the workhouse.* But the acquaintances who are urging her to do as they have done, are easily able to pacify her alarms on this head. A number of religious gentlemen have kindly removed all difficulties of this kind. They have provided a sort of Chelsea Hospital for the *disabled of the profession*, in which her vocation can be laid aside whenever it ceases to pay; so that she need trouble herself with no fears of the death in the workhouse. With principle on the one side, and every earthly advantage on the other, we leave the philanthropists to judge which is likely to carry off the victory. It is no theory, but a mournful fact, that the contrast between the care lavished on the wicked and the neglect which is the lot of the innocent works deep and terrible results in the hearts of the class from whom first the pavement, and then the Penitentiaries, are recruited.

"But the mania goes on merrily. It has risen from point to point till it has culminated in the "midnight meetings" in St. James's Hall. There is something exquisitely thoughtful and refined in this last attention to the wants of an interesting class. There was something gross and vulgar in the beef, and mutton, and coals, which were the bald attractions held out by the penitentiaries. The imagination requires food as well as the body. Woman has social instincts which are cultivated in every class of the community, and from the gratification of which the Magdalens ought not to be excluded. Some women satisfy it by going to evening parties—others, more precise and demure, content themselves with missionary meetings. Which species of entertainment the Magdalens, as a body, would prefer, is, in the present imperfect state of knowledge with respect to them, difficult to ascertain. It was resolved, therefore, to give them an evening party and a missionary meeting all in one. The most beautiful hall in London was hired, and, in order to suit their peculiar habits, was advertised to open at midnight. When midnight came, the brilliantly-lighted hall was opened, and the fair guests flocked in, some of them in costumes so elegant that an enterprising publisher has since thought it worth his while to give them to the world. Conversation flowed freely, tea and buttered toast were handed round—the most ethereal form of victuals in which a spiritual call could possibly be disguised—and several gentlemen, renowned for their oratorical powers, contributed to the entertainment of the evening. We see that the promoters of the *réunion* declare that it was a complete success; and we thoroughly believe them. Those who happened to pass through Regent Street in the small hours just after any one of the entertainments was closed will entirely confirm their boast. It had obviously been a success. The street was full of lively groups; and the gentle subjects who had just been preached at were animated, we had almost said frisky, in their spirits, and more than affable in their bearing. The experiment so triumphantly made is likely to become an institution. It appears that a succession of "midnight meetings" of a still more brilliant character are contemplated for the present year. There is only one thing now wanting to their complete success. If Magdalens are remarkable for anything, it is for a proper reverence for the aristocratic institutions of our country. The promoters of Penitentiaries have felt this so strongly that they have founded a kind of hierarchy of refuges, so that penitents may be accommodated according to their birth, and miserable sinners of a higher class may not be contaminated by having to weep in company with miserable sinners of a lower. We recommend the promoters of the "midnight meetings" to do something towards satisfying this laudable instinct. Is there no way of putting their entertainments under fashionable patronage? Can they not have a "respectable" midnight meeting, like the "respectable" night at the analogous institution of Cremorne two years ago? It would draw enormously. Fashionable ladies would eagerly throng—as they did to Cremorne—to enjoy the excitement of standing about, laugh-

ing, talking, and drinking tea in the very places in which the *demi monde* were in the habit of doing the same thing. And then they might keep up the illusion by having the same orators to address them; and, if they liked it, the very same sermons too. It would be quite as *piquant* as Cremorne. Nor would its results be an unimportant gain to the good cause. Very few Magdalens would like to be out of the fashion; and those who were strong-minded enough to resist the fascinations of buttered toast and damnatory eloquence would come when they heard that duchesses had set the example."

There are some things in the structure of the *Saturday Review* which remind us of *Bell's Life* in the days of Theodore Hook. There is the same clever, unprincipled audacity of statement; it works in a more important soil with exactly the same weapons. There is no corruption for which it has not a word of apology; it can be very virtuous and prudish; it can be very lax and skittish—not to say sometimes positively vicious. Should not a Reviewer be one to throw all obstacles in the way of young or opening genius, and snub with a lofty indifference the matured teacher?—should not the judicious Reviewer take so much care of truth that he never parts with it? never tells it, even, unless to serve a turn?—should he not pride himself upon the reputations he has damaged, or sought to damage? or the books he has misquoted?—should not the Reviewer show that, if he has not a kind eye, certainly he has a cold and cute one? and, if not a warm, surely a callous heart, save when it feels the glow of self-interest? To most of these distinguished characteristics, we may congratulate the able Editor, his paper has attained.

We might believe that the *Saturday Review* had taken a retainer to plead against some of the well-known characters of our modern literature; and it must be admitted that, against them, it expresses itself with good, strong, animal hatred—we say animal hatred, for it expresses itself with all the agility and weight, not of a scholar or a critic, but just a literary prize-fighter. Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley receive some words as kind as the grunting vocables of our Reviewer ever permit; but Eh! dear! and alas! for some other of the favourites of English readers. We believe Sir Bulwer Lytton has many sins to answer for in the works he has issued from the press. No doubt he has great literary ambition and great literary versatility; but we should scarcely have thought his character as an author and man of genius could be well summed up in such an epigram as this:—"To use his own curious dialect, between the clever and the great there is often an impassable gulf. The language, perhaps, does not contain any single word which exactly describes his intellectual rank. If it did, that word would

occupy a middle position between jack-of-all-trades and a humbug."* We are not about to attempt on this page any review of Sir Edward's talents or position ; but the taste must be a depraved one which would prefer "Ernest Maltravers" and "Godolphin" to "The Caxtons" or "My Novel." The *Saturday Reviewer* does so ; and the secret comes out presently : the last are hated because "they have such a virtuous and religious air mixed with that mild interest in reformers which people feel in those with whom they sympathise whilst they see through them." The hatred of the *Saturday Reviewer* to Charles Dickens becomes something rabid and fearful, only that a personality is seen in it all ; while John Ruskin, we find, to our astonishment, is imbecile, and several other things equally dreadful. We doubt, indeed, whether Mr. Ruskin's papers, "Unto this Last," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, were prepared with as much regard to the judgment of his readers as their determination towards their sympathies, but the bitterness of the *Saturday Reviewers* is old, abiding, and incessant, and in one word it is the hatred of the cynic to anything cheerful, pictorial, and humane. These things are not strange, for the Reviewers, in a recent article, denounce all loving criticism. Some people say when they receive a work from an able man, "Now, let us see what good is in this thing." Our critics, on the contrary, set down to any book with the assurance that there can be nothing good in it. The Editor throws his volumes about as the whipper-in throws the fox—there, tear him boys, tear him ; then a loud hurrah over the mangled remains, and the work is done. It has been said that Newspaper editors have nothing to do with reverence, that is not in their catalogue of necessities—a mere hard estimate of men and things. This is all we need in the reviewers. Well, this will be all we shall find in our *Saturday Reviewers*. A more lofty and entire indifference to all things ancient and modern, sacred and profane, it would be difficult to find. A most omniscient eye has this Committee of Oxford pundits ; the sublime distinction to which it has attained is, that it knows everybody and loves nobody ; it pronounces upon all things with the air of a fast man ; indeed, this is its distinctive atmosphere ; this is the style of every article, that of the Oxford fast man ; and whether it talks of things in heaven, or things on earth, or things under the earth, things scientific, or things literary, or things theological, thing public, or things personal ; it speaks like one who would say, "He knew a thing or two about it, rather." You see the ability for any amount of slang. We might safely defy any reader to produce from all its columns a single line

of approbation of a generous sentiment, or noble action. Occasionally, admiration does appear for a successful artist, especially for Lord Macaulay or Alfred Tennyson; but the admiration is only awarded to the artist, never to the man; nay, we could fancy, in the event of any such thought crossing the eye of the Reviewer, the scorn with which he would say, "Men, men, we know nothing of men:" but they are certainly above, or beneath, all those vulgar emotions which sometimes move ordinary mortals. We should as soon think of touching, by any word of art or emotion, the feelings of a *Saturday Reviewer* as we should think of tattooing the hide of an elephant. We fancy the fast man's affected sneer then—"We never read that kind of thing." A man, be he a Reviewer or only an ordinary mortal, who can reach this state of absolute indifference, has a great purchase over his fellows. The doom of most men is to feel love, pity, awe, reverence. Sometimes it has been thought by the vulgar that these emotions aid the eye and the mind in their perceptions—so think not these lords of criticism. Whether these are the last days we know not. It is said, "In the last days shall come scoffers;" and certainly the scoffers come every week, if from no other house in the world, surely from the office of the *Saturday Review*. A certain kind of know-all-about-it kind of air pervades all their speech; and yet we see beneath all the true parvenu soul; the snobbishness of one introduced for the first time to the Duchess of Mayfair, and while almost sinking to the earth with the honour of breathing such an atmosphere, going through all unutterable indifferentisms to make the duchess believe that he has been dining with duchesses any day for the last twenty years. Yes, a sort of air of one speaking to the Duke of Almack's in Regent-street, and making the duke conscious that he knows all about the duke's set, and puffing in the expanding hope that only some chatterbox of a friend might come along whose eyes might gaze upon the startling and awful circumstance. The *Saturday Reviewers* would be known as the scalpers, flayers, and executioners of humbugs—and so they are, and there are many of them we would cheerfully hand over to their mercies, but there are some humbugs to which they are too closely related. The articles of their faith might be very easily summed up: To believe that all good men read Greek is an important item: to have no more notion of God as a governor of life, and "a rewarder of them that seek him," than a Zambezi African, this is more important than to read Greek; but most important of all, to believe that every Dissenter must be essentially an ass, and especially this in the degree to which anything so ridiculous as convictions about religious truth, or conscientious scruples enter into the world of character or action. Eminently would they go along with

Mr. Jowett in suspecting any religious or conscientious scruple. No doubt would they have about "sitting in the idol's temple," or "eating meat offered to idols;" not they, providing the meat were nice, and the place comfortable; hence, there is no abuse in old Oxford, but they stickle for it with all the tenacity of a cat, and howl over the dreaded loss of it with the music of a mastiff. Thus, too, we may notice their remarks upon the poor clergy.* We should have thought that a humbug-killer might have found a kind and a strong word to say upon this subject. It is the disgrace and weakness of the Establishment that many of its hard-working clergy are glad to receive the case of clothing of gentlemen, dignitaries, and nobles of the land. There exists a society, we believe, or institution, called the "Poor Clergy Relief Association;" its secretary, a worthy man, active and desirous to do good to his brethren, and to relieve his Church of a portion of the shame, points out some sad cases of poverty existing among his fellow-ministers. But forward rushes the *Saturday Review* to bespatter him and his work, with its sneers and scoffs. To "lower the status" of the church dignitary would be a national misfortune it exclaims; and it sets to work to prove that it would be equally a national misfortune to raise the status of the poor parson. There is not one word of reprobation on the extravagant salaries of bishop, dean, or rector. Not one word of sympathy for the small salary of the almost starving curate. True, many of the words of the *Saturday Review* would have common sense in them if it were not a National Establishment which dooms its ministers to starve.

"The clerical profession is, in fact, and in the complex social position of England is well known to be, in no conceivable respect different from any other precarious profession. Very possibly it ought to be something else. Mr. Jervis would probably prefer a revival of the Levitical economy and polity; or he might point to the Swedish system of Church and state, or to some Utopian commonwealth where the sad cases on which he expatiates would be simply impossible. But this is to compare two very different things. He says that, as things are, the clergy occupy an exceptional position; and that the mere fact of their exercising a particular profession ought to exempt them from the possibility of extreme poverty. This is what we deny. We say that a clergyman takes orders with his eyes open—they ought to be especially wide open. He is not going into a Levitical order—he is not a member of a caste self-supporting, or especially endowed with adequate resources. If he does not like the lottery, there are all sorts of reasons—we think them very strong ones—for deterring him from trying it. He knows what the Church is. He knows its chances

* See *Saturday Review*, No. 239. May 26, 1860. Article—"Poor Clergy."

just as the doctor knows the chances of medicine, or the barrister those of law. In the one case we say that a man who, without any particular gifts, without friends or interest, chooses a particular profession, is perhaps to be pitied, but not to be styled a national reproach, if at forty-five he has not got six briefs or sixty patients. Nor is the father of seventeen children starving on one hundred a year, though a clergyman, to be regarded in a different light. Mr. Jervis says that he is, because he is a son of the prophets; but nobody compelled him to become a son of the prophets. He is 'an Oxford scholar;' but it was his own choice that he preferred Oxford to the counter, or the desk, or the plough-tail."

With a great deal of truth in all this, which our readers must perceive, the taint is—the perpetual taint—the absence of sympathy. If the condition of any men in our island could be mended, it is the condition of the pauper ministers of the Church of England. A society is formed to aid them, and the *Saturday Review* condescends to read its report, and then deliver a homily upon political economy, and the law which regulates the price of labour. Incessant are its fears for any stray rumour that should wake either men in the Church Establishment to a desire for reform, or the English nation to a determination to rectify its abuses. Hush! can't ye let Mother alone—

"Hush, mama, lie still and slumber,
We Reviewers guard thy bed."

Such is ever the burden of its amiable ditty. It never gets angry with a clergyman for doing wrong, but very angry if he ever calls attention to the rents in his robe. His language about Bonwell and Co. is not "What bad men," no, "What vulgar men." His language about Bryan King is simply, "How very imprudent." The finger hands of this dial are not moved by works within, but by the hand without. Its conscience is propriety, respectability—the respectability of its own set. We see this in its frequent articles upon Dissent, and Dissenters, when it chooses to misrepresent them, and bespatter them with its Oxford slang. They cannot, they say, comprehend—"something there is which cannot be comprehended, and that is the something which drives the worshipper to Little Bethel, or Ramoth-Gilead."* "Well, then, let Dissent remain Dissent, and let the Church remain the Church." They won't mix—"they will only," says our courteous Reviewers, "make a dirty, unwholesome, whitey-brown. Catsup and champagne have their respective merits, but mix them in the same glass, and you gain a nauseous beverage." Complimentary

* See *Saturday Review*, No. 23. Article—"Comprehension Dissenters."

or not, we don't doubt the truth of this. Meantime, if Dissent only will dare to defend its individuality, it flies off like a furious virago. In the matter of the Census, for instance, to *Saturday Reviewers*, the whole affair was, it is true, as he jocularly expressed it, only "religious nose counting." But, and because Dissenters would not consent to the terms; to the fine of £20 for example, and to the assessment being made at home; great was the wrath in its coarse way; indeed, it could not account for some statements, unless the Census were "taken on the occasion of a love feast, and every Jack had a Jill upon his knees"*:—this is the manner of our Critic. The Dissenters were not, as a body, opposed to the Census of their numbers, but to the mode of estimating them; all of this was lost sight of, however; and the *Saturday Review* exclaims:—

"Thus, on the whole, we may be thankful that there is a chance, in this business of the Census, of fair play. The Dissenters—who, to do them justice, ought not to be identified with the Liberation Society and the turbulent tribunes of Freemasons' Hall—are in this dilemma. They must either abandon the whole notion of a religious enumeration—a scheme which, by the way, in 1851, was proposed by Dissenters, carried out by Dissenters, tabulated, annotated, and published by Dissenters—or they must submit to the Bill now before Parliament. The returns of 1851 are shown to be a perfect sham—incomplete, defective, mendacious, and proving nothing. But, now that a real enumeration is offered them, Dissenting gentlemen, represented by the tender-hearted Mr. Burnett and the conscientious Mr. Eckett, whoever they may be, find out that religion is a matter between man and his God, and that nobody has a right to ask questions about it. They have no objection to say, for three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, what their religious profession is, and rather like to boast of being Particular Baptists, or Glassites, or Sandemanians, as the case may be; but on one day in the year—or rather on one day in ten years—when the enumerator knocks at the door, they have very serious conscientious doubts and great searchings of heart—a periodical fit of the scruples, which is a recurring decimal, whose period is decennial, and happens to concur with Census Day. We are glad that for once Lord Palmerston has set his face against impudent cant of this sort."†

However, in a week or two it changed its verdict. "It does no good to count noses either way. If churchmen do not like noses counted at church or chapel, and if dissenters do not like noses counted at home, let them not be counted at all."‡ Our readers will perceive the spirit and style of the organ if they are unacquainted with its pages. Nor will the reader fail to perceive

* *Saturday Review*. No. 238. Article—"The Census and the Dissenters." † *Ibid*.

‡ *Saturday Review*, No. 242. Article—"The Census of 1861."

that there is a concentrated unity of purpose through these pages. Its pages are as compact and one as a crocodile's plated mail. We said to a friend once, "What do you think of the *Saturday Review*?" and he summed up its character in the adjective, "Scaly, scaly;" and indeed it is a literary, religious, and political alligator; hard about the hide, impudent about the snout and jaws. It has plenty of daring, but not a grain of magnanimity; and for its courage, why it is no doubt there, for it is, like Captain Costigan's, taken out every week for an airing.

We do not feel that we need be at any pains to justify our own frequent strength of expression in this article. The *Saturday Reviewers* quite put themselves out of court by the language they are pleased to adopt. There is little in the general temper or tone of their remarks to remind us that we are dealing with gentlemen—coarse jests, low buffoonery, and jokes and jeers tripping fast from the tongue, in the style of a professor of the science of self-defence. This is the kind of composition we have constantly before us. Here is a decent passage for a man—who would no doubt wish us to forget ourselves, and regard him as a gentleman—to pen:—"Some men can't help stealing everything they see, down to their fathers' teaspoons and their neighbours' note paper. Everybody knows half-a-dozen people in whom the taste for lying is so developed that they will lie for the mere pleasure of the thing, even when the lie is certain to be found out. The present Leader of the House of Commons is a victim to the same sort of possession. He is bewitched by the demon of low dodging. That elegant species of Parliamentary manoeuvre is prevalent enough among our present race of statesmen. *There is no dodge, for instance, too dirty for Lord John Russell to stoop to, if it will serve his personal interests*, as the history of the last thirty years abundantly establishes."*

But we have not been at any trouble to notice many things in the literary estimates of the Reviewer, very remarkable and original; that "a tale of fiction from the pen of Mr. Tupper should be regarded with the curiosity and awe with which we would examine a quartern loaf thrown up by Mount Vesuvius," may be probable enough; nay, if the Reviewer wishes to have it so, we are not inclined to spend much time with him in disputing whether—"Brother Prince's journal," he of the Agapemnone, "by its internal evidence, might be simply set down as one of those pieces of arrogant and fanatical methodism which occasionally issue from the ultra Evangelical press."† We have referred

* *Saturday Review*, No. 189. Article, "The Artless Dodger."

† *Saturday Review*, April 30, 1860.

to our Reviewer's cordial hatred of Mr. Ruskin, his style, his theories, and all his books. We have not taken pen in hand, or looked over these sapient papers to defend him; there might be some impertinence in that. Mr. Ruskin needs no defence of ours. Still, even to our present purpose, it is to the point to notice that, from these columns, we find that in his writings he "*has abjured the duties of moral continence.*" (Mercy upon us! think of a *Saturday Reviewer* charging any mortal with doing that—"Oh wad some power," &c., &c.) We find "his reasoning powers are in a state of imbecility;" that "he is a perfect paragon of blubbering;" he "whines and snivels about England and the poor, like the Jews who howl before the walls of Jerusalem;" that "he drags quotations from Zechariah and the Proverbs, in a voice choked with tears."* That's enough; that's the cause of it all. A text of Scripture has something of the effect of holy water upon the enemy of mankind. Keep texts and the Bible out of your discussion, and the *Saturday Review* croaks simply like a toad; but a text is for it a true Ithuriel's spear, and it starts up all the Devil before the disputant—it does not vanish, indeed, as before holy water fled the imp, but it does the next best thing—shows itself in its true being.

Nothing escapes our omniscient Reviewer, but most anxiously upon the look-out is he, lest there should by any chance be a probability of the quiet, homely, spiritual life of religion becoming too general among us. Our brother of the *Evangelical Magazine* was assailed for that he inserted a pastoral appeal which contained some words against worldliness in religious professors. Loudly screamed our Reviewer:†—

"But besides the unseemly spectacle of a 'professor' sometimes paying sixpence in the pound, it is to be feared that worldliness is often exhibited by 'professors' in their social entertainments, even where every article of consumption is duly paid for on delivery. It seems that a 'professor' may lawfully give a dinner party, but he also may, and very often does, do the same thing unlawfully. Now this, we think, is a curious subject for investigation. Where and how is the line of lawfulness transgressed? We should like to employ one or two eminent 'professors' of another mystery to draw up a bill of fare which should be free from worldliness, and yet provocative of appetite. Do any, and, if any, which of the four primitive sauces supply the relish of salvation?"

"There are two great communities in the universe—that of the world and that of heaven—each governed by its own laws, seeking its own objects, and animated by its own spirit. Thus teaches the 'Pastoral

* *Saturday Review*, No. 263. Article, "Mr. Ruskin Again."

† *Saturday Review*, No. 187. Article, "Professors and Professing Christians."

Appeal ;' and further, that in both these communities balls, 'or at any rate dancing,' dinner parties, and bazaars are beginning to be widely practised. Our author explains further on how a professor may read the newspapers with a spiritual eye. 'The newspaper is the exponent of prophecy.' And besides, wherever cotton can be sold, Bibles, it may be hoped, can be given away. The opening of China to missionary enterprise was announced to professors by the newspapers. Even a war between France and Austria admits of being looked at from a professorial point of view. *Lord Shaftesbury, a most savoury professor*, has just explained to us that this war is really one to promote the distribution in the Austrian dominions of an Italian version of the Scriptures. But the difficulties of serious gaiety remain almost untouched by the 'Appeal.' A bazaar for the benefit of a hospital will be best avoided by professors, inasmuch as the end, the mere healing of the sick, is not sufficiently spiritual to justify the use of questionable means. But if the proceedings of the speculation are to be devoted to the building of a temple of evangelical religion, then, perhaps, it may be both lawful and expedient to manage as the world does. The world, we all know, puts handsome ladies behind the counters of the bazaar in order to induce silly gentlemen to buy trumpery at enormous prices. Shall we take the money, build our church with it, and testify therein against the vanities to which we owe it that we have a place in which to testify ?

We have not been careful to refute, so much as to exhibit passages which we trust are their own refutation. Thus we are told that the theory of usefulness is, in fact, nothing more than a very amiable device for turning the wealth of England into a very good channel, "and keeping it from a bad channel."* Thus the happiness of our country is proclaimed: "With prudence and self-command, and a moderate amount of manual skill, almost any one can both live and marry; and what do men wish for beyond this ?" (!)

He never loses an opportunity of saying a sneering thing upon any body or institution at all nearing the neighbourhood of Dissent. In this quiet way he does at once a piece of gross injustice to the Baptist mission in India, and ignores its work and its existence, even when he affects to praise its labours and labourers:—

"The Baptist Mission of Serampore so exactly pursued the same course with the disciples of Simeon" [it followed rather the well-known traditions of the Baptist Church and Puritanism], "and faded away so suddenly after the Anglican Church had established its hold on the settlers in Calcutta" [*it has not faded away, but is still a holy power in India; its men have been, and are, the mightiest missionaries there*], 'that it does not call for any separate notice. Considerable success was

* *Saturday Review*, November 10, 1860.

at length achieved, and no one can peruse the history of the individuals who laid the foundations of Christianity in India without a sincere admiration for them, and a sense of the great blessings which they have bequeathed to all who have come after them. Mr. Kaye does full justice to this part of his subject. He writes of them with an interest that is evidently genuine, and with an adequate appreciation of their heroism and their Christian wisdom. *It is possible to overrate the calling of the missionary, and many men would find it harder to be an honest shoemaker at Kettering than to be what Sydney Smith called an 'inspired cobbler' at Serampore.*"*

Certainly this is very likely to be true. Carey, as a cobbler at Kettering, would have been out of his place, as much so as would Sydney Smith have been out of his place in the same circumstances. It was easy and pleasant to him to become the Christian Polyglot of India; something higher, we believe, than to be even chief dinner-table wit of England, or chief sneerer of the *Saturday Review*. Ease and pleasure are found in the works for which Nature and Heaven have fitted men; but this is the temper and style of our self-satisfied critic. So in a similar way our Reviewer praises the life of Dr. Henderson:—

"Dr. Henderson was a man of no ordinary knowledge, zeal, and ability—a good man, an honest labourer, *a good Christian, and a better Calvinist.*" But "what may be the cause, we will not pretend to say; but certain it is that this book will be acceptable to none but that peculiar class of readers denominated, by those who aspire to their favour, 'the religious public.'

"Having said this, we have given our readers a clue to the character and faults of the book. It is what is called a religious biography—that is, one in which set forms and commonplaces of devotional language occupy a large space, and make themselves obtrusively prominent. Hence it is, probably, that at the end of every letter or descriptive passage—some of which passages are very clear and striking—we find a devotional 'tag,' doubtless sincere, but generally quite inappropriate, for it would be possible to attach any of these 'morals' to almost any other passage of the same kind quite as fitly as to that to which they belong."†

The Reviewer always seems to feel a sense of shame, whenever he finds himself, by any strange chance, praising a Dissenter. "Goodness gracious!" we think we hear him exclaim, "what am I doing? I am hired to curse them altogether, and here I am blessing them again. Balaam! Balaam! my dear boy, be more consistent. Now then for a hot, cursing cayennish word or two;" and it always comes.

* *Saturday Review*, No. 176. Article, "Christianity in India."

† *Saturday Review*, No. 192. Article, "Evangelical Biography."

The attempt, indeed, to make the *Saturday Review* comprehend what a conscientious scruple is, would be inextricably hopeless. This is the way in which it argues the question of Church-rates, for instance :—

“Time was when Dissenters objected to Church-rates because they were a contribution to the cause of Antichrist; steeple-houses were religious abominations, and men were Dissenters because they wished to pull down, rather than to keep up, the synagogues of Satan. This was the old feeling, only expressed in the old language. But in days of pointed Gothic meeting-houses, chants in conventicles, and bells, and organs, and even surplices in denominational and steepled chapels, it can no longer be said that it is a question of principle.”

Admirable reasoning. Because I choose to buy an organ for my meeting house, or present a robe to my minister, I shall be taxed by law to present organs and surplices to the ministers of the Establishment.

“But all this does not touch the principle, which we hold to be a very real one. *The abolition of Church-rates flows as naturally, sooner or later, from the Toleration Act of William and Mary, as glacier water ultimately reaches the sea.* Given the legal Dissenter, and Church-rates must go. And here is the fallacy in the argument that if in this case you admit the scruples, real or simulated, of the minority, *you are bound in consistency to recognise the thief's conscientious difficulties about the Police-rate.* It is enough to say that the law does not recognise the Quaker's scruples about a war-tax, or a pick-pocket's serious doubts about the lawfulness of Bow-street, but that the law does admit, and for two centuries has declared, a man's right not to belong to the Church, and all that follows from it. The value, then, of the recent Blue-book is not that it establishes, as it does, the immense numerical preponderance of property on the side of the Churchman, but that it holds out some hopes that, after all, the matter is substantially in the Churchman's own hands. The tendency of things is to commutation rather than to total abolition. If Churchmen, for the most part, pay Church-rates, it would be simple tyranny on the part of Dissenters to say that they shall not encumber their land to redeem them if they choose.”•

We cite this as an illustration of the way in which the *Saturday Review* reasons when it tries, with its bat-like vision, to comprehend the myth which floats about in men's minds touching conscientious scruples. In the same paper there is another little paragraph exhibiting a similar need of the anointing eye-salve to enable it to see :—

“It is perfectly monstrous that Dissenters should blow hot and cold

• *Saturday Review*, No. 172. Article “The Census.”

—should conscientiously claim to be relieved from the pecuniary burthen, and yet should conscientiously claim to interfere in the parish vestry. Mr. Roebuck read a very proper lecture on this point a few nights ago to his Dissenting colleague, Mr. Hadfield, by reminding him what rights of interference with the private concerns of Churchmen, Dissenters certainly did not possess. *If it is simple impertinence in Mr. Hadfield to give his judgment on what prayers or preachments the Church should retain or abolish, it is simple tyranny to claim, as Dissenters often do, still to have a voice in vestry on the internal management of funds from the obligation of contributing to which they claim, and with justice, to be released.*"

Certainly not, able Reviewers. So long as the Establishment exists as the Church of the people, so long every man who can, Dissenter as well as Churchman, has a right to attempt to make himself heard within its vestries, and thus, to the best of his ability, to fulfil the duties of a citizen there.

The *Saturday Reviewers* touch upon a great number of matters incidentally. Woman, for instance—the education of woman—meets with about the same degree of deference as the rights of conscience :—

*"We prefer that young women should be good and happy without knowing, or caring to know, their whole duty. There is a want of greatness in casuistry—a separation from all first-rate excellence—that makes it desirable to avoid it. While contemplating really great things, or reading great books, or communing with great minds, we feel as if there was no use or meaning in busying ourselves for ever with little scruples of conscience. The conscience may be made much too scrupulous for any healthy activity. But as most young women do not care for anything great, seldom come in the way of it, and as seldom know it when they have it presented to them—and as their life and its aims and interests are necessarily small—it may be a good thing for them to encourage the habit of looking on little things in a kindly light, and keeping their consciences up to the quivering point."**

Thus, throughout the *Saturday Review*, the question of moral wants of a religious nature in man, is usually wholly ignored.

We print the following extract as a specimen of the way in which all such matters are handled by this highly religious and very broad Church organ. On the contrary, it has no objection to write some columns in defence of "fox-hunting parsons" :—

"We cannot avoid the conclusion, that neither on strictly religious grounds nor on considerations of general expediency is a clergyman

* *Sat. Rev.*, No. 217, Art., "The Whole Duty of Young Woman."

to be condemned, or even suspected of wrong-doing, who, avowedly resting his conduct on the principles of Christian liberty, rides with hounds, or whips a trout-stream, or beats a partridge-stubble. *On the contrary, we must acknowledge that a clergyman may do these things, and do positive good by doing them.* But it is entirely a question of the individual."

Our readers will perhaps be of the opinion with reference to *Saturday Reviewers* that that illustrious authority, Mr. Sam Weller, expressed with reference to the magistrates of the country :—"This is a werry impartial country for justice ; there ain't a magistrate going as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people." This is their style, but it is the style, too, of a literary Red Rover ; indeed this is the character of the whole thing—a literary privateer's man—muscular enough without a doubt. Mind and muscle we have here, it must be admitted, in union ; but we have never very much admired that combination ; it is, in fact, incarnate devilishness, cunning, and strength. We desiderate the conscience, and so in these Reviewers we have just such a band of strong self-willed intelligencies, who in their intellectual pride become a kind of footpad or brigand on the highways of letters ; they are not, we believe, the only illustrations which might be found, but they are the most exemplary instances of a remorseless cashiering of the rights of their own consciences, and the claims of other people's. In the last age an adventurous fellow without principle took to the road—in this, he takes to a newspaper. What gives to this paper the *prestige* it has. Where does it stand ? What is it ? Religiously, it is precisely what the *Weekly Dispatch* was twenty years since—the same pride—the same intolerant scorn of all spiritual religion—the same sniffing about after the weaknesses of good people—the same magnifying of the vices of bad people into virtues—the same boxing-gloves style of writing—the belief that virtue sits enthroned in the bosom of the Editor and his little clique—that humbug dwells everywhere except with *us*. In truth, do they suppose, this precious band of immaculates, that they are not known ? that it is possible for such a style as theirs to be written at all, for such doctrines as theirs to be defended at all ?—excepting by men in whom indifference, animalism, and scepticism have done their worst or their best—the miserable farthing a pound philosophy, and tare and tret religion, and avoirdupoise-weight benevolence, in which every faith and feeling that makes life noble and beautiful, is called to the bar of their editorial Tinville in the Abbaye of their *Saturday*, and doomed to the September massacre of their pen ? No doubt the able Editor imagines the world, reading his paper, believes him to be a very Knight Templar going forth to the slaughter of the Dragon of Humbug ; but Humbug

suggests very different thoughts to able Editor ; we fancy he would much rather, with tenderest feeling, serenade it,—

“ Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer.”

Undoubtedly, there is powerful writing here, and there is powerful writing in Mr. Holyoake's *Reasoner*—and there is honest writing too ; and, when we buy the *Reasoner*, we are not surprised if we find—which, in justice, we may say we have not often found—sneers and scoffs upon every shade of religious profession. But, in the *Saturday Review*, what have we ? Do our readers remember that brilliant organ of cultivated infidelity and scepticism, in the first years' of its existence, *The Leader* ? Well, here we have very much this *Leader*, retaining much of the more prominent of its doctrines, its scoffing, sneering, Pilate spirit, but associated with a strong conservatism in matters of Church and State. With a distinct Deism of statement, which sometimes comes very near to something more than even that. With an evident disbelief altogether in any facts which may properly be called spiritual ; indeed, it avows its belief in the horribly blasphemous doctrine that *the Holy Spirit's influence may be described “almost as a magnetically manufactured affection in its more violent forms.”** With an incessant attempt to harass and annoy by the sparrow-shot of its impudent and audacious witticisms every effort to bless or brighten human conditions, bespattering with its filth the mistakes of good men, and sneering at their successes. This marvellous infidel newspaper aims to be a leader of religious opinion, and we have reason to believe numbers among its contributors, not only those who would consider themselves members of, but even clergymen, of the Church of England.

It is not very much our concern whether these, our poor remarks, ever meet the eyes of our able friends ; but knowing the style in which they can deal with what it is not exactly to their taste to acknowledge.† We have, therefore, been somewhat

* *Sat. Rev.*, No. 230, Art., “The Religious Revivals.”

† A report got into circulation some time since, that a split had taken place in the proprietary of the *Review*, the Editor did not content himself with a denial ; but denied in this graceful manner. “As to what ‘report speaks’ about the *Saturday Review*, we can only characterize such report in one of the shortest words in the English language—that ugly *verbum trium litterarum* which we need not print. The ‘report’ is a whole, entire, and unmitigated tissue of falsehood from first to last, without the slightest vestige of foundation for either its assertions or implications. So much for the alleged fact. On the taste of the paragraph—which gives a name in one case, and, in another, what is equivalent to a name—we shall say less, as personal considerations come in. One thing, however, we must, in the interest of newspapers generally, add—which is, *that literary etiquette and the conventional proprieties* of what is called journalism are violated even by quoting rumours and reports in which names are mentioned.”—*Saturday Review*, No. 271. Literary Etiquette ! Conventional Propriety ! Think of our Editor courting those ladies at last, What next ?

copious in our quotations : we trust they will justify our condemnation. We have been guided principally, too, by the knowledge that this indecent and unseemly, and unprincipled organ is read, even extensively, by Congregationalists ; and we have a wish to present at once a view of the unity of spirit which undoubtedly pervades its columns in matters of religious and social opinion. We may, perhaps, (yet we do not promise) devote another article to its political heresies.

VII.

CHURCH-RATES.—DISRAELI AND NO SURRENDER.*

ONCE more, in looking forward to the work of another session of Parliament, amidst many other matters, Dissenters will need to keep their eyes open to the dilemmas of the Church-rate question, and put forth all their energy with enthusiasm, as well as exercise all vigilance. We need not remind our readers that, but for the action of the House of Lords on two occasions, Church-rates would have been by this time abolished. We do not feel called upon at this time to indulge, therefore, in any captious remarks upon the conduct of the Peers. As a body, they are understood by the nation at large to be very cautious ; perhaps there have not been wanting several occasions, even in later political periods, when their extreme caution has almost upset the coach ; for resistance and concession are both weapons of revolution and obstruction. Peers may be as dangerous in state affairs as democracies. However, as we are not prepared to go so far in our hostility to them as some of our friends—nay, believe that they have done, and, on the whole, do good service to the state—we only hope that, when they are called upon to treat with contempt a Bill which has passed the suffrages of the Commons, it may, as in the case before us, be a Bill expressive rather of the moral than the material wants of the nation : by so much the less will their negation to the prayer be dangerous. But even in the House of Lords, the dismissal of the Church-rate question was not summary, and a Committee of that obstructive body has actually recommended a settlement of the question, which, so far as principle is concerned, concedes the greater part of what abolitionists demand, and destroys some of the most plausible arguments usually advanced in support

* The Church Rate Abolition Bill. Notes for the consideration of the Peers. London : Ward and Co., Paternoster-row. 1860.

of Church-rates—namely, that they are property, and that their abolition would be confiscation. The specific recommendations of the Committee, perhaps, we need scarcely remind our readers are these :—

“ 1st. That for the future, persons, desirous of being exempted from contributing to the church-rate, in any parish, may give yearly notice to that effect, to the churchwardens, prior to the meeting of any vestry for the purpose of making a church-rate; and that such persons shall not be entitled to attend any such vestry, or to vote upon the making or application of such rate, or to act as churchwardens in any matter relating to the church, or to retain any seat appropriated to them in the church during the term of such exemption.

“ 2nd. That the rate, when voted by the vestry, shall be levied upon all persons liable to it who have not given such notice.

“ 3rd. That the items for which a rate may be made shall be definitively declared by law.

“ 4th. That the rate-payers in any new parish or district shall be rateable for the purpose of their own church, and for no others.

“ 5th. That there shall be the same powers for the recovery of church-rates as exists for the recovery of poor-rates; and in case of objection to the validity of the rate, an appeal shall lie to the General Quarter Sessions, and the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Court in such matters shall cease.

“ 6th. That the principle of assessing the owner instead of the occupier to the church-rate, is well deserving the serious consideration of Parliament in any future legislation on the subject.”

And now we reach the present stage of the struggle—

“ Now cool, and all unconscious of reproach,
Comes the calm Dizzy, ‘ to upset the coach.’ ”

All our readers will be aware of the purport of Mr. Disraeli's speech recently at Prestwood, in Buckinghamshire, in which he raises the cry of “ No compromise ! ” and urges that, instead, attempts shall be made to make the law more stringent. Indeed, the speech is characterised by all the peculiarities of the speaker's genius—it is reckless, and audacious. It is not wanting in some point, or even brilliancy; it would, perhaps, be impossible for Mr. Disraeli to speak without these; but, as is usual with the Conservative leader, they are accompanied by some absolute falseness in doctrine or statement, giving a viciousness to the whole argument. In the speech, indeed, there is nothing to answer; and some of its enunciations are too absurd for any emotion short of laughter. For instance, the abolition of Church-rates is, according to the Scer of Hugendon Manor, to abolish the parochial system

of England—to bring to an end political liberty and education ; and, in fact, is to do so many dreadful things, that we had better let the orator speak a few words for himself here :—

“ Our political constitution was built on our parochial constitution. The parish was one of the strongest securities for local government ; and on local government political liberty mainly depended. As for the social relations of the Church with the community, they were so comprehensive and so complicated, so vast and various, that the most far-seeing could not calculate the consequences of the projected change. Not merely the education of the people was concerned ; it was even their physical condition. He would almost say, that if, by some convulsion of nature, some important district of the country, one on which the food and industry of the community mainly depended, were suddenly swept from our surface, the change would not be greater than would arise by the withdrawal of the influence of the Church from our society. The fact was, the Church of England was a part of England—a point of view not sufficiently contemplated by those who speculated on changes in its character and position.”

Mr. Disraeli has talked a great deal of political nonsense in his time—probably as much, not to say more, than any man living ; but we believe it would be difficult, even from his speeches, to find a passage full of more entire nonsense, although sometimes its quality has been more mischievous.

But let us not be unfeeling ; nay, let us take a generous view of the matter. What is a poor Conservative leader to do when the recess is rapidly hastening to its close, and he without a cat-call to gather his party together ? let us feel for the poor whipper-in. Mr. Disraeli knows, as well as we do, that it is a poor cry after all, that he has but a losing game to play ; but then, he is not likely to feel that, as more sensitive people might ; he has made his political fortune by playing losing games, and he is the leader of his party simply and solely because he knows better than any other parliamentary general in England, how to make the most of “ a ragged regiment.” The speech itself is not worth the condescension of any man’s notice, but the position of the speaker raises the voice, however thin, to the dignity of a party cry, and therefore we notice it.

And the staple topic of this speech is to hurl back all the work of the last thirty years. “ To exempt the Dissenter,” says the orator, “ from the charge of Church-rates, would not be compromise, it would be surrender ;” again, “ what the Dissenter demands is, in fact, an oligarchical privilege, and the principle, if conceded and pursued, may lead to general confusion.”

“But then, it was urged that the parishes which refuse were the parishes of the large towns, and that their aggregate population was scarcely inferior to that vast majority of parishes in which it was raised. But this immense population were not Dissenters. They were not the votaries of rival creeds and establishments. They were ignorant, or indifferent, or more, unfortunate. Were we, then, to maintain, that the Church was to retire from the duty of contending with this unsympathizing or unbelieving mass? The greatest triumphs of the Church had been accomplished in great towns. If the influence of the Church was limited in great towns, it was not because its means were ineffective, but because they were insufficient. When they considered the nature of the religious principle, he would be a bold man, who would maintain that in their teeming seats of industry there might not be destined for the Church a triumphant future. Who could foresee the history of the next quarter of a century? It would not probably be as tranquil as the last. What if it were a period of great religious confusion and excitement? The country would cling to a Church which combined toleration with orthodoxy, and united Divine instruction with human sympathies. Is it wise, then, publicly to announce by legislation, that the Church of England relinquishes the character of a National Church? The end of it all is, that the majority against Church-rates, which had sat like an incubus on the Church for twenty years, virtually disappeared. It was in their power to settle the question for ever, not by a feeble concession, but by a bold assertion of public right. They sent 5,000 petitions in favour of that public right to the House of Commons last session. Let them send 15,000. . . . The question of Church-rates had fortunately not yet fallen into the catalogue of party politics; but now the clergy must make members of Parliament understand, that though this was not a party, it was a political question, on which, in their mind, there ought not to be, and could not be, any mistake,” &c., &c.

This is an outline of this mischievous speech, but it will miss its aim. Immediately upon its delivery, the principal organs of the Press gave their voices against it—not merely the *Times*, the *Daily News*, and the *Star*, and all the Liberal journals—the *Spectator*, even the *Guardian*, while the *Saturday Review* expresses itself with its usual admirable temper and amiability:—

“In every aspect, this unprincipled policy of the Conservative leader must be productive of evil. In whichever shape the cataclysm comes, the persons whom history will pronounce guilty of the downfall of the Church of England, will be the foolish fanatics who had not the patience nor the foresightedness to make a moderate use of a sudden turn of prosperity, and the adventurer who was profligate enough to grasp at their extravagance as the stepping-stone to his own selfish advantage.”

On the whole, it seems very likely that the advance of the distinguished Protectionist to the rescue of the Church, endeared to him as a convertite, by so many ties, although not of ancestry, may tend rather to the scattering of even the forlorn hope; it may be seen that he has charged so cleverly, that he has burst the gun, to the consternation of his party, rather than the destruction of his opponents. The Church Rate presses on many as a matter of conscience; on some it presses with great weight, on others as a feather—on others not at all. But the member for Buckinghamshire expects millions to rush to the petitions, to claim the renewal of their right, alas, in many places too long unused; that privilege which slumbers among the privileges of the past, to have rates levied more generally and more frequently for the maintenance of their Church expenses and offices; and in country villages, and small country towns, the churchwardens and the old farmers are proverbially so generous and large-hearted in the support of the spiritual economy of the neighbourhood! It will be observed, that the speech of Mr. Disraeli goes to the attempt at the resumption of the long-contested, and frequently-disused means of purchasing the vestry wine, washing the surplice, and procuring the wherewithal for the occasional dinner.

What will be the issue? Well, during the next session there will be another struggle. The rash Rupert of the Conservatives will lead on his cavaliers to the charge—most likely, a last and desperate effort will be made. And will the House of Commons go back upon this question? It will be the greatest piece of retrogression in modern Parliamentary history, and the greatest triumph of political mendacity and recklessness. Steadily has this question been gaining ground. Is it to lose all now? It has been said that the question originated with the Church Liberation Society; and that the abolition of Church-rates would promote their ulterior views. But the question was alive long before that society adopted it into their programme of action; it is twenty-six years since Mr. Disraeli, M.P., first brought forward a motion for the abolition of Church-rates in 1835. Sir Robert Peel admitted the necessity of dealing with the question. In 1837, 600,000 persons petitioned Parliament for their abolition, and so the question has gradually advanced. Mr. Disraeli says, it is a matter of public humour, not of public opinion. Well, the humour is at any rate a very settled one. The general and progressive character of the opposition is further illustrated by the Parliamentary returns presented from 1827 to 1859, which showed throughout that period, a continuous decline in the sum derived from Church-rates, it having within that period fallen from £519,000 to 260,000:—

Amount received } from rates in.....	1827 ...	£519,307			
„ „	1832 ...	432,577...	{ diminution in 5 years }	...	867,30
„ „	1839 ...	351,771...	7 „	...	80,806
„ „	1854 ...	314,659...	15 „	...	37,112
					<hr/> £204,648
Average amount received during the 7 years ending ... }	1859*...	263,709			50,950
					<hr/> £255,598

These returns, however, fail to give an adequate idea of the extent of hostile feeling with which this ecclesiastical impost is regarded; inasmuch as, besides omitting many parishes in which rates are no longer levied, they take but little cognizance of the strong but unavailing opposition of minorities, and give little or no information as to the numerous cases in which the collection of a Church-rate has been found impracticable, either on account of its invalidity, or of the anticipated number of recusants to the demand.†

The Church-rate ought to be abolished; it must be abolished; it can never be equitably levied; to attempt to perpetuate it is simply monstrous. A very large proportion of what the Church of England ought to regard as its best work, is done in the crowded districts of large towns and cities by district churches imitating the voluntarism of Dissent. Within the last twenty years, Church of Englandism has raised, if not entirely voluntarily, yet principally so, her thousands of churches, and by voluntarism they are chiefly supported. Many in our great cities are but independent chapels beneath the slight shadow of Episcopacy; why, the movements of modern Church-rate defenders would throw the sustenance of all these upon the rate, and many a large and flourishing district church would become as paralysed, or palsied, as some poor little village perpetual curacy, with all its tithes ministering to some non-resident lay impropriator. A Church-rate, in full vigour through the country, would be far more disas-

* This last amount is not the sum raised in 1859, but the average raised during 1852-9. If it be correct, as already stated, that the increased severity of the parochial opposition to rates commenced at a later date, it will be obvious that the amount received during 1852-6 will have been above the average, and the amount received during 1856-9 below it. It is the opinion of those who have watched matters in the interest of the Anti-rate party, that nearly the whole of the diminution shown above (£50,950) is due to the latter half of Mr. Walpole's period.

† "Notes for the Consideration of the Peers."

trous to the Church itself, than Dissent. When will these men learn, that religion always expires where these compulsory rates swaddle and bandage round its votaries?

When, some years since, we resided in a small village in the West of England, the perpetual curate, an old, good-tempered churchman, of a school very remote from either the Broad school or the Puseyite, and who made it his constant complaint that he wondered the people did not come to hear him preach, as he got the best sermons to be got for money, met one of the supporters of the little village-tabernacle in the street; and, after some other parish conversation, he said, "I tell ee what, it do very much puzzle me that you don't come to church. Why, I heard t'other day, that you give pounds and pounds to that chapel, and pay pounds a year for your pew there; now, don't ee know, you could have a pew in the old church for nothing; how can ee be so foolish and obstinate; do think about it man, do think about it." And we believe, that on the whole, these are the men, and these are the places desirous of maintaining Church-rates; but they must go. Mr. Disraeli and Archdeacon Denison are dreaming fire-brands—

"Simply this, and nothing more."

On one point, we believe, the friends of abolition will especially differ with Mr. Disraeli—it is a little matter of working detail, still it is of moment—"Let there be no more petitioning." Why petition? Last year, the Pro-rate people challenged to petition, and were beaten three to one—610,877 signatures for abolition, against 197,687 in opposition to it; so that the 15,000 petitions for which Mr. Disraeli so loudly calls, even if they came in, as certainly they would not, would barely represent a balance of sentiment, with all the puffing and blowing. But our Church of England friends are not generally remarkable for enthusiasm, and those of them who are, would not expend their enthusiasm in rallying round Rupert the Rash.

THE ECLECTIC.

MARCH, 1861.

I.

GEORGE FOX.*

CERTAINLY the life of George Fox needed to be written; but it is puzzling to conceive what can have inspired Mr. Watson to become his biographer. He has not been led to his task by any especial admiration or reverence. There does not appear in the volume any insight into the hero's peculiar character, or sympathy with his work. On the contrary, the book is not wanting, in many instances, in misrepresentation and misapprehension. It is still true, if any readers desire to see George Fox, they had better go to his Journal at once; or if they prefer the abridgement and condensation of his life and labours, they will find it better done in a work published some years since by Mr. Josiah Marsh.† We have often wondered that the Society of Friends, certainly in the case of George Fox as guilty of hero-worship as any other body of christians, has not published, and does not keep constantly on sale, his Journal, a work as interesting as any in the language; whether it be regarded as a piece of personal and private biography, the development of a rare and wonderful christian experience; or as furnishing an insight into the manners and customs of the people at a most singular period of our nation's history; or as presenting a curious chapter in church life; or as presenting some graphic pictures of a great variety of human character and scenery; on all these accounts, George Fox's Journal will abundantly repay perusal.

* The Life of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers; fully and impartially related, on the authority of his own Journal and Letters, and the historians of his own sect. By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A., M.R.S.L. London: Saunders, Otley. and Co., Conduit-street. 1860.

† A Popular Life of George Fox, the first of the Quakers. By Josiah Marsh.
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There exists in our English commonwealth a people of whom everybody has heard, but whom nobody, out of their own community, or family, can know. We meet them in the streets occasionally—the men in broad-brimmed hats, brown singularly-shaped coats; the women in peculiar bonnets, and dresses and attire, in which by no possible accident can there ever be found the remotest appearance of colour or of gaudiness; if spoken to, the answer will be sure to be direct and plain, curt, and conveying a slight impression, usually, of incivility, as if men ought to know their own whereabouts by an inner light, without the necessity of guidance and direction. If you follow them to their homes, or are invited there, you will find them, like their persons, very plain and simple, and every object intended rather for comfort than for ornament; you feel, instinctively, as soon as you enter, that you are in a very place of silence. We have been in hundreds of Friends' houses, but we never heard a hearty peal of laughter in one. Life always seems oppressed with a consciousness of its weight and seriousness. Occasionally, a literary subject may be broached or started; but if so most likely by "a woman friend;" the men always seem to be indifferent to any topics but those of trade, or the politics of the hour. No stranger ever heard the voice of prayer in the Friend's family. This does not arise from indifference to devotional exercises, but from a deep principle, which teaches them that persons are not to be asked to pray. Before and after meals is observed a moment or two of silence, and usually every Friend's house has its morning and evening silent worship, when some verses of scripture are read, followed by some moments of stillness. And it is the same in their meeting at their meeting house; they have ministers, but you may attend many times and not hear a word spoken; and when heard the words are almost always intoned, in what must strike a stranger as a most unpleasant utterance; yet few persons have ever attended a Friends' meeting without confessing that they were conscious of a sense of spiritual power—a mysterious presence often missed in crowded temples and cathedral services. When looked at politically they must be by no means supposed to be represented by John Bright, or the beloved and lamented Joseph Sturge. Their principles are more than quiescent; with the exception of bearing their testimony upon two or three distinctive doctrines they are decidedly conservative; whigs, indeed, necessarily, but of a very conservative whiggism; and as citizens they are best known for their belligerent avowal of peace principles; or the constant seizure of their goods for church-rates; and their somewhat pugilistic attitudes to other bodies of christians, and sturdy attacks, from time to time, upon "an hireling priesthood," or "man-made ministry."

We have, no doubt, set before our readers certain traits of character which do not look amiable ; and from some impressions of the people it may be thought that it can scarce be worth while to devote to them, or to their founder, the attention of a lengthy article in a review ; but—insignificant in comparison with the great Methodist body, numerically small in comparison with most bodies—the influence of this people is very considerable. Most influential have they been in elevating and moulding the mind of the people to some of the higher forms of moral opinion and civilization. Their early history is perhaps the most interesting of all the popular religious phenomena of our country ; and their later movements, while but little related to the advance of what we perhaps should call the religious life of our land, have extended the reign of justice and the kingdom of light. To them we owe our much-sneered-at Exeter Hall philanthropy. We believe we owe to them much, not only of the practice of goodness, in what is called “rose-water benevolence ;” but to them also much of the science of benevolence in its more practical and economical relations. They have been undoubtedly the true apostles of the Gospel of Utilitarianism. They were the real springs which moved the agitation for the abolition of the slave trade, and brought about the emancipation of the negro. They have most uniformly aided in making education the birthright of man. Their hold at present over the money power of England is most extensive. The Quakers, next to the Jews, are the bankers of England. They know none of our pleasures ; all their amusements are by the fireside, and at home. Not only have they no race-course ; no theatre, no gaming-table, no costly services or company, no costly chapels or churches, are theirs. When the spring of real necessity is moved, they are understood to do something princely. During the Irish famine, in a small provincial city, we remember to have heard, that one Sabbath-day, when collection-sermons were preached at all the chapels, the Independent congregation subscribed £60 ; the Methodists a similar sum ; the Society of Friends, the smallest body, collected £7,000 ; and through the nation, we believe, £70,000. Yet we believe it would be found that their munificence in giving would be far inferior to some of the other sects ; and, indeed, they have none of the affiliated institutions of most religious societies to support. And they are wealthy, and their benevolence is that of pounds, not of pence ; and their donations are entirely for secular advantages. Perhaps no one ever heard of the Society of Friends, and seldom of any member of it, taking an interest in his neighbour’s soul ; yet this was once their great concern. Still their history is that of a grand people—an iron people—inflexible—unbending—the

Puritan life without the Puritan theology—a people in whom, if sometimes we miss the higher forms of faith, we always find its highest functions.

Such are the people we may call the descendants of George Fox.

In the year 1624, the last year of the reign of *wise* King James, there was born in Drayton-in-the-Clay, Leicestershire, a son to a poor, honest weaver, Christopher Fox by name, a man, who, for his uprightness, was called by his neighbours “Righteous Christer.” The child was called George Fox, and, from very early years, he felt the power of pureness, and was able to choose the good and to refuse the evil. He says that, even in those days, the Lord taught him to act faithfully two ways, inwardly to God, and outwardly to man, and to keep to yea and nay in all things. Hence, some of his friends were desirous that he should be put into training for the ministry; but, on the contrary, he preferred being apprenticed to a shoemaker. While in that service, he seems to have adopted that plainness of speech which is usually the accompaniment of honesty of purpose, and which is denominated quaintness—hence, he frequently used the word “verily”—and people said, “if George says ‘verily,’ there is no altering him.” At the age of twenty years, he was under the influence of impressions, among the most wonderful recorded to us in all religious biography. He was filled with trouble for his own soul; and then he fell into great concern for the souls of others. He went to many priests for comfort, but went to all in vain; in fact, few priests could speak to a state so deep as that in which he was doomed to suffer. There are those whom God himself teaches, and does not leave to the ministry of any human helper. Some told him to marry. He said, “I am but a lad, and must get wisdom;” and some told him to enter the army; and so he continued to walk in the night by himself. He went to one ancient priest, and spoke to him about his despair and temptations; and he advised him “to take tobacco and sing psalms.” Poor George says, “Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing.” Then he heard of a priest, living at Tamworth, accounted an experienced man. “I found him only an hollow, empty cask.” Some of the priests whom he visited, seem to have used him for the purpose of resolving their own doubts. One asked George the question—“Why Christ cried out upon the cross, ‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?’ and why he said, ‘If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; yet, not my will but thine be done?’” “I told him,” says George, “that at that time the sins of all mankind were upon him, and their iniquities and transgressions with which he was wounded, which he

was to bear, and to be an offering for, as he was man, but he died not, as he was God: and so in that He died for all men, and tasted death for every man—He was an offering for the sins of the whole world.” “And the priest said it was a very good, full answer, and such an one as he had not heard;” which does not increase our estimate of his priestly knowledge. Poor George went to another priest, Dr. Cradock of Coventry; but, while they were talking, our sad soul “chanced to set his foot upon the side of a bed in the garden, at which the man was in a rage as if a house was on fire; so he went away in sorrow, worse than he came.” Another, to whom he went, recommended, benevolently, and perhaps not unwisely, physic and blood-letting. Still, all in vain. Well might he say, “Miserable comforters are ye all.”

At last, says he, “I received this opening from the Lord, that to be bred at Oxford and Cambridge, was not sufficient to fit a man to be a minister of Christ!” After such very unsatisfactory prescriptions for his spiritual state, we cannot wonder that he arrived at such a conclusion. “I regarded,” he continues, “the priests less, and looked after the dissenting people.” From them he did not receive much more than from the priests. Then he had his soul opened to perceive that God did not dwell in temples made with hands; but that his people were his temple, and he dwelt in them. “Oh, then,” says he, “I heard a voice which said, ‘there is One, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.’ And when I heard it, my heart did leap for joy; and then the Lord let me see why there was none upon earth that could speak to my condition, namely, that I might give Him all the glory. Then the Lord led me gently along to see His love. I was afraid,” said he, “of all company, for I saw perfectly where *they* were, through the love of God, which let me see myself. I had not fellowship with any people, priests or professors, or any sort of separated people, but with Christ, who hath the key and opened the door of life and light unto me. I was afraid of all carnal talk and talkers, for I could see nothing but corruptions, and the life lay under the burden of corruptions.”

“I found that there were two thirsts in me; the one after the creatures, to get health and strength there; and the other after the Lord, the Creator, and His Son Jesus Christ. I saw all the world could do me no good; if I had had a king’s diet, palace, and attendance all would have been as nothing; for nothing gave me comfort, but the Lord by His power. I saw professors, priests, and people were whole and at ease in that condition which was my misery; and they loved that which I would have been rid of. But the Lord did stay my desires upon himself, from whom my help came, and my

care was cast upon Him alone. Therefore, all wait patiently upon the Lord, whatsoever condition you be in; wait in the grace and truth that come by Jesus: for if ye do so, there is a promise to you, and the Lord God will fulfil it in you. Blessed are all they indeed that do indeed hunger and thirst after righteousness, they shall be satisfied with it. I have found it so, praise be to the Lord who filleth with it, and satisfieth the desires of the hungry soul. O let the house of the spiritual Israel say, 'His mercy endureth for ever!' It is the great love of God to make a wilderness of that which is pleasant to the outward eye and fleshly mind; and to make a fruitful field of a barren wilderness."

From this time strange light indeed seems to have entered his mind. He walked in rapt and mystical states of excitement—"I was rapt up," he says, "in a rapture in the Lord's power"—in which, however, the Word became clear to him, and spiritual things became clear to him; the teaching of the Spirit, which became the grand fact of his ministry, led him marvellously into all truth.

As we have already said, the visions of this period were those of a true mystic. Fox knew nothing of the writings of Jacob Behmen; but there is much in his strange experiences, resembling those of the mystic seer of Gorlitz. The language in which he describes the progress of his spirit from state to state, is in the highest degree at once scriptural, mystical, and imaginative. "I saw," he says, "the mountains burning up; and the rubbish, the rough and crooked ways and places, made smooth and plain, that the Lord might come into his tabernacle. These things are found in man's heart. But to speak of these things being within, seemed strange to the rough and crooked and mountainous ones. Yet, the Lord saith, 'O earth, hear the Word of the Lord.' The law of the Spirit crosseth the fleshly mind, spirit, and will, which lives in disobedience, and doth not keep within the law of the Spirit." Again, he says, "The Lord showed me that the natures of things which were hurtful without were within in the hearts and minds of wicked men. The natures of dogs and swine, vipers, of Sodom and Egypt, Pharoah, Cain, Ishmael, Esau; the natures of those I saw within, though people had been looking without. I cried to the Lord, 'Why should I be thus, seeing I was never addicted to commit those evils?' and the Lord answered, 'That it was needful I should have a sense of all conditions, how else should I speak to all conditions.' I saw, also, the infinite love of God. I saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but an infinite ocean of light and love which flowed over the ocean of darkness." Again, he says, "As I was walking along, the Lord said to me—'That which the people trample upon, must be thy food.'

And as the Lord spoke, he opened it to me, that people and professors trampled upon the life—even the life of Christ; they fed upon words, and fed one another with words; but they trampled upon the Life; trampled under foot the blood of the Son of God, which blood was my life, while they lived in their airy notions talking of Him.”

No doubt, many of our readers whose initiation into the experiences of the Christian life, has been somewhat different to those we now describe, may demur to many of these strange and unwonted developments, in which by some internal law of spiritual correspondence, the words of fancy and of fact seemed to be so mingled, but to him, no doubt, they were fearfully, dreadfully real; in ecstasies of grief and joy he passed these years of his life. Certainly, the work of divine grace was maturing itself with marvellous clearness in his soul; it was an age of profound convictions; many, no doubt, strong delusions, and mere delusions; but few spiritual histories in any age have been drawn with a more graphic finger; his soul was shaken to its centre. But at last came the time of peace. “I had been brought through the very ocean of darkness and death, and through the power, and over the power of satan, by the eternal, glorious power of Christ. Even through that darkness was I brought, which covered over all the world, and which chained down all, and shut up all in the death. The same eternal power of God which brought me through these things, was that which afterwards shook the nations, priests, professors, and people; then could I say I had been in spiritual Babylon, Sodom, and Egypt and the grave; but by the eternal power of God, I was come out of it, and was brought over it into the power of Christ. I saw the harvest white, and the seed of God lying thick upon the ground as ever did wheat that was sown outwardly, and none to gather it; for this I mourned with tears.” We quote lengthily, but we quote from a book, we believe, not much read. These are phases, too, of his life which Mr Watson very hastily glosses, with an evident feeling of contempt for the life they develope; indeed, any one reading the life of George Fox for the first time in the pages of Mr Watson, would only see the career, and hear the rhapsodies of a very extraordinary spiritual fanatic. “One morning” he says, “as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me and a temptation beset me; but I sat still. And it was said, ‘all things come by nature,’ and the elements and stars came over me, so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it. But as I sat still, and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing, and as I sat still under it, and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice which said, ‘There is a living God who made all

things;' and immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God. After some time I met with some people, who had a notion there was no God, but that all things came by nature; I had a great dispute with them, and overturned them, and made some of them confess that there is a living God. Then I saw that it was good, that I had gone through that exercise." "At last" he says, "I was come up in spirit through the flaming sword into the paradise of God. All things were new, and all creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter, being renewed into the image of God by Jesus Christ. I was come up out of the state of Adam, the Creation was opened to me, and it was shewed to me how all things had their names given to them according to their nature and virtue; I was taken up in spirit to see another or more steadfast state than Adam's innocency, even into a state in Christ Jesus that should never fall."

And now by professors he was sometimes called upon to pray; but he found that he could not pray at man's will. But he moved to and fro, and in village inns he disputed with priests and professors, and opened to them their inward and outward states. He saw how men read the Scriptures without a right sense of them; he saw plainly that none could read Moses aright without Moses' spirit; he saw that all must first know the voice crying in *their* wilderness—in their hearts—which, through transgression, were become as a wilderness. At times there fell over his spirit perfect peace. "On a certain time," he says, "as I was walking in the fields, the Lord said unto me, 'Thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life, which was before the foundation of the world,' and as the Lord spoke it I believed, and saw it in the new birth;" and there was gradually revealed to him the work to which he was to devote his life. In order that the work of George Fox may be understood, it is very necessary that the reader should know those times—how hard and licentious they were. Like a beautiful creature in the briery and thorny ways of a strange wilderness, does he seem among the men and magistrates around him. His conscience was susceptible and tender beyond any; and he, ever in the power of the Holy Spirit and in the light of Jesus, shows how he was sent to bring off people from their own ways to Christ, the living way—from the worldly sanctuary of men to the church of the living God—the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven. He was sent to bring off people from all worldly religions to the pure religion, that they might visit the fatherless and the widow, and keep themselves unspotted from the world; "that there might not be so many beggars, the sight of whom grieved my heart, as

it denoted so much hard-heartedness amongst them that professed the name of Christ." He was to bring off Christians from worldly fellowships, and prayings, and singings, which stood in forms, without power, that their fellowship might be in the Holy Ghost and in the eternal Spirit of God. He was moved to cry against all sorts of music, and against the mountebanks playing tricks upon the stages, for they hardened the pure life, and stirred up people's minds to vanity; to testify against them at wakes, and at feasts, their May games, sports, and shows, and plays, which trained people to vanity and looseness. As he walked in musing meditation through the England of that day, he entered churches—so called—he would have called them steeple-houses. "When I came there," he says, "all the people looked like the fallow ground, and the priest, like a great lump of earth, stood in his pulpit above!" The black earthly spirit of the priests, he says, wounded his life; and when he "heard the bell toll, to call the people together to the steeple-house, it struck at my life; for it was just like a bell to gather people together that the priest might set forth his ware to sale. Oh! the vast sums of money that are gotten by the trade they make of selling the Scriptures, and by their preaching, from the highest bishop to the lowest priest." It is a wonderful chapter in the Natural History of Enthusiasm, the process through which George Fox passed before he became the singular prophet of his times, and the work he did when he emerged from his obscurity, to pass to and fro hated of all men, yet tenderly desirous to be made the servant of all.

Much of the revived interest attaching to the name of George Fox may be traced to the very bitter and unjust characterization to which his memory has been subjected in the History of Lord Macaulay. Far removed as we are from the Society of Friends, we have found it impossible to repress some feelings of indignation at the strange injustice, the disingenuous perversity, with which its founder's name has been mentioned. Lord Macaulay says he "sees no reason for setting George Fox intellectually or morally beyond Johanna Southcote,"—"he was too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam." The fascinating interest of his Journal should have saved its writer from this reckless mode of estimating his character, even if his theology and his experience exposed him to it; but the Journal which Macaulay ranks with the wild, blasphemous ravings of Johanna Southcote (of all rubbish ever printed the most incoherent), Sir James Macintosh—an authority every way as respectable, and dignified by greater catholicity of judgment, breadth of general reading, and emancipation from prejudice—called "one of the most instructive narratives in the world, which no reader of com-

petent judgment can peruse without revering the virtue of the writer." But the competent judgment, has much to do with the ability to read Fox's Journal with pleasure. Yet, when we were much younger than we are now, we thought it as interesting as a novel by Smollet or De Foe; and to the last it bears a striking resemblance in the vivid power by which it brings all that it narrates to the eye; scenes in village inns—scenes before the magistrates' bench, and on the highway, and in the farm. It is so holy that a Christian may receive light from it, and so adventurous that a schoolboy might read it with avidity. But Macaulay's treatment of George Fox is an illustration at once of the vice and defect in the mind of that most brilliant writer. He paid great homage to his own prejudices, and he paid none to those faculties of the mind which are allied to the mystical—the intuitional. John Bunyan, indeed, in his autobiography, beheld the same visions, or visions similar to those beheld by the Quaker; but his lordship has not thought it necessary, even in the review of his genius, to pour his maledictions upon those hallucinations. But in truth, minds of the order of Macaulay are wholly disqualified for forming a dispassionate judgment upon men like Fox, or even John Bunyan. In the latter case, indeed, the pictorial and poetic magnificence bears the intellect away in its chariot of fire. The madness of genius may receive some apologetic sentences, which can never be given to the madness of mere piety.

And now must come the rub of persecution. Any man who has passed these trials, and through light so severely beautiful as this, must not count much upon the possibility of the tenderness and sympathy of man. He has spiritual light, but he will spread it—this is the great cause of all persecution. "Liberty to hold opinion is no liberty at all," said Andrew Fuller to the astonished Earl Grey, "in that *you cannot* hinder me; I must have liberty to spread my opinions." And this the brave shoemaker determined upon, and, therefore, this was what he did? He stitched for himself a suit of leather, which would last years, and would abide the wear and tear of prison life and of painful journeyings. To this Whittier alludes in his stirring verses in honour of shoemakers. Bohmen, whose name we have already mentioned, was a shoemaker—

"Thy songs, Hans Sach, are ringing yet
In pure and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And the rare good sense of Sherman.
Still from his books a mystic seer,
The soul of Bohmen preaches;
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

“Stitch away thou noble Fox,” says Thomas Carlyle. “Every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of slavery, and world-worship, and the mammon god.” To preach Jesus was henceforth to be his work; especially to preach to the spirits of men, and to bring the spirits of men near to God. The record of his future life is contained in his Journal, and that journal is one of the most interesting and marvellous productions of our language; it is full of adventure, and in this particular is as interesting as a novel of Smollet, or the travels of George Borrow. With rapid steps the hero of the journal passes over the whole land, through all its counties,—many of them then quite unpeopled as compared with what they now are,—his only mission to preach the word of life to ignorant or to unenlightened men. Now we find him in a village, amidst a group of rustic labourers; and now in some town, in a retired district. The word sped on over mere or mountain, “*the man in leather is coming*,” and the people gathered by thousands around him. Sometimes we find strange scenes occurring in wayside village inns. Sometimes, we find the warfare of theological dispute going on in village or parish churches, between the prophet in leather and the parish priest. Sometimes the populace take vengeance for their outraged doctrines in their own hands, and assault him, leaving him for dead; but, as he says, “*the power of the Lord is over all*,” and he gets up and goes on his way. Constantly we find him before justices, judges, and magistrates; and Felix frequently trembles at Fox reasons in the acute and prompt vigour of his conversations. Everywhere there is in his style something truly Socratic; he has an amazing felicity for entangling priests and magistrates in their own talk; and certainly, of all men, he who most relied upon the office and the agency of the Holy Spirit immediately, proved most frequently the truth of that promise, “it shall be given you in the same hour what to say.” For instance, in this summary way he crumples up a quibbling adversary:—“Paul Gwin, a jangling Baptist, came into the meeting and asked me how I spelt Cain? and whether I had the same spirit that the Apostles had? I told him ‘Yes;’ and he bade the judge take notice of it. I told him, ‘He that had not a measure of the Holy Ghost as the Apostles had, was possessed with an unclean spirit,’ and then he went his way;” which was also the best thing the poor amazed, discomfited Paul could do. Constantly we are with him in prison, in dreary feudal castle dungeons and chambers in every part of England for weeks—months—years at a time. Nothing daunted him; the things which threatened to crush him, served him. He retired into his beloved silence of soul. There he records to us how sweetly God communed with him; and in the gloom of the cell, or

in the hall or the justice room, or in his liberation, he delighted in one refrain, "*The power of the Lord is over all.*" Let us look at him in two or three of these places.

" 'On a lecture-day,' he says, 'I was moved to go to the steeple-house at Ulverstone, where were abundance of professors, priests, and people. I went up near to priest Lampitt, who was blustering on in his preaching; and after the Lord had opened my mouth to speak, John Sawrey, the justice, came to me and said, if I would speak according to the Scriptures, I should speak. I stranged [wondered] at him for speaking so to me, for I *did* speak according to the Scriptures; and I told him I *should* speak according to the Scriptures, and bring the Scriptures to prove what I had to say; for I had something to say to Lampitt and to them. Then he said I should *not* speak; contradicting himself, who had said just before, I should speak, if I would speak according to the Scriptures which I did. Now the people were quiet, and heard me gladly, until this Justice Sawrey (who was the first stirrer up of cruel persecution in the north) incensed them against me, and set them on to hale, beat, and bruise me. Then, on a sudden, the people were in a rage, and they fell upon me in the steeple-house, before his face, and knocked me down, and kicked me, and trampled upon me, *he looking on*; and so great was the uproar, that some people tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, and led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them *whip me and put me out of town*. Then they led me about a quarter of a mile, some taking hold by my collar, and some by my arms and shoulders, and shook and dragged me along; and there being many friendly people come to the market, and some of them come to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and brake their heads, so that the blood ran down from several of them; and Judge Fell's son, running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying "Knock the teeth out of his head." Now, when they had haled me to the common moss-side, a multitude of people following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with their willow rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude; who, having furnished themselves, some with staves, some with hedge-stakes, and others with holm or holly-bushes, fell upon me, and beat me on my head, arms, and shoulders, till they had amazed stunned me, so that I fell down upon the wet common; and when I recovered myself again, and saw myself lying on a watery common and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while; and *the power of the Lord sprung through me, and the eternal life shined refreshed me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice, 'Strike again!—here are my arms—my head and my cheeks!'* an invitation which was not unheeded; for he proceeds to state that

‘there was one in the company a mason, a *professor*, but a rude fellow; he, with his walking rule-staff, gave me a blow with all his might, just over the back of my hand, and as it was stretched out; with which blow my hand was so bruised, and my arm so benumbed, that I could not draw it unto me again; so that some of the people cried out, ‘he hath spoiled his hand from having any use of it more.’ But I looked at it *in the love of God* (for I was in the love of God to them all that had persecuted me), and *the Lord’s power sprung through me again, and through my hand and arm, so that in a moment I recovered strength in my hand and arm, in the sight of them all.*’

“So overpowering was the effect of this immediate restoration, that the people were astonished, and began to fall out amongst themselves; some of them offering, if he would give them money, to secure him from the fury of the rest; but, equally disdaining their protection or their persecution, he addressed them upon the subject of their state and condition; telling them that they were more like heathens and Jews than true Christians, and showing to them the fruits they were bringing forth, from the ministry of those they were so zealously defending.

“He then walked away to Ulverstone, and went through the market; in going to which place a soldier met him, and expressing grief to see him so ill-used as he had just been, offered to assist him; ‘but I told him,’ says George, ‘*the Lord’s power was over all*; so I walked through the people in the market, and none of them had power to touch me.’”

Still we do not wonder that sometimes his reception was rather warm, for his attacks were more than rather vehement. Thus at Cranstick, in Yorkshire:—

“‘In the afternoon [on a first day] I went to another steeple-house,’ he says, ‘about three miles off, where preached a great high priest called a doctor (being one of them whom Justice Hotham would have sent for to have spoken with me). So I went into the steeple-house, and staid till the priest had done. Now the words which he took for his text were these; ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.’ Then was I moved of the Lord God to say unto him ‘Come down, thou deceiver! Dost thou bid people come freely, and take of the water of life freely, and yet thou takest three hundred pounds a year of them? Mayest thou not blush for shame? Did the prophet Isaiah, and Christ do so, who spake the words, and gave them forth freely? Did not Christ say to his ministers whom he sent to preach, “freely ye have received, freely give?” So the priest, like a man amazed, hastened away, and after he was gone, and had left his flock, I had as much time as I could desire to speak to the people.’”

Thus again, when Dr. Cradock charged him with irreverence in the church :—

“ ‘Why,’ said I, ‘what dost thou call the church?’ ‘Why,’ said he, ‘that which you call the steeple-house.’ Then I ask him whether Christ shed his blood for the steeple-house; and purchased and sanctified the steeple-house with his blood? And seeing that the Church is Christ’s bride and wife, and that he is the head of the Church, dost thou think the steeple-house is Christ’s wife and bride, and that he is the head of that old house, or of his people? ‘No,’ said he, ‘Christ is the head of his people.’ ‘But just now,’ said I, ‘you have given the title, Church, which belongs to the people, to an old house, and you have taught people to believe so.’ ”

Some of the accounts given of the persecutions through which he passed, are most pathetic and interesting; as he moved to and fro he suffered an incessant martyrdom, what a picture is this—

“ ‘The next day, friends and friendly people having left me, I travelled alone, declaring the day of the Lord amongst people in the towns where I came, and warning them to repent. One day, I came towards night into a town called Patrington; and as I walked along the town, I warned both priest and people (for the priest was in the street) to repent, and turn to the Lord. It grew dark before I came to the end of the town; and a multitude of people gathered about me, to whom I declared the word of life. When I had cleared myself, I went to an inn, and desired them to let me have a lodging; but they would not. *Then I desired them to let me have a little meat, or milk, and I would pay them for it; but they would not.* So I walked out of the town, and a company of fellows followed me, and asked me, *what news?* I bid them repent, and fear the Lord. After I was gone a pretty way, I came to another house, and I desired the people to let me have a little meat and drink, and lodging for my money; but they denied me. Then I went to another house, and desired the same; but they refused me also. By this time it was grown so dark, that I could not see the highway; but I discerned a ditch, and got a little water and refreshed myself. Then I got over the ditch, and being weary with travelling, I sat down among the furze bushes till it was day. About break of day I got up and passed on the fields. A man came after me with a great pike-staff, and went along with me to a town; and he raised the town upon me, with the constable and chief constable, before the sun was up. I declared God’s everlasting truth amongst them, warning them of the day of the Lord, that was coming upon all sin and wickedness; and exhorted them to repent. But they seized on me, and had me back to Patrington, about three miles, guarding me with watch-bills, pikes, staves, and halberds. Now, when I was come back to Patrington, all the town was in an uproar, and the priest and people were consulting together; so I had another opportunity to declare the word of life amongst them, and warn them

to repent. At last a professor, a tender man, called me into his house, and there I took a little milk and bread, having not eaten for some days before. Then they guarded me about nine miles to a justice. When I was come near his house, a man came riding after us, and asked me whether I was the man that was apprehended? I asked him wherefore he asked? He said for no hurt; and I told him I was; so he rode away to the justice before us. The men that guarded me said, it was well if the justice was not drunk, before we got to him; for he used to be drunk early. When I was brought in before him, because I did not put off my hat, and said thou to him, he asked the man that rode thither before me, whether I was not mazed or fond; but the man told him, no, it was my principle. Then I warned him to repent, and come to the light, which Christ had enlightened him withal, that by it he might see all his evil words and actions; and to return to Christ Jesus whilst he had time; and that whilst he had time, he should prize it. "Ay, ay," said he, "the light that is spoken of in the third of John." I desired him that he would mind it, and obey it. As I admonished with him, I laid my hand upon him, and he was brought down by the power of the Lord; and all the watchmen stood amazed.' "

Here is again an affecting instance,

" ' From Patrington I went to several great men's houses, warning them to repent. Some received me lovingly, and some slighted me. Thus I passed on, and at night came to another town, where I desired lodging and meat, and I would pay for it; but they would not lodge me, except I would go to the constable, which was the custom (they said) of all lodgers at inns, if strangers. I told them I should not go, for that custom was for suspicious persons, but I was an innocent man. After I had warned them to repent, declared unto them the day of their visitation, and directed them to the light of Christ and spirit of God, that they might come to know salvation. I passed away; and the people were something tendered, and troubled afterwards. When it grew dark, I spied a hay-stack, and went and sat under it all night till morning.' "

Again,

" ' The next first day I went to Tickhill, whither the friends of that side gathered together, and in the meeting a mighty brokenness by the power of God was amongst the people. I went out of the meeting, being moved of God to go to the steeple-house; and when I came there, I found the priest and most of the chief of the parish together in the chancel. So I went up to them, and began to speak; but they immediately fell upon me; and the clerk up with his Bible, as I was speaking, and struck me on the face with it, so that my face gushed out with blood, and I bled exceedingly in the steeple-house. Then the people cried, "Let us have him out of the church;" and when they had got me out, they beat me exceedingly, and threw me

down, and over a hedge ; and afterwards they dragged me through a house into the street, stoning and beating me as they dragged me along, so that I was all over besmeared with blood and dirt. They got my hat from me, which I never got again. Yet when I was got upon my legs again, I declared to them the word of life, and showed them the fruits of their teacher, and how they dishonoured Christianity.' ”

Sometimes, nay indeed frequently, he was received and listened to with much affection, and some of the people took a quaint way of showing that they heard him gladly. Preaching in Kendal, “many were convinced,” he says, “and several seemed very loving. One whose name was Cock met me in the street, and would have given me a roll of tobacco, for people then were much given to smoking tobacco ; I accepted his *love*, but did *not* receive the tobacco.” He would be a bold man who should undertake to defend Fox in every step of his career. There are many circumstances which seem to us indicative of unjustifiable combativeness, and some which hint at the danger of spiritual pride. Sometimes he himself felt within, some doubts of the wisdom of many of his more combative attacks, as when he testifies, “In the night I had an exercise upon me from a sense I had of a dark spirit working and striving to get up to disturb the Church of Christ.”

Some of the most remarkable discussions were with priests of the parishes in which he preached, who however were very ignorant in general, while his argumentative force was usually most overwhelming. The church of England in that day was in an unsettled state. Its liturgy was not comprehended, even where it was known ; the character of the clergy of those days, even in the pages of Fox's journal, is no worse than the view we have of it from the pen of Lord Macaulay, or from the pages of Fielding and Smollet. It appears to our apprehension singular that Fox should disturb men in preaching, by protesting against their doctrines and words in the pulpit, and that dispute should constantly take place in parish churches ; but those who are acquainted with the history of those times will not be surprised—it was an age of dispute. We meet with such in the history of Baxter and other great polemarchs. It was also eminently the day of strange notions and wild opinions ; all men seemed to be thinking about religion, but it was not an age of love ; and things were done by all men which it makes us blush for Protestantism to read. In reading the acts of the Quakers of that day, we must not try them by our nineteenth century standard. Perhaps there was not a principle for which they stood and suffered as martyrs, but its avowal was needed ; and as it is held by the Quakers of the present day, it is rather an abuse of the intention of George Fox, than an action upon it. Quakers

never sing, unless they depart from principles recognised through the body; but we repeatedly read of George Fox singing. And beside a few hymns, there could in his day be found scarce a song which was not devoted to folly. Let those who are acquainted with the melody of the Stuart days wonder at the renunciation of song if they can. The great principle, however, of George Fox and the early Quakers was that of the real equality of men, not in the democratic or rather mobocratic sense, but in the sense of that divine book and teaching, which says "Honour all men." On the lips and in the pens of many teachers this doctrine has been fearfully wronged, and when, in the civic scales, it estimates an ignorant, unholy, selfish man, and appraises him at the same rate of value as it would appraise a holy, intelligent, and self-denying man, the doctrine is going wrong indeed. But in George Fox the idea first blazes forth in illustrious light and fulness that it is the soul that makes the man. This idea took a strange way to shew itself; it would make no difference to external character, manner or vesture or condition. George Fox and his followers would give titles to no man; would call no man sir, or sire, or lord, or majesty; and clothe no one in the robes of dignity; he would humble, also, his mode of address to the lowest forms of vernacular speech, and call all men simply "thou and thee." We talk a great deal and very ignorantly of the greatness and dignity of man, but George Fox felt, with tearful and most pitying sensibility, that man was great and noble; for "every man has God in his conscience," every man is capable of moral truth. The whole doctrines and teachings of Fox revolved round that great saying of Archbishop Leighton. "*There is a noble guest within us, oh! let all our business be to entertain him honourably, and to live in celestial love within, that will make all things without to be very contemptible in our eyes.*" "What a pothor has this noble blood made in the world," said William Penn; but men of blood bear no marks of honour stamped upon them by nature, so the Quaker scorned to take off his hat to any of them, in order that he might protest that manhood alone is noble. George Fox felt that concern for souls which characterized Methodism in a later age; and with singleness of heart and purpose, he toiled and he suffered his whole life from his conviction of the reality of sin, and his consolation during one life-long endurance of pain and persecution, till the grave closed over his labours, was in the awakening and in-gathering of souls to the sacred fold.

Dreadful were the prisons of that day. Thomas Ellwood, in his most entertaining narrative of his own life, gives to us an account of his experience in Newgate. Friends were imprisoned by hundreds. Ellwood says, "When we first came to Newgate, there lay in a little

by-place, like a closet, near the room where we were lodged, the quartered bodies of three men, who had been executed some days before, for a real or a pretended plot. The reason why their quarters lay so long there was, the relations were petitioners for leave to bury them, which at length was obtained for the quarters, but not for the head. I saw the heads," says Ellwood, "when they were brought up to be buried; the hangman fetched them up in a dirty dust basket, out of some by-place, and setting them down amongst the felons, he and they made sport with them; which done, the hangman put them into his kettle and par-boiled them with bay salt and cummin seed, that to keep them from putrefaction, and this to keep off the fowls from seizing upon them."

Thus, were these holy men treated in and by an age unworthy of them. And yet, when they were dismissed from one prison to another, they went without constables or police of any kind. "We took our bundles on our shoulders, and walked two-and-two abreast through the Old Bailey into Fleet-street." The shop-keepers wondered at them as they went along, and asked them whither they were going. "What," said they, "without keepers." "No," said they, "our word is our keeper." And yet, most of these persons were simply confined because they would not take the oath, although their word was so unimpeachable and sure.

But the prisons in the country were far worse than the prisons in London. After being a long time immured in Lancaster Castle—when the magistrates, after long remonstrance, went to see the jail, they durst hardly go in, from the dangerousness of the floor, and its exposure to the wind and rain.

Margaret Fell was the name of the woman destined to become the wife of George Fox. Our readers can scarcely expect a very romantic story. Perhaps they think that it can hardly be possible that what we call the "Romance of Love," could happen in the life of the Society of Friends, and especially in the life of those stern, elder ones. You know, by name, the celebrated Robert Barclay, high in birth and station, who, if we may regard George Fox as the Luther, is certainly the Calvin of the Quakers. Well, young ladies, we think you never received a sweeter letter than that in which he proposed marriage to his young bride. We regard it as one of the sweetest love-letters we have ever read. Our dear young sisters, may such letters come to them. And yet, perhaps, we are premature; perhaps, they would not like them written after this pattern—

"The love of thy converse," he says, "the desire of thy friendship, the sympathy of thy way, and the meekness of thy spirit, have

often, as thou mayest have observed, occasioned me to take frequent opportunity to have the benefit of thy company. . . . Many things in the natural [mind] will concur to strengthen and encourage my affection towards thee, and make thee acceptable unto me; but that *which is before all, and beyond all*, is, that I can say in the fear of the Lord, that I have received a charge from him to love thee, and for that I know his love is much towards thee, and his blessing and goodness is, and shall be unto thee, so long as thou abidest in a true sense of it."

Holier than the love of youth, is even the love of age. One of the most distinguished of all the early quakers is Isaac Penington. We like to think of him as their chief man. His writings glow with a mystical fervour of speech, in which, however, shapes, as of Beulah, stand out, and brighten, through a golden haze. Few have read the old folio, in which the precious thoughts of Isaac Penington live like the notes of tabernacle music; but, happy are they who reading can understand. A man of position himself, he married Lady Springett, better known as Mary Penington; and, when he departed, very sweet, and most affecting and beautiful were the words in which she has enshrined his memory:—

"No likeness, or appearance, or taking sound of words," she says, tenderly apostrophizing him, "wouldst thou take up with, instead of him that was life indeed! O, the many years thou puttest thy mouth in the dust, and wentest softly, and hadst anguish of soul, weeping and groaning! Oh, who can tell the one half of the bitterness of thy soul. Thou wouldst not feed on that which was not bread from heaven! In this state I married thee, and my love was drawn to thee, because I found thou sawest the deceit of all notions, and was as one that refused to be comforted, by anything that had the appearance of religion—till *He* came to his temple, who is truth and no lie. And in this my heart cleft to thee; and a desire was in me to be serviceable to thee in this desolate condition; for thou wast alone and miserable in this world, and I gave up much to be a companion to thee, in this thy suffering.

"Ah me, he is gone! he that none exceeded in kindness, in tenderness, in love inexpressible to my relation as a wife. Next to the love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul, was his love precious and delightful to me!—My bosom-one!—that was as my guide and counsellor!—my pleasant companion; my tender, sympathizing friend! as near to the sense of my pain, sorrow, grief, and trouble, as was possible. Yet this great help and benefit is gone; and I, a poor worm, a very little one to him, and compassed about with many infirmities, through mercy, let him go, without one unadvised word of discontent or inordinate grief!"

After a few more words, she concludes by saying, "this testimony

to dear Isaac Penington, is from the greatest loser of all that had a share in his life,

“MARY PENINGTON.”

And now the reader may see something of the way in which those of the Society of Friends of that day loved and married; but very different to either was the marriage of the founder, George Fox. It is so characteristic that, from beginning to end, we may read over the story together:—If the reader know the sweet little town of Ulverston, dear to all lovers of English lake scenery, there still stands an almost ruined old farm-house, once known by the name of Swarthmoor Hall, then occupied by Judge Fell, one of the Judges of Assize. In 1652 George Fox came to Ulverston. The house of Judge Fell seems to have been open to all good men; and, although the Judge was absent from home, George stayed there and held his meetings; and Margaret Fell describes, in words of simple but great power, the effect of his first words. In the course of a few weeks the Judge returned, sore displeased to find that his wife, and household, and neighbourhood were all under the influence of the strong feeling awakened by George Fox; and finally himself, a wise and prudent, but most excellent man, became convinced too. Swarthmoor Hall became now for many years the pilgrim's home. This gives a fame to Ulverston, and many pilgrim feet every year tread its dilapidated courts and staircases, and look in on the old room and the simple bed on and in which he recruited himself after many a weary month of prison life. After some years Judge Fell died. Margaret, his widow, continued in that state eleven years; brought up her family; frequently afforded home and asylum to George Fox, whose senior she was by several years. When she became a widow she had a young family. Herself a Friend, she had to take with others the spoiling of her goods. Margaret Fell and George Fox were compelled much to rely upon each other, and they had no doubt a mutual esteem, and profound regard and affection for each other, which sinks deeper, perhaps, often than what the young folks call love. They did not meet much, but the circumstances of each other's life had given to them rest in each other; and is not that strength, and when of the highest order, is it not marriage? And what marriage is at all worth without it? So he says, “I had seen from the Lord a considerable time before that I should take Margaret Fell to wife. And when I first mentioned it to her, she felt the answer of life from God thereto. But though the Lord had opened this thing to me, yet I had not received a command from the Lord for the accomplishing it then; wherefore, I let the thing rest, and went

on in the work and service of the Lord as heretofore. But being at Bristol, and finding Margaret Fell there, it opened to me from the Lord that it should be accomplished. After we had discoursed this matter together," says he—

" 'I told her if she also was satisfied with the accomplishing of it now, she should first send for her children, which she did.

" 'When the rest of her daughters were come, I asked both them and her sons-in-law, if they had anything against it, or for it; and they all severally expressed their satisfaction therewith. Then I asked Margaret, if she had fulfilled her husband's will to her children.

" 'She replied, the children knew she had.

" 'Whereupon I asked them, whether, if their mother married, they should not lose by it; and I asked Margaret, whether she had done anything in lieu of it, which might answer it to the children. The children said she *had* answered it to them, and desired me to speak no more of it.

" 'I told them I was plain, and would have all things done plainly; for I sought not any outward advantage to myself.'

" This plain statement being made, they took each other in marriage, in Friends' meeting-house at Broad Mead, Bristol; at which city he happened, at this time, to meet with his friend Margaret, who was then on a visit to one of her married daughters residing there.

" 'We staid about a week,' he says, 'in Bristol, and then went together to Oldstone, where, taking leave of each other in the Lord, we parted, betaking ourselves each to our several services; Margaret returning homewards to the north, and I passing on in the work of the Lord as before.' "

The letter of George Fox to Lady Claypole is written in such a tone that we could almost be persuaded that Tauler himself, or Jacob Behmen, had penned it; yet nothing is more certain than that he was utterly unacquainted with any of their writings, or modes of expression. "Be still," he says in this remarkable composition,—“Be still in thy own mind and spirit, from thy own thoughts, and then thou wilt feel the principle of God to turn thy mind to the Lord, from whom life comes; whereby thou mayest receive His strength and power, to allay all blusterings, storms, and tempests. This it is which works up into patience, into innocency, into soberness, into stillness, into staidness up to God with his power. When thou art in the transgression of the life of God in thy own particular, the mind flies up in the air, the creature is led into the night, nature goes out of its course, an old garment goes on, and an uppermost clothing; and thy nature being led out of its course, it comes to be all on fire, in the transgression; and that defaceth the glory of the first body.”

The history of the early Friends, as all their histories and writings show, is rich in romantic interest ; there is no lack of individuals who may hold our attention. A brave and wonderful people, their history in those days was a long series of exploits, and he must be a brave man, and not very wise, who would venture to defend them all ; but the task would be easy to defend every deed of Fox and the Friends, compared with the task of defending the ecclesiastical men and systems of the same age.

Wrapped into mystic flights of feeling, George Fox beheld many things by a kind of clairvoyance and second sight ; and the spiritual future opened in the earth around him, and admitted him to its secrets ; like Ezekiel, he took up types, and acted them and lived them. We do not see that either George or his Friends adopted much conciliation. We are sure no conciliation was adopted with them, while judgments of a fearful character fell upon their persecutors ; so that, to injure a Quaker, at last became the anticipation of some mysterious doom.

The Countess of Derby—the celebrated Countess, well known to all through “Peveril of the Peak”—imprisoned Oliver Atherton, with three other Friends, for two years and a half. Oliver was a man of weak constitution, and his life was despaired of, at last, unless removed. A letter was written to the Countess, showing the reason why he could not pay tythes ; his weak condition was pointed out to her ; but all in vain—Oliver Atherton died in prison. On his death-bed he said : “The Countess has shed much blood, but mine will be the heaviest she has shed.” His body was delivered to his friends to bury. They carried it from prison to Ormskirk, the parish wherein he lived, and stuck up at every church-door, or upon the crosses of Garstang, Preston, and other towns through which they passed, this inscription :—

“ This is Oliver Atherton, of Ormskirk ; persecuted to death, by the Countess of Derby, for good conscience sake towards God and Christ, because he would not give her tythes.”

Singular that that day three weeks after Oliver Atherton’s body went through those towns, she died, and that day seven weeks, she was borne the same route, the hearse and its costly equipage stopping at exactly the same crosses at which poor Oliver’s less ostentatious funeral procession paused.

One of the most interesting of all Fox’s interviews was that well-known one with Oliver Cromwell. We have often remarked how Oliver would personally see and talk with all people who at all stirred the nation in his day. A long conversation they had together. Cromwell behaved well to the great preacher and seer ;

better, we think, than the seer behaved to him, for we think he scarcely returned him courtesy for courtesy.

To the death of George Fox Mr. Watson only makes a very slight and passing allusion. Yet the calm and peace of his death was what might be expected from such a life. The day of his death is variously stated. Mr. Watson follows the appendix to the journal, and gives the 13th day of November, 1690. William Sewell, the historian of the Society of Friends, gives 11th January, 1691. On that day he is said to have attended a meeting at the Friends' Meeting House in Gracechurch Street, and spoke there with great power and clearness, and concluded with prayer; as he left the meeting, he said he thought he felt the cold strike to his heart, but he added, "I am glad I was here; I am fully clear;" he went to the house of Henry Gouldney, in White Hart Court—there he lay down in his clothes on a bed. He soon felt his strength decaying, but he was in perfect peace, and to some who came to visit him, he said, "All is well; the seed of God reigns over all and over death itself. And though," said he, "I am weak in body, yet the power of God is over all, and the seed reigns over all disorderly spirits." In his preaching he was frequently in the habit of calling Christ the seed, so that those who were by him well knew his meaning; thus he lay, but not long, although for some days. About four or five hours before his death he was asked how he was, and he said, "Don't heed, the power of the Lord is above all sickness and death; the seed reigns, blessed be the Lord." At ten o'clock at night on the 13th of January, Sewell says he died, aged 67. He was buried in the Friends' burial ground, near Bunhill Fields, followed to his grave not only by members of the Society, but by great multitudes of people. The principles which he taught prevented the rearing any monument or inscription over his grave, but the short sentence of William Penn may stand as an epitaph scarcely too strong in its eulogy, even in an age of spiritual giants, "Many sons have done virtuously in this day, but thou, dear George, excellest them all."

To talk of George Fox is one thing, to talk of Modern Friends is another. The protest of George Fox against formalism has stereotyped itself, it must be admitted, into the most formal system of religious life and worship the world knows. The necessity for most of those strong actions of the Early Friends has ceased. Society now presents wholly another life. But in itself Quakerism must always be the battle between dogma and doctrine—and this is what it was in George Fox's day. Certainly at present the battle with dogma is not fought by the Society of Friends; on the contrary, they are perhaps the most

inveterate dogmatists of our age. Doctrine is almost dead among them, that is, of the higher religious kind ; and their noble corporation is for the most part a succedaneum of a most respectable kind for the Poor Law Union. It is not so much an *Ecclesiola in Ecclesia*, it is a polity within a polity. Religiously, the society is dead. Any society will soon die that trusts to its dogmas alone. It is dangerous to fly to dogma ; for dogma when called upon for support, always flies to the bushes of mysticism, or the steeps and saharas of scepticism for its helpers. It never lives in a light-house ; it never uses telescopes. The teaching of the Friends does injustice to the higher energies of our nature. It produces no artists, no sculptors, no poets. They have given to literature no great work. But they are the finest conservative element in modern political society. Religious themselves, they say nothing of religion, but create *homes of taste*, and habits of good, temperate, useful manhood. Bold under some circumstances, they are, perhaps, yet the most timid people on the whole in the country ; they dwell among themselves ; and when they step out, they seem to be constantly fearful, and tread softly as if amid the red-hot ploughshares of opinion ; and there is not a peer of the realm robes himself with such true exclusiveness as the well-born member of the Society of Friends. Christendom, unless it looks after them, does not know them. They will neither have the scriptorium of the church, nor its refectory, neither its sacred chalice, nor its holy pen. In a word, the truth which Quakerism teaches is great, but remote ; and its mode of teaching, practical as it confessedly is, is yet narrow, inhuman, and most limited.

But perhaps it is not with a good grace that we can say any words against a sect so excellent and so orderly, which has produced men and women so holy and noble. We will but say that they, as we all, have succeeded in that wherein they lived ; and it is perhaps fair to say that they do not live so much as a religious sect as a philanthropic community ; and their sympathy is much more with bodily infirmities and temporal sorrows than spiritual miseries and necessities. But we shall return to some review of the characters of the leaders of the Society of Friends—their heroisms and their heresies.

II.

SPEAKING TO THEM IN PARABLES.*

MR. BOHN has just issued, in his Illustrated Library, a new and copiously-illustrated edition of the fairy tales of that most beloved and delightful of story-tellers, Hans Andersen. Nothing can add to the enchantment and the fame of his instructive and delicate fancy, but this volume sustains and aids it by its beauty. It is the most comprehensive edition yet issued; and while it will delightfully lead the more intelligent of our young folks into the regions of wonderland, it is a fine book for all fireside reading; healthy, ideal, and often holy in its whole structure, and end, and aim.

The publication of this volume of the complete series of the legends, furnishes also the opportunity for noticing the last, very recently published, production of the same writer, the "Sand Hills of Jutland." It has all the best idiosyncracies of its delightful author—wild fantastic travels into ghost and goblin regions, and among the fairy folk—and all its author's accustomed religiousness of teaching. The principal story in the collection, which gives the name to the volume, the "Sand Hills of Jutland," is one of the most fresh and invigorating; equal to anything from the author's pen; its sly humour, its *naïve* description, and rich and spiritual colouring, are all devoted to the parabolic statement of that great problem—the disappointing complexity of human conditions and affairs. It is a story solemnly beautiful. In the story called "Children's Prattle," we have a description of a child's party. One little creature calls herself, mimicking the folly of older folks, "a Court child," as her father was a "*Kammer junker*."—She informed her little friends, that unless people were well-born, they could never become great, and that those who had at their names the ending *sen*, were all low-born people, and could never be of any consequence in the world. The other children tried to establish their dignity,

"But on the outside of the half-open door stood a poor little boy peeping in. It was, of course, out of the question that so poor a child should enter the drawing-room; but he had been turning the spit for the cook, and he had obtained permission to look in behind the door

* I. Danish Fairy Legends. Tales by Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Caroline Peachey. With a Memoir of the Author. Third Edition, enlarged; with 120 Illustrations. Bohn's Illustrated Library.

II. Parables from Nature. First and Second Series. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Bell and Daldy, Fleet-street.

III. The Sand Hills of Jutland. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mrs. Bushby. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

at the splendidly-dressed children who were amusing themselves, and that was a treat to him.

"He would have liked to have been one of them, he thought ; but at that moment he heard what had been said, and it was enough to make him very sad. Not one shilling had his parents at home to spare. They were not able to set up a newspaper, to say nothing of writing for one. And the worst was yet to come ; for his father's name, and, of course, also his own name, certainly ended in 'sen.' He, therefore, could never become anybody in this world. This was very disheartening. Though he felt assured that he was *born*, it was impossible to think otherwise.

"This was what passed that evening.

"Several years had elapsed, and during their course the children had grown up to be men and women.

"There stood in the town a handsome house, which was filled with magnificent objects of art. Every one went to see it. Even people who lived at a distance came to town to see it. Which prodigy, among the children we have spoken of, could call that edifice his or hers ? It is easy to tell that. No ; it is not so easy, after all. That house belonged to the poor little boy, who became somebody, although his name *did* end in 'sen'—THORWALDSEN !"

And few persons will read this story without thinking of the poor beggar lad, the tailor's apprentice—ANDERSEN.

The "Sand Hills of Jutland," reached our hands too late for a more detailed analysis, but, to those who have not seen it, it will be sufficient to mention it, as every way equal to all the best things of its author's ideal and practical pen.

To the plainer and more practical of our readers, perhaps the "Parables" of Mrs. Alfred Gatty may be even yet more acceptable. She confesses, in her Preface, her inspiration from, and obligation to Hans Andersen. Of course, she will not be offended with us for our avowal of higher admiration for the illustrious Dane : his fables abound in the most pathetic and quiet touches of the true humour of genius ; but Mrs. Gatty deserves to be mentioned with him : she idealises fact, and turns science into fable ; all her parables have their own obvious instruction. Perhaps the fault would be that the moral is too obvious ; but for this very reason they are admirable books for thoughtful and educated youth. Every one would make a capital child's sermon for the closing afternoon in the school-room. An idea of her style will be conveyed by this introduction to the parable entitled—

"ACTIVE AND PASSIVE.

" ' Restless life ! restless life ! ' moaned the Weathercock on the church-tower by the sea, as he felt himself awayed suddenly round by the wind, and creaked with dismay ; ' restless, toiling life, and

everybody complaining of one all the time. *There's that tiresome weathercock pointing east*, cried the old woman, as she hobbled up the churchyard path to the porch last Sunday; *now I know why I have got all my rheumatic pains back again*. Then, in a day or two, came the farmer by on his pony, and drew up outside the wall to have a word with the grave-digger. *A bad look-out, Tomkins*, said he; *if that rascally old weathercock is to be trusted, the wind's got into the wrong quarter again, and we shall have more rain*. Was it my fault if he did find out through me that the wind was in, what he called, *the wrong quarter*? Besides, the wind always is in somebody's wrong quarter, I verily believe! But am *I* to blame? Did I choose my lot? No, no! Nobody need suppose I should go swinging backwards and forwards, and round and round, all my life, telling people what they don't want to know, if I had my choice about the matter. Ah! how much rather would I lead the quiet, peaceful existence of my old friend, the Dial, down below yonder on his pedestal. That is a life, indeed!

" 'How he is chattering away up above there,' remarked the Dial from below; 'he almost makes me smile, though not a ray of sunshine has fallen on me through the livelong day, alas! I often wonder what he finds to talk about; but his active life gives him subjects enough, no doubt. Ah! what would I not give to be like him! But all is so different with me, alas! I thought I heard my own name, too, just now. I will ask. Halloo! up above there! Did you call, my sprightly friend? Is there anything fresh astir? Tell me, if there is. I get so weary of the dark and useless hours—so common now, alas! What have you been talking about?'

" 'Nothing profitable this time, good neighbour,' replied the Weathercock; 'for, in truth, you have caught me grumbling.'

" 'Grumbling.....? Grumbling, *you*?'

" 'Yes, grumbling, I! Why not?'

" 'But grumbling in the midst of an existence so gay, so active, so bright,' pursued the Dial; 'it seems impossible!'

" 'Gay, active, bright! a pretty description enough; but what a mockery of the truth it covers! Look at me, swinging loosely to every peevish blast that flits across the sky. Turned here, turned there, turned everywhere—the sport of every passing gust. Never a moment's rest, but when the uncertain breezes choose to seek it for themselves. Gay, active, bright existence, indeed! Restless, toiling life, I call it; and all to serve a thankless world, by whom my very usefulness is abused. But you, my ancient friend—you, in the calm enjoyment of undisturbed repose, steady and unmoved amidst the utmost violence of storms, how little can you appreciate the sense of weariness I feel! A poor judge of my troubled lot are you in your paradise of rest!'

" 'My paradise of rest, do you call it?' exclaimed the Dial; 'an ingenious title, truly, to express what those who know it practically, feel to be little short of a stagnation of existence. Dull, purposeless, unprofitable, at the mercy of the clouds and shades of night—

I can never fulfil my end but by their sufferance, and in the seasons, rare enough at best, when their meddling interference is withdrawn. And even when the sun and hour do smile upon me, and I carry out my vocation, how seldom does any one come near me to learn the lessons I could teach! I weary of the night; I weary of the clouds; I weary of the footsteps that pass me by. Would that I could rise, even for a few brief hours, to the energy and meaning of a life like yours!’

“ ‘This is a strange fatality, indeed,’ creaked the Weathercock, in reply, ‘that you, in your untroubled calm, should yearn after the restlessness I sicken of; that I, in what you call my gay and active existence, should long for the quiet you detest.’

“ ‘You long for it because you are ignorant of its nature and practical reality,’ groaned the Dial.

“ ‘Nay, but those are the very words I would apply to you, my ancient friend. The blindest ignorance of its workings can alone account for your coveting a position such as mine.’

“ ‘If that be so, then every position is wrong,’ was the murmured remark, in answer; but it never reached the sky, for at that moment the mourning tolling of a bell in the old church-tower announced that a funeral was approaching, and in its vibrations the lesser sound was lost.

“ And as those vibrations gathered in the air, they grouped themselves into a solemn dirge, which seemed as if it rose in contradiction to what had just been said.

“ For it gave out to the mourners who were following the corpse to its last earthly resting-place, that every lot was good, and blessed to some particular end.

“ For the lots of all (it said) were appointed, and all that was appointed was good.

“ Little, little did it matter, therefore (it said), whether the lot of him who came to his last resting-place had been a busy or a quiet one; a high or a low one; one of labour or of endurance. If that which was appointed to be done, had been well done, all was well.

“ It gave out, too, that every time and season was good, and blessed to some particular purpose; that the time to die was as good as the time to be born, whether it came to the child who had done but little, or to the man who had done much.

“ For the times and seasons (it said) were appointed, and all that was appointed was good.

“ Little, little did it matter, therefore (it said), whether the time of life had been a long one or a short one; if that which was appointed to be used, had been rightly used, all was right.

“ Echoing and re-echoing in the air, came these sounds out of the old bell-tower, bidding the mourners not to mourn, for both the lots and the times of all things were appointed, and all that was appointed was good.”

Children love tales—fairy tales—parables. The better sort of

grown-up children, we fancy, like them too ; for, indeed, they are constantly doing that for us which we are all trying to do for ourselves, in one way or other, namely, to realise. This is the hidden charm of the story-teller. He gives a local habitation and a name to thoughts which wander through eternity ; he brings the abstract and wandering spirit home ; he imprisons the dainty Ariel. No man will be a favourite talker to children who does not speak in parables ; and the teacher to the mighty multitudes will be efficient in the proportion to his power of wielding admirably the parable. But it requires some of the most varied powers of the human mind, and it is difficult to wield it well. Eloquence and rhetoric may furnish a "linked sweetness long drawn out ;" but parable opens, unfolds, expounds, and illustrates. The greatest of all teachers adopted this expedient—"Without a parable spake he not unto them." It may be, and is, and has been much abused ; but no power is so likely to awaken in an auditor the listening ear, and to furnish the understanding heart. This is that power which John Bunyan has glorified by his pen, and which made Christmas Evans the most popular preacher of his country. Goethe delighted to use it. In no other way can the subtleties and sophisms of the intellect be so completely elucidated. Thus the phantasmagoria of the mind are thrown upon the printer's sheet ; thus is fulfilled the great injunction of the ancients, *paint your ideas*. Put them into such a shape that you can look at them, and permit others to look at them. The parable is to the abstractions of the mind what the diagram is to mathematical science, or natural philosophy, or the experiment to chemistry. Well-told parables are the diagrams of metaphysics and psychology ; and, if the reader will, of theology too. If the only Master who could teach infinite truth did not disdain their use, why should his disciples ? Well said Lord Bacon, and Mrs. Gatty has done well in quoting the saying—"Parables are more ancient than arguments." And the author of the proverb, in many of his writings, shows his faith in, by his practice of, this ancient principle. John Wesley required of his young preachers that they should study, among other books, Spenser's "*Fairy Queen*." It is well known that Jonathan Edwards became a better preacher after reading "*Clarissa Harlowe* ;" and, certainly, we believe that a course of judicious fiction would be as beneficial in training for a teacher as a course of mental or moral science.

This, we believe to be the law of the parable ; thought is unhappy until it finds a body for itself ; it wearies of wandering to and fro among words which, at the best, can only convey half a meaning ; it tires of a vain flitting through the chambers of

ghosts and disembodied thought, forms which, if they are really there, and perceived, are only like phantoms dancing on the wall. Hence, the parabolic form of thought is not peculiar to any people; all nations have their legends, and, perhaps, the unity of the popular legend is one of the most interesting illustrations of the unity of the race. They are not derived from each other, but are rather the spontaneous language of the wondering and the realising soul of man. This is a topic which will merit from us much more than a passing remark, and we shall return to it again in another paper. Meantime, it is not to be supposed that the imagery and parabolic power of the mind is confined to the east; Iceland has its Edda and its Sagas of Snorro Sturleston.

There is a singular disposition of the mind to regard all things as human, and even inanimate things as really alive. From before the days even of Æsop until now, beasts and birds, and creeping things, have been made to speak, not only as in the possession of consciousness, but of reason and sensibility. Imagination plays with these things and creatures; and the happy power of the good-humoured caricaturist, who would cure the vices or foibles of mankind without the severity of the satirist, is never more admirably displayed than when indulging these innocent licences of fancy and speech. It is most quaint and ludicrous to notice what human likenesses and resemblances peep out from the meanest things. The echo of a human heart seems to sound from all things above man, and every little creature, and every thing man has made, from beneath him, seems to look up and to claim a relationship. Here is a little illustration of Andersen's way of using things:—

“There was once a Darning-needle so fine that she fancied herself a Sewing-needle.

“‘Now, take care, and hold me fast!’ said the Darning-needle to the Fingers that took her up. ‘Don’t lose me, pray! If I were to fall down on the floor, you would never be able to find me again, I am so fine!’

“‘That’s more than you can tell!’ said the Fingers, as they took hold of her.

“‘See, I come with a train!’ said the Darning-needle, drawing a long thread, without a single knot in it, after her.

“The Fingers guided the Needle to the cook-maid’s slippers; the upper leather was torn, and had to be sewn together.

“‘This is vulgar work!’ said the Darning-needle; ‘I shall never get through; I break, I am breaking.’ And break she did. ‘Did I not say so?’ continued she; ‘I am too fine.’

“‘Now she is good for nothing,’ thought the Fingers; however, they must still keep their hold; the cook-maid dropped sealing-wax upon the Darning-needle and then stuck her into her neckerchief.

“‘See, now I am a Breast-pin!’ said the Darning-needle; ‘I knew well that I should come to honour; when one is something, one always becomes something.’ And at this she laughed, only inwardly, of course, for nobody has ever seen or heard a Darning-needle laugh; there sat she now at her ease, as proud as if she were driving in her carriage, and looking about her on all sides.”

But let no one take up the Fairy Tales of Andersen, thinking of them only as the ministers—the mere amusements of childhood—certainly they are these; and the story of the Ugly Duck is a most pleasant parable, which shadows out the author’s own sad experience and difficult progress through life. Well may the man whose father was a poor shoemaker, whose mother was once, in her childhood, so poor that she was sent out to beg in the streets, and who was himself intended for no higher post in life than that of a working tailor; and who, at eighteen years of age, could neither write nor spell his own language correctly—well might he point the moral of the story of the Ugly Duckling, after he had given such delight to millions of people in England, Germany, Denmark, and America. “It matters not to have been born in a duck-yard, when one has been hatched from a swan’s egg.” “The Ugly Duck,” and “the Flying Trunk,” and “the Emperor’s Clothes,” and “the Flax,” and many another wild and wonderful tale, will be of course amazing favourites with the young, and contain too, admirable lessons, the use of which the old have not outgrown, and cannot outgrow. But not merely to amuse the young does Hans Andersen write with a kind practical eye, full of kindly humour for all the little frailties of men and women. In these fairy stories there occur touches of the clearest comprehension of natural beauty, and notes of pathos, showing how deeply the author has drunk of the cup of sorrow and suffering, and reverence for all human feelings, and pity for all human infirmities. To read these through would, one would think, extract all the envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness from the most waspish or malicious nature; and they are full of hope and of heaven. No one could call his fancy wild, or undisciplined; it is controlled by the most righteous imagination; although he is one of those licensed wanderers into realms hidden from others. Andersen, like old Tiff, appears to be one of those who “retain a good understanding with all created nature;” to hear his creatures talk is the most natural thing in the world, and just what we expected. Nor are we surprised, although exceedingly delighted, when he introduces us to gnomes, and nixies, and angels. Sometimes he becomes most solemn; reads to sad souls, and bereaved hearts, lessons such as might be uttered from the pulpit; or speaks

again with a richness of language and sentiment, which reveals not words nor word-painting, but the power of perceiving all the awful and unutterable beauties and glories that nature is calculated to inspire. And then sometimes we come to a parable, in which we recognise a feeling and a knowledge of man's most sacred things. How affectionate is the frequent mention of our Lord, especially in the last work, the "Sand Hills of Jutland." How sweet is that refrain—

" Our roses bloom and fade away,
Our Infant Lord abides alway ;
May we be blessed His face to see,
And ever little children be."

So the story of the world's fairest Rose—the queen who lay at the point of death, but who might be brought back to life, could she but find the world's fairest rose, the expression of highest and purest love; and all the old and all the young came round her bringing roses, but all in vain. The rose of first love, the rose of science, the rose of maternal affection, the white rose of sorrow, then

" 'The World's Fairest Rose I have seen at the altar of the Lord,' said the pious old Bishop. 'I have seen it beaming forth, manifesting itself, as it were the presence of an angel. A band of young maidens went up to the Holy Table to renew their baptismal covenant, the roses blushing and paling alternately on their fresh cheeks; there was one young girl standing among her companions; I saw her look up to her God with all the purity and loving devotion of her virgin soul;—then saw I the expression of the highest and purest love!'"

" 'Blessed, thrice blessed is Piety,' said the Sage; 'still hast not even thou discovered the World's Fairest Rose.'"

"Then entered the chamber a child, the Queen's little son; his eyes were glistening, and his cheeks wet with tears; open in his hands he carried a large book bound in velvet, and having large silver clasps.

" 'Mother!' cried the child, 'oh, listen to what I have read here!'—and he sat down by the bed-side and read aloud from the book. He read of Him who 'so loved the world' that he gave Himself up to death, even the death of the cross, to save sinners. 'Greater love hath no man than this!'"

"And a faint rosy gleam passed over the Queen's cheek, the glance of her eye grew stronger and brighter, for from the leaves of that book she felt wafted to her the fragrance of the World's Fairest Rose, the Rose that sprang forth from the sacred Blood that was shed on Calvary.

" 'I see it!' she exclaimed. 'Never can he die who looks upon that Rose, the fairest of the earth, the Rose of Sharon!'"

And will our readers be able to feel the solemn beauty of these tones of

THE BELL.

“Every evening, when the sun disappeared and the clouds glistened like gold among the high chimneys of the town, there was heard, sometimes by one, sometimes by another, a strange, deep sound like the pealing of a church bell. Only for a moment could it be heard, for there was such an incessant rumbling of carts and carriages, such a bustle of coming and going, such a noise of singing and shouting as well-nigh bewildered people, and at times quite drowned the distant chime. ‘Hark! there is the evening bell,’ they used to say; ‘the sun is just setting.’

“If you went beyond the town into the suburbs, where the houses stood farther apart, with gardens and meadows lying between them, you would behold the evening sky arrayed in colours still more bright and beautiful, and the tones of the unknown Bell might be heard ringing far more loudly and sweetly. It seemed as though the sound must proceed from some church deep within the still, fragrant forest in the distance, and you could not help casting a glance thitherwards, and feeling impressed with pious awe.

“Time passed on, the Bell still pealed regularly as ever; at last people said, ‘Can there be a church in the forest? The tones of the Bell are indeed strange, and beautiful exceedingly; why should not we go and search into this mystery?’ And, accordingly, the rich drove thither in their carriages, and the poor walked on foot, but they found the distance longer than they had expected, and when they reached the willow-grove that skirted the forest, they were tempted to sit down to rest in the shade, and then they would look up into the branches overhead and fancy themselves already in the forest. And soon the chief confectioner in the town came out and spread his tent there, and this excited a rival confectioner to do the like, and he must needs hang up a bell right over his tent. This bell was covered with tar to preserve it from the rain, but it had no clapper.”

Still some persons boasted of having penetrated to the farthest end of the forest. One man wrote a poem on the Bell, which excited so much attention, that the Emperor gave out, that whoever should discover the cause of this mysterious sound should be called the universal Bellringer. And one man was appointed universal Bellringer, having, as he said, discovered that it was a great Owl—the Owl of Wisdom, in a hollow tree, which was the cause of it. Still people were as wise as before, and still they heard the Bell, and still they made excursions into the forest, if possible, to discover it. And one day, after a Confirmation service, as the bishop’s words were closing, suddenly the marvellous, incomprehensible Bell was heard pealing through the distant

forest; and a number of young Christians determined to set forth, if possible, to discover the cause of the sound. Some, however, remained behind. One young girl to try on a ball-dress; one, because he was too poor, had borrowed even his coat and boots for Confirmation, and had to return them. Others went on, some reached the confectioner's tent; and they said, See, here we are at last. After all there is no such thing as the Bell; it's only a fancy of ours. However, in that same moment the Bell was heard to peal from out the forest depths, in tones so sweet and solemn, that four or five determined to seek it farther. But of these one heard the "Cluck, cluck," of the fountain and waterfall. What if this should be it, said he; I must examine into this thoroughly, and there he stayed examining. The others came to a curiously-gabled cottage, and at one gable hung a little bell. Could this be the bell they sought? Yes, they agreed it was, all except one,

"Who said that it was far too small, and its tones too low to have been heard at such a distance, and that the chimes which had stirred the hearts of all men so powerfully were indeed very different. He who spoke thus was a King's son; so the others said, 'This is always the way; these grand folks must needs be wiser than all the rest of the world put together.'

"So they suffered him to pursue his way alone; and as he wandered on he felt his spirit more and more impressed with the silent beauty of the forest. He could still hear the ringing of the little bell, the sight of which had so delighted his comrades, and at times, too, the wind bore over to him the tones of the confectioner's bell, as it rang the holiday-makers to tea; but the deep, solemn strokes that had called him forth from the town sounded above them all, growing louder and louder, and more and more like the music of an organ. And he fancied this singular music proceeded from some place to his left—from the side where the heart beats.

"Suddenly there was a rustling among the bushes; the King's son turned round, and saw beside him a little boy, wearing wooden shoes, and a jacket with sleeves so short as to leave his wrists quite bare. The King's son recognised him immediately,—it was the boy who could not come with the rest in search of the Bell, because he must first restore his borrowed confirmation clothes. This he had done, and had then followed alone in his own wooden shoes and miserable patched garments; for the Bell rang with a melody so clear and deep, that he felt he must come and seek it.

"'Well, then, we can go on together,' said the King's son. But the poor youth in the wooden shoes was very bashful; he tugged at his short jacket-sleeves, and said he feared he could not walk so quickly; besides, he thought that the Bell must be sought towards the right, because the right-hand side was always the place of honour.

“ ‘Certainly, then, we shall not agree at all,’ replied the King’s son; and he nodded a friendly farewell to the poor boy, who went on into the deepest, thickest recesses of the wood, where the thorns tore his clothes to pieces, and made his face, hands, and feet bleed terribly. The King’s son, on his part, did not escape without a few sharp scratches,; but the sun shone full on his path, and he it is whom we shall follow. A royal heart, indeed, had this King’s son.

“ ‘The Bell I must and will find,’ said he, ‘even should I go to the end of the world after it!’

“ Hideous, grinning monkeys sat chattering and grinding their teeth among the branches. ‘Shall we cudgel him?’ cried they, ‘shall we thrash him? he is a King’s son.’

“ But, nothing daunted, on he passed, deeper and deeper into the forest shades, where grew the loveliest and strangest flowers. Large white lilies with blood-red stamens, and sky-blue tulips waving to and fro in the wind, sprang up at his feet, and apple-trees extended to him their tempting fruit, shining like great, glistening soap-bubbles in the dazzling sunbeams. Here and there were seen clear spots of the freshest greensward, where hart and hind sported together under the shade of magnificent oaks and beeches; and if the trunks of some of these were riven asunder, grass and long creepers covered the cleft. Calm, glassy lakes, too, he saw, white swans swimming upon their bosom, and continually flapping their long, snowy wings. The King’s son often stood still to look and listen, often he fancied that the bell-like tones must issue from the depths of one of these unruffled lakes; however, he was soon convinced of his mistake; he still heard the pealing of the Bell, but still, as ever, it came from some distant region of the forest.

“ At last the sun set, the firmament glowed as if on fire, the forest seemed more silent, more sacred than ever; he sank upon his knees, sang his evening hymn, and when it was ended, said to himself, ‘Never shall I find that which I seek! the sun is setting; night, dark night, is coming on. I would fain see the round, red sun once more, before it sinks beneath the earth; I will climb up yonder group of rocks, the centre peak is as high as the tallest tree in the forest.’

“ And seizing hold of roots and shrubs, he clambered over the moist stones, where water-snakes lay writhing their long, smooth coils, and toads sat croaking at him. Up he clambered, and gained the peak just before the sun, as seen from that height, had quite disappeared. Oh, what a scene now burst upon his eyes! The sea, the great, glorious sea, was spread before him, dashing its foaming billows on the coast; and the half-set sun shone like a rich golden altar in the place where sea and sky met, melting into each other, into the same glowing hues. The forest sang, the sea sang, and his heart sang with them; all nature seemed one vast and holy church, wherein the trees, crowned by light, hovering clouds, formed the arched pillars, flowers and grass being woven into a soft velvet carpet at his feet, while heaven itself hung like a spacious dome overhead. And as he gazed, the bright red hues faded rapidly

away, the sun had quite vanished, but, one by one, millions of stars burst out, just as though millions of diamond lamps had been suddenly kindled. The King's son raised his arms in grateful rapture towards sky, sea, and forest—and just at that moment the poor youth, in wooden shoes and short jacket, came forward from the right-hand side; following his own path, he had in the end been brought to the same spot. They ran to meet each other, and stood together, hand in hand in the vast Church of Nature and Poetry, whilst above them pealed the holy, invisible Bell, and blessed spirits hovered round, singing in chorus their own triumphant Hallelujah."

"Verily," said Christian, "I think I know the meaning of this."

We have spent so much time in company with Hans Andersen, that we have left ourselves small space to speak of the volumes of Mrs. Gatty,—they deserve and shall receive our kindest, warmest word;—if they were first inspired by the perusal of the Danish Legends; yet, they are entirely individual and distinct,—and the differing titles indicate the different methods. Mrs. Gatty neither speaks of fairies nor angels. She does not call her wise little stories legends, or fairy tales, but parables; parables, however, in which she shows to us how she has found

"Tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The quotation is somewhat hacknied, but it was never more apt than as a description of these pleasant little parables. We were much edified by the conversation of the house cricket and the mole, and that fine consolation of the plodding old fellow "Every thing fits in at last," and its beautiful teaching, on the waiting creation. "And so we meet once again," said a zoophyte to a sea weed, in whose company he had been thrown ashore. "What strange adventures we have gone through, since the waves flung us on the sands together;"—and after this promising beginning, we have a very pleasant parable, to show to young thinkers, that knowledge is not the limit of belief. A very curious use does Mrs. Gatty put the Will-o'-the-Wisp to, in making its calumniated beams to be the analogy of

"THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

"'Detestable Phantom!' cried the traveller, as his horse sank with him into the morass; 'to what a miserable end have you lured me by your treacherous light!'

"'The same old story for ever!' muttered the Will-o'-the-Wisp in reply. 'Always throwing blame on others for troubles you have

brought upon yourself. What more could have been done for you, unhappy creature, than I have done? All the weary night through have I danced on the edge of this morass, to save you and others from ruin. If you have rushed in further and further, like a headstrong fool, in spite of my warning light, who is to blame but yourself?

“‘I *am* an unhappy creature, indeed,’ rejoined the traveller; ‘I took your light for a friendly lamp, but have been deceived to my destruction.’

“‘Yet not by *me*,’ cried the Will-o’-the-Wisp, anxiously—‘I work out my appointed business carefully and ceaselessly. My light is ever a friendly lamp to the wise. It misleads none but the headstrong and ignorant.’

“‘Headstrong! ignorant!’ exclaimed the Statesman, for such the traveller was—‘How little do you know to whom you are speaking! Trusted by my King—honoured by my country—the leader of her councils—ah, my country, my poor country, who will take my place and guide you when I am gone!’

“‘A guide who cannot guide himself! Misjudging, misled, and—though wise, perhaps, in the imperfect laws of society—ignorant in the glorious laws of Nature and of Truth—who will miss you, presumptuous being? You have mistaken the light that warned you of danger for the star that was to guide you to safety. Alas for your country, if no better leader than you can be found!’

“‘The Statesman never spoke again, and the Will-o’-the-Wisp danced back to the edge of the black morass; and as he flickered up and down, he mourned his luckless fate—always trying to do good—so often vilified and misjudged. ‘Yet,’ said he to himself, as he sent out his beams through the cheerless night—‘I will not cease to try; who knows but that I may save *somebody* yet! But what an ignorant world I live in!’”

* * * *

“‘The old squire should mend these here roads,’ observed Hobbinoll the farmer to his son Colin, as they drove slowly home from market in a crazy old cart, which shook about with such jerks, that little Colin tried in vain to keep curled up in a corner. It was hard to say whether the fault was most in the roads,—though they were rather rutty, it must be owned,—or in the stumbling old pony who went from side to side, or in the not very sober driver, who seemed unable at times to distinguish the reins apart, so that he gave sudden pulls, first one way and then the other. But through all these troubles it comforted the farmer’s heart to lay all the blame on the squire for the bad roads that led across the boggy moor. Colin, however, took but little interest in the matter; but at length, when a more violent jerk than usual threw him almost sprawling on the bottom of the cart, he jumped up, laid hold of the side planks, and began to look around him with his half sleepy eyes, trying to find out where they were. At last he said, ‘She’s coming, father.’

“‘Who’s coming?’ shouted Hobbinoll.

“ ‘T’ mother,’ answered Colin.

“ ‘What’s she coming for, I wonder,’ said Hobbinoll ; ‘we’ve enough in the cart without her.’

“ ‘But you ’re going away from her, father,’ expostulated Colin, half crying. ‘I see her with the lanthorn, and she’ll light us home. You can’t see, father ; let me have the reins.’ But Hobbinoll refused to give up the reins, though he was not very fit to drive. In the struggle, however, he caught sight of the light which Colin took for his mother’s lanthorn.

“ ‘And is *that* the fool’s errand you’d be going after?’ cried he, pointing with his whip to the light. ‘It’s lucky for you, young one, you have not had the driving of us home to-night, though you think you can do anything, I know. A precious home it would have been at the bottom of the sludgy pool yonder, for that’s where you’d have got us to at last. Yon light is the Will-o’-the-Wisp, that’s always trying to mislead folks. Bad luck befall him ! I got half-way to him once when I was a young ’un, but an old neighbour who’d once been in himself was going by just then, and called me back. He’s a villain is that sham-faced Will-o’-the-Wisp.’

“ With these words the farmer struck the pony so harshly with his heavy whip, twitching the reins convulsively at the same time, at the mere memory of his adventure in the bog, that little Colin was thrown up and down like a ball, and the cart rolled forward in and out of the ruts at such a pace, that Hobbinoll got home to his wife sooner than she ever dared to hope on market evenings.

“ ‘They are safe,’ observed the Will-o’-the-Wisp, as the cart moved on, ‘and that is the great point gained ! Nevertheless, such wisdom is mere brute experience. In their ignorance they would have struck the hand that helped them. Nevertheless, I will try again, for I may yet save some one else. But what a rude and ungrateful world I live in !’ ”

These quotations will give some idea of these very pleasant and most excellent little books. Hans Anderson needs no single word to commend him to household love. But we shall be glad to know that there is no school library, or village library, or children’s book case, in which Mrs. Gatty’s parables are not found. Since, for our own household, we purchased the tiny, little, square, blue, quaint-looking, little books, we are glad to find they have gone through several editions. While for those who desire to see them in one volume, we understand there is—we have not seen—an elegant edition, delightfully illustrated.

III.

GEORGE WILSON.*

THIS is a beautiful tribute of sisterly affection to the memory of a very beautiful and gifted man. The book is very interesting, yet we are afraid we must say far too long, and its length will interfere with its more extended popularity. Cut down to half the size, it would gain in unity and symmetry, and would have, we doubt not, a far more extended circulation and perusal; for independently of its being the memoir of a man whose life was too brief, and position too merely local, to give to his name a very extended celebrity beyond the boundaries and duties of his native city, the volume is full of very pleasant desultory reading. It is a thorough family book, full of pleasant scraps of conversation and letters. Indeed, George Wilson so united in himself the characteristics of philosophy, poetry, and piety, that we must regret that this interesting memoir should be limited in its influence by its bulk.

George Wilson was born in Edinburgh in the year 1818. Some of the glimpses, slight as they are, of his early days, show how deeply he was indebted to his mother for the first influences which fed his life of feeling, conscience, and thought. She is described by her son as "a woman of rare natural gifts, who zealously fostered in her children the love of knowledge which they inherited;" and in "The Horæ Subsecivæ" we find it said that, "it was from her that her son George got all that genius and worth and delightfulness which is transmissible. She verifies what is so often and so truly said of the mothers of remarkable men. She was his first and best *alma mater*, and in many senses his last, for her influence over him continued through life." It was the custom of this admirable mother to pay each night a visit to the little cot of her twin boys, of whom George was one, and to repeat over them Jacob's blessing—"The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel that redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." So fascinating was this to him, that in mature years he has told a friend how he used to lie awake watching for it, pretending to be asleep, that he might enjoy it to the full; and the infants were blessed, and became blessings. "Have not we rea-

* Memoir of George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E. Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, and Director of the Industrial Museum of Scotland. By his Sister, Jessie Aitken Wilson. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1860.

lised," he said to a sister in his later years, "in spite of our sorrows, and cares, and trials, that we are the children of many prayers?"

In his early days he exhibited all the aptitude and acquisitiveness, and curious inquisitiveness of genius; "he was aye to be seen in a corner, wi' a book as big's himsel'." A love of natural history developed itself in a singular way. A tender humanity was cultivated by the encouragement of all kinds of pets. Hedgehogs reposed in undiscovered corners in the day-time, and appeared at twilight to be fed. Tortoises made the recesses of the old-fashioned grates their bed-chambers, coming out to be regaled with grapes and dandelion leaves:—

"In short, it was an understood fact, that no pet could come amiss to the household, so strongly did a love for animals pervade the family. One favourite, at the time we now speak of, was a large rough bull-terrier, of no great beauty. Duff had been intended to act as watch-dog, but he soon came to the conclusion that watching his master's children was the duty nearest his heart, if not his conscience, and he was skilful in evading all other demands on his talents. Jessie, when able to walk alone, liked nothing better than to go to sleep with her little arms round his soft fat neck. One day an alarm was raised that baby was missing. In vain every room was searched, till by chance some one looked underneath a table, where she lay sleeping in the favourite fashion, Duff waiting in motionless patience till it should please his little mistress to release him. By the death of a maternal aunt, four cousins were about this time left orphans, and became domesticated with the Wilsons. Their ages varied from four to twelve. Duff could not be reconciled to these strangers, and considered his responsibilities largely increased. When a game at tig or blindman's buff was in prospect, the first step necessary was to turn Duff out of the room, so strongly did he resent any of the cousins touching *his* children."

Thus early days were passed in this family. There was a third brother, Daniel Wilson, well known as the author of "The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland." John, the twin of George, a weak lad, died at the age of eighteen. The subject of this memoir was a strong, healthy lad, and in those days gave no indications of that debility to which he was eventually reduced by disease, sore suffering, and the mutilation of surgeons. So in that early happy, happy household, the family passed its days, deriving impressions from the scenery surrounding the magnificent city. The sketch furnished of those times of childhood by the eloquent pen of Dr. Daniel Wilson, is very pleasing. Here they were waiting and unconsciously preparing to fulfil in their experience Mrs. Hemans' well-known "Graves of a Household,"—reading all sorts of books—"George Fox's Journal," which, however, was eventually turned

into a "*hortus siccus*," "Insect Architecture," the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," "The Encyclopædia Britannica," "Arabian Nights," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim," and "Mansoul," and Cowper, and all the poets,—and the future professor of technology was a rambler among the hills, gathering for his little museum fossils, minerals, shells, relics, gall-nuts, preparing skeleton leaves and miscellaneous insects of all sorts. Then, too, was formed a Juvenile Society for the Advancement of Knowledge, and in connection with this there were many puzzling intellectual riddles to solve, in the way of weekly discussion; such as—"Whether the whale or the herring afforded the more useful and profitable employment to mankind?"—"Whether the camel was more useful to the Arab or the reindeer to the Laplander?" We have referred to the museum. In the house these young philosophers rejoiced also in a domestic menagerie. It is very pleasant to read of their efforts at the formation of a "happy family:"—

"We rejoiced successively in a tame owl, a sparrow-hawk, hedgehog, tortoise, guinea-pig, rabbits, etc. The hedgehog was long a favourite. It used to sleep all day coiled up by the fire; and towards dusk it began to move, and would run about, with its grunting cry; coming, when called on, for a bit of apple, or a cockroach—one of its favourite delicacies. But it chanced on one occasion that a poor, barefooted Italian boy, with his hurdy-gurdy and white mice, became an object of compassion to us; mother was readily induced to provide him with stockings and an old pair of shoes, and in gratitude for these and other services, he presented us with a pair of white mice. A cage was made, which by-and-by expanded into a sort of mouse-palace of two stories, with parlour, breeding-cage, etc. A part of it was apportioned to a pair of black and white mice, procured by some means or other; and as they multiplied on our hands, our great ambition was to teach a rough little Scotch terrier that we had—famous for rat-hunting—to lie and let our tame mice run about his shaggy coat. The mice were entirely devoid of fear, but Coxy used occasionally to show his teeth in a way that did not promise very well for his discrimination between white and ordinary mice, had he been left with them alone. From George's letter, however, it would seem he had been trying the same experiment with Mr. Grey Cat; and, though the case was a harder one to deal with, apparently with equal success."

Thus we can clearly see before us the picture of a cheerful, busy, happy boyhood, all inquisitive for knowledge without the conceit of its attainment; a very attractive lad, omnivorous of all real information, not very desirous to attain in the world of languages or the classics, but always asking questions of nature, and falling into the habit of putting the questions in such a way as to

ensure a clear and satisfactory reply. Leaving the High School of Edinburgh he entered upon his studies for the profession of medicine. In an address delivered to the students in 1853, he vividly recalls some of his impressions of the first surgical operation.

“The first surgical operation which I saw performed in the Edinburgh Infirmary, soon after becoming an apprentice there, was the amputation of a sailor’s leg above the knee. The spectacle, for which I was quite unprepared, sufficiently horrified a boy fresh from school, especially as the patient underwent the operation without the assistance of anæsthetics, which were not introduced into surgical practice till many years later. Some days after the operation, when the horror of the first shock had passed away, I resolved to visit the poor fellow, who happened to be a namesake, and see if I could render him any little service. I went, however, with no little hesitation, expecting to find him in the same state of suffering and prostration as I had seen him in before, and fearing that I should only distress myself, without doing him any good. I was agreeably surprised, however, and indeed amused, to find the invalid half propped up in bed, and intently occupied with a blacking-brush, borrowed from the nurse, polishing the single shoe which in six weeks, or a month at soonest, he might hope to wear. I could not help smiling in his face, and wishing him a speedy return to his shoe, which at once became the text of a cheerful conversation. The ludicrous inappropriateness, as it then seemed to me, of the patient’s occupation, relieved my feelings; and its perfect appropriateness, as it seemed to himself, relieved his; for, as I learned more fully in subsequent conversations, his great concern was to count the hours till he should reach a fishing village in the south of England, where his mother and sister longed for his return. He made an excellent recovery, and reached his home in safety. After this experience I became a constant visitor on my own account to all the wards, and in the course of four years made many a strange acquaintance. I refer here to the circumstance, that it may become the ground of recommendation to the young student, who is distressed by the spectacle of suffering, to interest himself in the welfare of the sufferers. A feeling which may otherwise readily grow morbid, is turned into a wholesome and profitable moral exercise. The text sculptured on the front of the Edinburgh Infirmary, ‘I was sick, and ye visited me,’ has a blessing in it for the visitors as well as the visited, as our Saviour emphatically teaches, and as all who have obeyed its implicit command have realized.”*

He now parted, of course, with the toys of science, and turned

* On the Character of God, as inferred from the theory of Human Anatomy. Addresses to Medical Students. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

them into tools; though doubtless the admirable boy had prepared the hand to use the tool with pleasure. We cannot give any lengthy view of the life of this period, from 1832 to 1837. It is interesting to notice how the student of anatomy was indulging in cheering and solemn thoughts on the resurrection, especially the resurrection of our Lord, and its relation to our restored being; it is very interesting to follow the young student of the botanical class to the pleasant lecture in the gardens, where the foliage of the luxuriant trees, which peeped in at its windows, served as window blinds, and singing birds took the place of the college bell; to follow him with his fellow students in their long, early morning walk, and their return home to a merry breakfast, their hands full of flowers for the lectures, and their young hearts full of fun; or to see the genial professor, Dr. Graham, heading his class on each summer Saturday, and scouring the fields and hills on a botanising march. The extracts from the letters and journals of those times show a clear, shining, hopeful heart in training, by the very opposite helpings of fact and fancy.

Chemistry, with which science the name of George Wilson is more especially and famously connected, had not seemed to be his chief attraction; but when he approached the study, it soon drew him within the spell of those strong fascinations by which it usually bewitches its votaries; so we find him writing:—

“As you are a discreet young lady, I shall not scruple in confidence to tell you, *I am over head and ears in love*, and the object of my attachment so thoroughly engrosses my thoughts, that I have scarce a speculation to give to anything else; and though I have wooed her stedfastly, she, with the coyness and fickleness of her sex, gives me but doubtful signs of a reciprocity of affection, and I feel that I make but small progress in her esteem; and eager as I am to ingratiate myself with her, and high as I should esteem the honour of having a most thorough acquaintance with her, I know that many of my friends would imagine her a very unfit companion, and I can conceive you saying that, although a lady might occasionally converse with her, a familiar intimacy would be most undesirable, and I believe you to have more than common charity in such a case as this. Nevertheless, she is descended from a noble and influential family of very ancient origin, which can show incontestable proofs of having flourished in the dark ages, under another title, and which received great additions to its power and influence, under the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., under the Chancellorship of Lord Bacon. If you wish to see the birth, descent, and fortunes of the family, I would refer you not to Burke’s ‘Peerage,’ but to the Encyclopædia, where, under the article ‘Sciences,’ you will find a minute history of the family; and if you ask me which of the daughters has awakened in me such admiration, I reply, the ‘Right

noble the Science of Chemistry,' who in my eyes is by far the most attractive and interesting of the family. In case a kindly feeling to the writer should incline you to know more of this noble house, and its collateral branches, I would refer you to a work written by a lady, deeply versed in this branch of heraldry, Mrs. Somerville's 'Connexion of the Physical Sciences.' "

We shall no doubt meet with pleasant pictures of the student life of those times in the biography of Professor Forbes, to the perusal of which we look forward with interest; they were fellow-travellers in the pursuit of chemical knowledge in Edinburgh. Dr. Livingstone, also, was one of his class mates while studying in London. The study of the hard routine of fact and natural law could not harden the heart of George Wilson. It is very delightful to find how constantly when a poor, striving, and sometimes disappointed student, he does more than fulfil the instincts of his student life in yielding to the promptings of humanity. He had a very beautifully-bound and much-prized edition of the Koran. He writes to his brother, "Do you remember my poor old friend the sweep? he is dead, fell from a ladder and hurt his side. His case was neglected, and when he sent for me he was past remedy. I sent him to the infirmary, where he lived only two days, he was buried on Christmas day. I sold my Koran to buy him a coffin." And again, we like a little glimpse like this of the humane humour of the man:—

"While I was reading away at electricity, I heard the sound of a flute on the steps, and thereafter the voice of an Irishman singing. I went to the door to give him a penny, and found a poor, but happy-like blind man, who, taking the coin as his due, accosted me: 'Och, yer honor, and couldn't ye spare a bit ould hat, for mine was druv off by the wind when I was playing yesterday in the Kirkcaldy boat, and they wouldn't wait for me, nor for yer honor naither.' Pitying the poor, bare-headed man, I tried to get hold of some other body's hat, and, failing, gave him my own old one. My four-and-sixpenny gossamer must do night as well as day-work now, thanks to the blind Irishman."

But in 1840 we find the first intimation of reverses in health. Yet on his sick-bed he prepared his first course of lectures, for he had received a license as lecturer on chemistry from the Royal College of Surgeons; and he at once became a favourite lecturer. He had great knowledge of his subject, and a most happy and easy way of imparting his knowledge in the lecture room. He had wrought severely as a student, he now laboured severely as a teacher; but he had that cheerful humour which lightens the

longest and hardest toil; and sometimes a humourous incident did shine round the laboratory. He says—

“A ray of *golden* light stole into my dark den the other day, which may prove a present help, and earnest of something better in store. As I was discoursing to my practical students on some edifying subject, there walked into my laboratory a grave, business-looking, middle-aged man, who, seeing me engaged, made a courteous bow, and took a seat in an easy way at the fireside. My back was to him, so that it was only when I whisked round to chalk upon the board that I could catch a glimpse of him; and, from the quiet, determined look of the man, I set him down as an agent for the gas company, or else the water-baliff, or some other of the account-presenting gentry whom I abominate. I bundled the class away as fast as possible, and proclaimed myself at his service. Very good! The rogue was a lawyer; his client was landlord of certain houses in Leith near which a soap manufactory is carried on, and the soap-refuse being laid before the house-windows, annoyed the indwellers by its noisome smell. Would I analyse the said stuff, and substantiate by chemic proof that it might, could, would, and should have an odour? Certainly; but at the same time I was given to understand that some of the chemists in town, employed by the soap-maker, had sworn that the stuff had no smell. Christison, however, was retained on the same side as I, and so that went for little. I told the lawyer to send the stuff, and I would soon tell him whether my heart and my conscience would allow me to say it was odoriferous. The stuff arrived; I gazed on it doubting, for I had a ‘cold in my head,’ and my sense of smell was as good as gone. Moreover, I never cared much about bad odours, as I dare say you remember:—

“For you must know that to chemists’ noses,
Little accustomed to smelling of posies,
Assa-fœtida is quite the same
As the finest oil of roses.

“I sent out for some ells of pocket-handkerchief, and blew and blew till I nearly blew both nose and brains away; then with great circumspection I inserted my neb into the paper-bag with the stuff. Praised be the gods, a noisome odour was discernible; by and by, *according to Scott* [an assistant], it tainted the whole place. Such plenitude of perception was not vouchsafed to me, but I was grateful for what I got. I distilled from the stuff a liquid having a formidable odour, which I gave the lawyer to sniff. ‘That’s it, sir,’ said he; ‘put the bottle in your pocket, and bring it to court.’ Lawyers know nothing of chemistry, but they know a bad smell when they *feel* it.

“I hope, like *Vespasian*, to coin some money out of the noisome odour.”

Wilson was a famous pedestrian ; but the trials of his life came out of his love of long wanderings. His beloved friend, Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, says of him, "He was ardent in temperament, buoyant with youth, and elastic in body as in mind ; with gay humour, keen repartee, flashing fancy, and profuse literary as well as scientific faculty, under the presidency of a clear judgment, and a strong will. He seemed formed to cut his way to the rapid eminence and brilliant success after which he eagerly panted. A totally different path was marked out for him ; and in this contrast lies the moral interest and pathos of his life." It was a long walk which led to the illness to which we referred above. He had left home with boots so worn that he was obliged to have a pair made in a country neighbourhood—they were strong, coarse, and heavy—they blistered his feet, so that he was glad to take them off, and limp shoeless in the quiet roads ; the result of this was that he sprained his foot ; it was perhaps a trifle, but it was neglected from a dislike to give trouble, and a childlike forgetfulness of present pain ; and so the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, darkened all his future life. But the attacks upon his frame were not single ; he began to suffer in vision and in general debility. But he bore his sorrow with his usual cheerfulness.

" 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,'—is not that a beautiful thought ? To me that expression so fully conveys the idea of the kind way in which God moulds our state of mind to our condition, that for these words alone I can reverence their author, Sterne—a man not otherwise ranked among my idols. And among the things I have lately been most thankful for, was the power at times to turn away a dark or sorrowful thought by some perception of the ludicrous in things around. Our great sources of consolation are not to be wasted on every-day griefs ; but these, little as they singly are, may, by oft repetition, devour a man piecemeal. I have a friend, a solemn, serious, pious man, who thinks he will be allowed to laugh in heaven. I dare say he will ; but if he laughs as loudly as he does upon earth (like to the neighing of a troop of wild horses), he will get a box on the ear now and then from the angel Gabriel, for drowning the melody of their harp-music."

But we cannot dwell at length on all the painful experiences through which he was now being conducted. He who had rejoiced to wander abroad, free, amidst all the pleasant scenes and sounds of the wild and glorious exuberance of nature round about him, was now being perfected through suffering. His strength continued to decline, till at last opiates even could procure for him no rest ; and he was called upon, at a short warning, to prepare himself for the loss of a limb by amputation—pain,

sleeplessness, and exhaustion, and the alternative was death. He was brought face to face with death—this was in the close of the year 1842. And now, before the dreadful operation, his heart and mind were led by Him who leadeth the blind by a way they know not, to revolve his state with, and before God; for although outwardly he had complied with Christian ordinances, he felt that he was not a Christian. Prayers also had been made for him continually, and those prayers at last were answered by Him who often answers by “terrible things in righteousness.”

Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, exercised a strong and healthful influence over his mind; unlike many, perhaps most, men of his profession, his religious difficulties did not arise from a sceptical tendency, although he had some difficulty in reconciling the miraculous character of the gospel plan of salvation with the uniformity of nature; while he also had some disturbing misgivings with reference to the doctrine of the Atonement. At last he realized his personal interest in the work and sympathy of Christ, and the Epistle to the Hebrews became his especial delight. No part of his Bible was so worn as this; he valued it for its clear view of the Atonement, and for its vivid expression of the loving interest of the Saviour in his people. Thus step by step, he was conducted into the wilderness, to see God face to face. With his small Testament his constant companion, he spent the week permitted before the operation was performed. With a beautiful delicacy of character, on the morning of the operation, he attempted to conceal from his anxious relatives that he was then to go through the dreadful ordeal, and he succeeded; they did not know until the truth was revealed to them in the adjoining room, by his irrepressible cries in that hour of anguish. “During the operation,” he says, in a letter to Dr. Simpson, “in spite of the pain it occasioned, my senses were preternaturally acute. I watched all that the surgeons did with a fascinated intensity. Of the agony it occasioned, I will say nothing. Suffering so great as I underwent cannot be expressed in words, and thus fortunately cannot be recalled. The particular pangs are now forgotten; but the black whirlwind of emotion, the horror of great darkness, and the sense of desertion by God and man, bordering close upon despair, which swept through my mind and overwhelmed my heart, I can never forget, however gladly I would do so.” His object in recalling such painful emotions was to commend the use of anæsthetics, which had they then been in use would have robbed this experience of the greater part of its horrors. After a season of severe anxiety, he recovered, and prepared to enter halt into life, but with that fine and beautiful mingling of cheerfulness and piety which characterised his future career.

"I have no repentance or repining at the step I took, or the loss I sustained. It pleased God, who speaks to some with the still small voice of gentle persuasion, to address me in the whirlwind and the storm, and to vouchsafe me, in the prospect of sore trial, a calmness, even a serenity and patience, which could have been supplied me from no other source. I look back on the last month with wonder and speechless gratitude, and place my reliance for the future on the same mighty arm which wrought my deliverance from past affliction.

"When you pray to God, let thanksgiving mingle with *earnest* request that more light, and stronger faith, and greater self-renunciation, and all other needful gifts, may be given to me, still standing on the threshold of Christian experience.

"It's a strange thought, the idea of your foot dying before the rest of you. Well, I'll find it at the resurrection; or, if not, something better. I have likewise been thinking that my mind or soul must be in a more concentrated condition than that of *bipeds*, seeing that it has a *foot* less of matter to encumber it. What thinks your lordship? The receipt for concentration admits of extension; I am contented with the amount in my case. I have no feeling of the want of a foot, and seem still to feel toes, great and small. John Cairns thinks this must arise from a pre-ordained harmony between soul and body !!! Well done, John!"

He was soon able to resume his work as lecturer. He was appointed, by the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, lecturer on chemistry to the Edinburgh Veterinary College; and, by a similar appointment, to the School of Arts. He had also a course of lectures, on Saturdays, to young ladies—in all, about ten lectures a week. He says, "I have twenty students at my ten A.M. medical class; forty at my twelve o'clock three days' a week veterinary class; some hundred young ladies at the Scottish Institution; and some two hundred stout fellows at the School of Arts." Many things were tending to solemnise his mind. He was actively engaged in prosecuting his studies in chemistry, in conjunction with his friend, the eminent Dr. Samuel Brown, but death and suffering in his family circle were constantly before his eyes. His beloved cousin, James Russell, was dying; his father, a little while before, had left home in health, and was brought home dead. He says, "In a house full of invalids, like ours, with the shadow of the grave always over it, great plainness of speech can be used in such a matter." Again—

"I can now walk the streets alone, trusting to my stick only for support. This is a great deal like a new life to me. Crocuses and snow-drops and hepaticas are growing old, and tulips and hyacinths flinging forth their flowers. It would sadden you to hear James

dwell on the loveliness of green parks filled with violets and buttercups and spring flowers, as on things which he will never see. Where he is going he will see 'better things than these,' and these may not be wanting also. Nothing strikes me more in the Bible than the exulting calmness with which the sacred writers permit us to imagine our utmost as to the glories of heaven, and then add, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'

While he was attracting attention, in 1844, from all classes in his native city—his chemical experiments and papers, commended and applauded by such men as Christison and Abercrombie, and the attendance of Lord Jeffrey and Dr. Chalmers upon his lectures, securing for him the lasting friendship of those illustrious men—he was preparing himself for another step; satisfied that baptism by immersion was the most ancient and scriptural method of admission into the Christian Church, he was baptised by his early friend and pastor, the Rev. Dr. Innes. His parents had been Baptists. He then, however, united himself with the Congregational Church, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. W. L. Alexander, and that union was only dissolved by death.

We must hurry ourselves forward over his work as lecturer and author. To him, in these departments of work, has been applied the saying, "He illuminated the Book of Nature as they did the Missals of old." But his untiring diligence arose greatly from his prophetic instinct that his life would be a short one. "Don't be surprised," he said to a friend, in 1845, "if any morning, at breakfast, you hear I am gone." He plied his task with the pen, and in the laboratory, with the shadow of death close at hand. So should we all labour. "To none," said he, "is life so sweet as to those who have lost all fear to die." He lived in the love of all. He was glad to labour for all; for a Bible class, for a Ragged School; and his character became more sublimely holy. He attended the students' devotional meetings. Jesus was his Alpha and Omega; and Dr. Alexander says of him, "I have often felt as if there was something sublime in this man; his fragile frame and modest attitude, standing amongst the aristocracy of science, or before some popular assembly, or in the presence of his students, and calmly, unostentatiously, with the simplicity of a child and the unfaltering confidence of a confessor, giving utterance to the sentiments of faith and worship, that came from his inner soul spontaneously to his lips." With characteristic humility and reverence, referring himself to some of these services, he says, "It is pleasant even to sand the floor, or change the saw-dust carpet of the outer vestibule of the house of God."

With this holiness of heart, it is also delightful to see associated his mental and spiritual freedom. In these days we like, from such a man, to read the following words:—

“Men are both worse and better than their creeds, which are but imperfect standards by which to try them. Religion should be a life, not a doctrine; and if we cannot find what it should be as the former, from the life of our blessed Lord and Saviour, I know not where we shall find it. Often do I think of those startling words, ‘When the Son of man cometh, will he find faith on the earth?’ If men, instead of fretting themselves because their neighbours are foolish religionists, would leave them and their real or supposed follies alone, and go to Him who is all wisdom, and all holiness, and all love, they would find differences of creed adjust themselves in the light of that love of God, and that love of our neighbour as ourselves, which are the fulfilling of the law. I rejoice that I have a creed with which I can face death and eternity, and which makes this life often a joyous worship, and always a patient endurance. My prayer is for a closer union to Christ my Saviour; to be able to say, as St. Thomas did, with my whole heart, ‘My Lord and my God;’ to realize to the fullest, His personality and his humanity; and to walk in His steps, as a lowly follower, and disciple, and servant. For all my friends, as for myself, I ever ask this blessing. It includes everything, and will open in good time all the locked secrets of Providence, and furnish not *a*—but *the* theory of the universe.”

And the following verses are a favourable specimen of his freedom of thought as also of his poetry:—

“ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

“O Athanasius, thy too subtle creed
Makes my heart tremble when I hear it read,
And my flesh quivers when the priest proclaims
God’s doom on every unbeliever’s head.

“Yet I do honour thee for those brave words,
Against the heretic so boldly hurled,
‘Though no one else believe, I’ll hold my faith,
I, Athanasius, against the world.’

“It was not well to judge thy fellow men,
Thou wert a sinful mortal like us all;
Vengeance is God’s; none but Himself doth know
On whom the terror of his wrath doth fall.

“But it *was* well, believing as thou didst,
Like standard-bearer, with thy flag unfurled;
To blazon on thy banner those brave words,
‘I, Athanasius, against the world.’

“Thy faith is mine ; but that is not my theme ;
 ’Tis thine example I would preach to all ;
 Whatever each believes, and counts for true,
 Of things in heaven or earth, or great or small.

“*If he believes it*, let him stand and cry,
 Although in scorn a thousand lips are curled,
 ‘Though no one else believe, I’ll hold my faith,
 Like Athanasius, against the world.’ ”

Other afflictions were in store for him. Having gone to Rothesay, on the beach, seeing a strange fish beneath him, he dropped down the low embankment ; and, endeavouring to guard against the fall his lameness might have caused, he overstrained his right arm, and broke his bone near the shoulder ; and now, again, followed a long period of confinement and sickness. The autograph letter to his mother, written after the accident, with his left hand, is a beautiful memorial of this noble son. Then, too, he dictated to her these lines from his sick chamber, called the—

“CAMERA OBSCURA.

“ Silent, dimly-lighted chamber,
 Where the sick man lies,
 Death and Life are keenly fighting
 For the doubtful prize.
 While strange visions pass before
 His unslumbering eyes,

“ Few of free will cross thy threshold,
 No one longs to linger there ;
 Gloomy are thy walls and portal ;
 Dreariness is in the air ;
 Pain is holding there high revel,
 Waited on by Fear and Care.

“ Yet, thou dimly-lighted chamber,
 From thy depths, I ween,
 Things on earth and things in heaven
 Better far are seen,
 Than in brightest broad daylight
 They have often been.

“ Thou art like a mine deep sunken,
 Far beneath the earth and sky,
 From the shafts of which, upgazing,
 Weary workers can descry,
 Even when those on earth see nothing,
 Great stars shining bright on high.

“ So within thy dark recesses,
 Clothed in his robes of white,
 To the sufferer Christ appeareth
 In a new and blessed light,
 Which the glare of day outshining,
 Hid from his unshaded sight.

“ Silent, dimly-lighted chamber,
 Like the living eye,
 If thou wert not dark, no vision
 Could be had of things on high;
 By the untempered daylight blinded,
 With closed eyelids we should lie.

“ Oh my God! light up each chamber
 Where a sufferer lies,
 By thine own eternal glory,
 Tempered for these tearful eyes,
 As it comes from Him reflected
 Who was once the sacrifice.”

And he says—

“ ‘ I got great good,’ he says to Mr. Macmillan, ‘ from the long, quiet, and often sleepless hours. How soon, alas! the whirl of business banishes the thoughts that were so welcome in the silence and lowliness of sickness! How difficult it is to live to Christ in the struggle of daily contention, and to keep one’s-self unspotted from the world!’ ”

In 1855 he was appointed to the chair of Technology in the University of Edinburgh—a term signifying science in its application to the useful arts. He expounds it himself:—

“ ‘ In short, I will lecture on Dyeing, Glass-making, Porcelain, Baking; on Hats, Shoes, Bleaching, Ink, Gold, Iron, and, as I said before, things in general. On the objects of my Museum, and the Arts connected with them, my plan will be as follows:—If a Shoe-maker comes to the Museum, I’ll talk to him about nothing but Hats, and screw information out of him about Shoes. When a Hat-maker arrives, I will pour into his ears all the learning I have acquired from the Shoe-maker, and extract from the Hatter information to give the Cobbler on his next visit. In this way I hope to do credit to my appointment.’ ”

“ ‘ Half of the industrial arts are the result of our being born without clothes; the other half, of our being born without tools. With the intellects of angels, and the bodies of earth-worms, we have the power to conquer, and the need to do it.’ Man he defines ‘ as the only animal that can strike a light, the solitary creature that knows how to kindle a fire. This is a very fragmentary definition of the ‘ Paragon of Animals,’ but it is enough to make him the conqueror of them all. . . . Once provided with his kindled brand, the savage technologist soon proves what a sceptre of power he holds in his hands. . . . Well did the wise ancients declare that men obtained fire from heaven, but not well that they stole it. It was a gift to them in compensation for their having no share in the dowry granted to the lower animals; and it has proved an ample compensation. . . . ”

But we must hasten to the close. The life, enfeebled in the house of clay, was rapidly drawing to its end; he was nearing home; his mind was burning out its habitation—but he was full of serenity and cheerfulness. Without lingering over the gradual processes of disease, we will, with our readers, stand at once round that instructive death-bed. We will break the beautiful delineation of his most affectionate biographer into fragments:—

“At mid-day the peculiar and distressing restlessness returned. The senses were preternaturally acute, that especially of smelling, perfumes of any kind being unbearable. The only soothing offices were a continual change in the position of the pillows, and bathing face and hands with vinegar. His hands had been remarkable for a rare beauty in the rich carmine tinting the palms, and contrasting with the pure white skin. ‘Your hands seem on fire,’ had been said to him once; and much admiration had they elicited. Now it was observed, while bathing them, that the delicate palms and nails were black. To one so conversant as he with such symptoms, this was an unmistakable token, had there been any doubt before, that the pitcher was broken at the fountain, and the spirit summoned to return to Him who gave it. Still, not till the second medical visit in the afternoon was hope quenched in others, and a telegraphic message sent to Dr. Cairns.

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“Occasionally an inquiry was made as to the hour, with some reference to this ‘getting to rest.’ About six o’clock the 23rd Psalm was read at his request, and then some detached verses:—
‘When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel thy Saviour.’

“‘Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’

“‘Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

“‘In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

“‘And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.’

“‘To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna; and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.’

“‘To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.’

“‘Read me something secular,’ he then said; ‘I don’t wish to

go to sleep yet.' Possibly the excessive tremulousness of voice in reading such heart-stirring words suggested this change, for no act of self-denial was too great for him. Standing near the gas, for the light was kept low, his sister spent the next three hours in continuous reading, picking out from various journals lying around papers interesting but not exciting. One, it is remembered, was on Gems, another on the Scilly Isles; and occasional observations showed he was listening with perfect comprehension. His mother entering the room while he was alone, for a few minutes, saw him evidently engaged in prayer, and quietly withdrew.

"Dr. Cairns arrived at nine o'clock, and went to him almost immediately. Though unawares that a summons had been sent, he showed no surprise at the presence of this dearly-loved friend. 'I found him very low,' Dr. Cairns says, 'and to my eye—long familiar with death—it was only too visible in his face. He was quite conscious, though he could speak but little. He asked me to pray, which I did, and he fervently assented, saying, "I am in the hands of a good and kind Redeemer; I rejoice in that every way;" and in answer to my query whether he had peace, replied "Yes," with his usual sweet smile, sweeter than ever on the pallid face of death. On leaving the room he said, "Come as often and stay as long as you please."'"

The following delineation of the last scene is very beautiful:—

"His kind friend Dr. Duncan once more visited him, and when he left, the oft-expressed wish for 'rest' was repeated. Dr. Cairns returned for a few minutes: to the inquiry made once again, 'Is all peace?' came the same reply, 'Yes,' with a smile. This question elicited the only smiles that had been seen in those days of weakness. 'Shall I pray with you?' 'Yes, but short,' evidently feeling the moments numbered. His uncle coming in, they shook hands and parted, he saying, 'Don't vex yourself about me; you've been very kind to me.' His mother then came and kissed his hand; he in reply (knowing she could not hear his voice) raised his right arm, pointing significantly heavenwards. Each one was calm outwardly, the utmost self-control being exerted, that he might not be distressed by witnessing emotion on their part. A love of quiet, and avoidance of anything like bustle, was ever strongly characteristic of him, and now this was borne in mind. He was therefore left alone with his sister, the light being lowered as much as possible: she bathed once more his face and hands; it was evidently soothing, and he said, 'How can I ever thank you for all your care and kindness?' For the first time she then expressed her consciousness of his state, by saying, 'You're going home, dear.' With distinctness he uttered the words, 'I've been an unworthy servant of a worthy and gracious Master;' then the voice broke, and only one word more could be distinguished, 'sin.' Two portions of Scripture were repeated with the hope of pointing from sin to the sin-Bearer: 'If any man sin,

we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' 'Ye are complete in Him.' A very marked change appearing in his countenance, a bell at hand was rung, which brought his mother and John Cairns again beside him. 'He was breathing rapidly and with difficulty, and his end was near. I shortly prayed again, and a slight elevation of the eyes showed that he recognised me. Your mother, Jessie, and I watched him intently as the breathing became more laborious and slow, and the eyes nearly closed. At length a slight convulsive effort announced almost the last struggle; but his breathing was, after a pause, resumed, and the actual falling asleep was so gentle that it could not be distinguished. His features retained the most peaceful expression;' and thus at eleven P.M. was his wish fulfilled, and he entered into the *rest* for which he had so longed. Kneeling around the bed, a thanksgiving was offered, that for him the Saviour's prayer was answered: 'Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am;' and then the pent-up agony broke forth, for to each had this beloved one been dearer than life."

"Many years before had such a time been pictured to his mind as follows:—

**"THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER PUTTING OFF HIS ARMOUR AT THE
GATES OF HADES.**

"EPH. vi. 13-17.

"A SONG OF THE NIGHT DURING SICKNESS.

"Helmet of the hope of rest!
Helmet of salvation!
Nobly has thy towering crest
Pointed to this exaltation.
Yet I will not thee resume,
Helmet of the nodding plume;
Where I go no foeman fighteth,
Sword or other weapon smiteth;
All content, I lay thee down,
I shall gird my brows with an immortal crown.

"Sword at my side! Sword of the Spirit!
Word of God! Thou goodly blade!
Often have I tried thy merit;
Never hast thou me betrayed.
Yet I will no further use thee,
Here for ever I unloose thee;
Branch of peaceful palm shall be
Sword sufficient now for me;
"Fought the fight, the victory won,"
Rest thou here, thy work is done.

"Shield of faith! my trembling heart
Well thy battered front has guarded;
Many a fierce and fiery dart
From my bosom thou hast warded.

" But I shall no longer need thee,
 Never more will hold or heed thee.
 Fare-thee-well! the foe's defeated,
 Of his wished-for victim cheated;
 In the realms of peace and light
 Faith shall be exchanged for sight.

" Girdle of the truth of God!
 Breastplate of His righteousness!
 By the Lord Himself bestowed
 On his faithful witnesses,
 Never have I dared unclasp thee,
 Lest the subtle foe should grasp me;
 Now I may at length unbind ye,
 Leave you here at rest behind me;
 Nought shall harm my soul equipped
 In a robe in Christ's blood dipped.

" Sandals of the preparation
 Of the news of peace!
 There must now be separation,
 Here your uses cease.
 Gladly shall my naked feet
 Go my blessed Lord to meet;
 I shall wander at his side
 Where the living waters glide;
 And these feet shall need no guard
 On the unbroken heavenly sword.

" Here I stand of all unclothed,
 Waiting to be clothed upon
 By the Church's great Betrothed,
 By the Everlasting One.
 Hark! He turns the admitting key,
 Smiles in love and welcomes me;
 Glorious forms of angels bright
 Clothe me in the raiment white,
 Whilst their sweet-toned voices say,
 ' For the rest, wait thou till the Judgment Day.' "

A mighty pulse of grief seemed to stir the heart of Edinburgh when the city heard of the death of her gifted son. There must have been a strange attractiveness of love in this man. Requests from the magistrates and representatives of public bodies poured in upon the family that the funeral might be a public one. "An Artizan" wrote to a newspaper, suggesting that every working man should follow the remains to their last resting-place. So, when the day came, through the long line of streets all the shops were closed, and business was suspended in other parts of the city; and, amidst the mighty multitudes of both sexes, and amidst the shedding of many tears, and uncovered heads, the hearse passed on its way, bearing the meek, noble face beneath the coffin-lid to its home, beyond the touch or fear of suffering.

Even Edinburgh, perhaps famous for her homage to her own dead, scarcely ever gave such a solemn salutation to death, such a tearful valediction, before. He had sprung from a humble class of her sons, had sat in her high school, studied in her halls, and taught in them ; but clearly that which related him to the affections of the city of his birth was his own overflowing heart of sympathy and love.

We have dwelt so long already on the volume that we can spare no space for any attempt at a characterization of his work, or analysis of his genius. His mind was intensely and variously active. Activity and acuteness, rather than profundity or weight, were the springs and forces of his life of admirable and untiring toil. His style was very suggestive, although suffering from an overburdened fancy ; but these are matters on which we have neither time nor even disposition to speak now. We close the memoirs with a very hearty admiration and affection for the subject of them, and thanks to the sister who has placed so beautiful a monument over her brother's grave.

IV.

MOTLEY'S STORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.*

THESE are delightful volumes. We believe we are not estimating them too highly when we say they are such as Lord Macaulay would have read with zest, and have set forth in the chasing of an immortal review. They will sustain the reputation Dr. Motley has already earned by his "Rise of the Dutch Republic." Every page awakens some old association, or presents some new picture. They are graphic ; they are discriminative ; they display great patience and research. The pen of the historian easily conveys the reader to every spot it is necessary he should visit ; and the appearance of the volumes we deem to be most timely. They are the delineations of the purposes of a silent, self-willed tyrant, supported by, and in aid of a cruel priesthood, both plotting against the liberties

* History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort ; with a Full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., &c., &c. Vols. I. and II. London : John Murray Albemarle Street. 1860.

and highest interests and destinies of mankind, and attempting to win back the territories by the reign of terror, they could not retain by the reign of justice. These volumes are alive with all the bustle of that most stirring age, when the commercial power was rising, and liberty, receiving new life from newly-discovered worlds, was unfurling her flag of trade and treaty over every sea. With much in the scenery and historical conversations that is most dramatic, the reader also finds himself led through a series, nay, a gallery of brilliant historical portraits. In his sharp graphic power of realising to the eye a great actor, Mr. Motley is not inferior to Macaulay. Macaulay is a perfect Sir Thomas Lawrence among historians. He is a court-painter, and paints like a courtier; he is sometimes so attentive to the dress, that you do not clearly see the person; yet, in saying this, we are, of course, instituting no general comparison; Macaulay had so great a variety of powers, so rare in their combination, and giving an effect of such continuous and unbroken brilliancy; yet, these volumes are eminently such as to provoke some glances at the mode in which the great historian of England utters his narrative. The reader then will miss the tramp, the rhetorical beat and swell of words—a style to which the words gorgeous and magnificent alone are applicable. We have not here the glowing peroration and richly-encumbering foliage of description, the clearly-balanced and antithetically-pointed climax. Perhaps these ornaments of speech have not made us sufficiently grateful; yet certain, it is, we see things and persons quite as plainly in the more unvarnished pages of the historian of the Netherlands. Mr. Motley paints his landscapes and portraits like an old Flemish artist. His style is all his own; indeed, more of the artist might perhaps improve the painter; and yet, if a writer enables us to see the hero he leads before us, what can he do more? As capable to bring before the eye the human actors, so capable also is he to introduce the reader to the scenes of the countries through which he passes. In not this a charming description of *Zutphen*:—

“Zutphen, or South-Fen, an antique town of wealth and elegance, was the capital of the old Landgraves of Zutphen. It is situate on the right bank of the Yssel, that branch of the Rhine which flows between Gelderland and Overijssel into the Zuyder Zee. The ancient river, broad deep, and languid, glides through a plain of almost boundless extent, till it loses itself in the flat and misty horizon. On the other side of the stream, in the district called the Veluwe, or bad meadow, were three sconces, one of them of remarkable strength. An island between the city and the shore was likewise well fortified. On the landward side the town was protected by a wall and moat sufficiently strong in those infant days of artillery. Near the hospital-gate, on the

east, was an external fortress guarding the road to Warnsfeld. This was a small village, with a solitary slender church spire shooting up above a cluster of neat one-storied houses. It was about an English mile from Zutphen, in the midst of a wide, low, somewhat fenny plain, which, in winter, became so completely a lake, that peasants were not unfrequently drowned in attempting to pass from the city to the village. In summer, the vague expanse of country was fertile and cheerful of aspect. Long rows of poplars marking the straight highways, clumps of pollard willows scattered around the little meres, snug farm-houses, with kitchen-gardens and brilliant flower-patches dotting the level plain, verdant pastures sweeping off into seemingly infinite distance, where the innumerable cattle seemed to swarm like insects, wind-mills swinging their arms in all directions, like protective giants, to save the country from inundation, the lagging sail of market boats shining through rows of orchard trees—all gave to the environs of Zutphen a tranquil and domestic charm."

Mr. Motley paints with the clearness and distinctness of Cuyp or Wouvermans. At other times, as in this picture of the Hague, with the precision of Canaletti—

"The beautiful, placid, village-capital of Holland wore much the same aspect at that day as now. Clean, quiet, spacious streets, shaded with rows of whispering poplars and umbrageous limes, broad sleepy canals—those liquid highways along which glided in phantom silence the bustle, and traffic, and countless cares of a stirring population—quaint toppling houses, with tower and gable; ancient brick churches, with slender spire and musical chimes; thatched cottages on the outskirts, with stork-nests on the roof—the whole without fortification save the watery defences which enclosed it with long-drawn lines on every side; such was the Count's park, or Graven's Haage, in English called the Hague.

"It was embowered and almost buried out of sight by vast groves of oaks and beeches. Ancient Badahuennan forests of sanguinary Druids, the "wild wood without mercy" of Saxon savages, where, at a later period, sovereign Dirks and Florences, in long succession of centuries, had ridden abroad with lance in rest, or hawk on fist; or under whose boughs in still nearer days, the gentle Jacqueline had pondered and wept over her sorrows, stretched out in every direction between the city and the neighbouring sea. In the heart of the place stood the ancient palace of the counts, built in the thirteenth century by William II. of Holland, King of the Romans, with massive brick walls, cylindrical turrets, pointed gable and rose-shaped windows, and with spacious courtyard, enclosed by feudal moat, drawbridge, and portcullis."

The story so powerfully recited by Mr. Motley is most interesting to Englishmen: it is a part of England's story too. It is related to the most stirring and eventful period of our annals. We know of no pages in which England, in the day of Elizabeth, is more vividly

brought before the reader's eye. We have said the book is full of the bustle and the stir of those most eventful times. The great men whose names are legendary, and who in camp and cabinet and among the almost fabulous and mythical glories of the Spanish Main, achieved for our nation such an endless renown, live upon the canvas of Mr. Motley. His volumes have a dramatic interest to the reader. He is very careful in the authentication of every little circumstance he introduces into his picture; but circumstances and persons are almost really alive. The author must have the patience and plodding of Dryasdust; but there is nothing of the style of that well-known, eminently-voluminous writer. His portraits, some full-length, and some only heads, are usually sketched with great vigour. Here is a person the reader will know well:—

“Late in the autumn of the same year an Englishman arrived in the Netherlands, bearer of despatches from the Queen. He had been entrusted by her Majesty with a special mission to the States-General, and he had soon an interview with that assembly at the Hague.

“He was a small man, apparently forty-five years of age, of a fair but somewhat weather-stained complexion, with light brown, closely-curling hair, an expansive forehead, a clear blue eye, rather common-place features, a thin, brown, pointed beard, and a slight moustache. Though low of stature, he was broad chested, with well-knit limbs. His hands, which were small and nervous, were brown and callous with the marks of toil. There was something in his brow and glance not to be mistaken, and which men willingly call master; yet he did not seem to have sprung of the born magnates of the earth. He wore a heavy gold chain about his neck, and it might be observed that upon the light, full sleeves of his slashed doublet the image of a small ship on a terrestrial globe was curiously and many times embroidered.

It was not the first time that he had visited the Netherlands. Thirty years before the man had been apprentice on board a small lugger, which traded between the English coast and the ports of Zeeland. Emerging in early boyhood from his parental mansion—an old boat, turned bottom upwards on a sandy down—he had naturally taken to the sea, and his master, dying childless not long afterwards, bequeathed to him the lugger. But in time his spirit, too much confined by coasting in the narrow seas, had taken a bolder flight. He had risked his hard-earned savings in a voyage with the old slave-trader John Hawkins—whose exertions, in what was then considered an honourable and useful vocation, had been rewarded by Queen Elizabeth with her special favour, and with a coat of arms, the crest whereof was a negro's head, proper, chained—but the lad's first and last enterprise in this field was unfortunate. Captured by Spaniards, and only escaping with life, he determined to revenge himself on the whole Spanish nation; and this was considered a most legitimate proceeding according to the “sea divinity” in which he had been schooled. His

subsequent expeditions against the Spanish possessions in the West Indies were eminently successful, and soon the name of *Francis Drake* rang through the world, and startled Philip in the depths of his Escorial. The first Englishman, and the second of any nation, he then ploughed his memorable "furrow round the earth," carrying amazement and destruction to the Spaniards as he sailed, and after three years brought to the Queen treasure enough, as it was asserted, to maintain a war with the Spanish King for seven years, and to pay himself and companions, and the merchant-adventurers who had participated in his enterprise, forty-seven pounds sterling for every pound invested in the voyage. The speculation had been a fortunate one both for himself and for the kingdom.

"The terrible Sea-King was one of the great types of the sixteenth century. The self-helping private adventurer, in his little vessel the *Golden Hind*, one hundred tons burthen, had waged successful war against a mighty empire, and had shown England how to humble Philip. When he again set foot on his native soil he was followed by admiring crowds, and became the favourite hero of romance and ballad; for it was not the ignoble pursuit of gold alone, through toil and peril, which had endeared his name to the nation. The popular instinct recognized that the true means had been found at last for rescuing England and Protestantism from the overshadowing empire of Spain. The Queen visited him in his *Golden Hind*, and gave him the honour of knighthood."

We have already referred to the portrait-painting powers of our writer. Here are two or three from his gallery. The figures seem alive! Here are Walsingham and Burleigh.

"There in close skull-cap and dark-flowing gown, was the subtle, monastic-looking Walsingham, with long, grave, melancholy face and Spanish eyes. There too, white staff in hand, was Lord High Treasurer Burleigh, then sixty-five years of age, with serene blue eye, large, smooth, pale, scarce-wrinkled face and forehead; seeming, with his placid, symmetrical features, and great velvet bonnet, under which such silver hairs as remained were soberly tucked away, and with his long dark robe which swept the ground, more like a dignified gentlewoman than a statesman, but for the wintry beard which lay like a snow-drift on his ancient breast."

And here is the queen—the fairy queen!

"The Queen was then in the fifty-third year of her age, and considered herself in the full bloom of her beauty. Her garments were of satin and velvet, with fringes of pearl as big as beans. A small gold crown was upon her head, and her red hair, throughout its multiplicity of curls, blazed with diamonds and emeralds. Her forehead was tall, her face long, her complexion fair, her eyes small, dark, and glittering, her nose high and hooked, her lips thin, her teeth black, her bosom white and liberally exposed. As she passed

through the ante-chamber to the presence-hall, supplicants presented petitions upon their knees. Wherever she glanced, all prostrated themselves on the ground. The cry of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth,' was spontaneous and perpetual; the reply, 'I thank you, my good people,' was constant and cordial."

And we cannot but notice how cunningly Mr. Motley insinuates his satire, as cunningly as by Gibbon, but not as in Gibbon, does it become a mere sneer.

But it is time we turned to the staple material of the story.

On Tuesday the 10th of July, 1584, William the Silent fell by the hands of the assassin Balthasar Gerard,—this is the point at which the present volumes of Mr. Motley commence their narrative,—long and anxiously had Philip II. laboured to compass that most exemplary and holy deed. Philip II. was an old man,—a patient old man,—safe in the depths of the Escorial he plotted and he prayed,—three times a day, with holy punctiliousness he prayed; at last his assassin bullets took effect. Often had this service to the true church been attempted, but at last success crowned the devices of the schemer. William the Silent, the Father of his country, lay dead, three bullets in his heart, in his little palace at Delft. "Had it only been done two years earlier," said the thankful and much-enduring old man, "much trouble would have been spared me; but, tis better late than never." Indeed, there were some circumstances about the murder of the Prince, which might have struck the astute Philip as immoral, if anything could strike *him* as immoral. The murderer was a thoroughly Calvinistic youth! most exemplary in his attendance upon sermon or lecture with his Bible and psalm book! So, by the counsel of the Jesuits, he described himself. Known as Francis Guion, son of martyred Calvinist Guion,—such was the guise in which the Jesuit assassin appeared, with the promise of amazing wealth, for himself and his family, in the event of his success, and a place among the martyrs of his suffering Church, if he fell in his holy attempt to rid the world of the rebel prince, who had dared to contravene the purposes of Spain and Rome. In truth Gerard was a great man, worthy of a distinguished niche in the Jesuit College. He was capable of conceiving a great idea in the composition of which all useless little distinctions of right and wrong were lost sight of, and of following his idea with a pertinacity of purpose as remorseless to himself as to others. He had met with many difficulties in the fulfilment of his design; but the genius of Jesuitism and of Assassination had surmounted all. He had forged keys that he

might obtain an introduction to the Prince; but for this he had obtained a dispensation of forgiveness from his Church, always tenderly forgiving to *such* offenders. He had also, with a gentleness of conscience most noteworthy, sought from his Holiness, absolution, not only for the pilfering, but "for that he was about to keep company for some time with heretics and atheists, and in some sort to conform himself to their customs." Singular, too, there was little faith in his success. His employers did not much believe in him; for they did not know him. Parma was too thrifty to advance him money; and so he obtained, by lies (part of his pious fraud), from the very charity of William of Orange, money with which he purchased a pair of pistols, to accomplish the murder of the man who supposed he was aiding a needy sufferer! He bought them of a soldier, and he haggled and chaffered a good deal about the price of them. But before sunset—the next day the soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, on hearing for what purpose those pistols had been purchased. And so, in fact, fell this great prince—one of Europe's very noblest. Unfortunately, as Parma, Philip's commander in the Netherlands, wrote to Philip, "the poor man" Gerard had been executed; but his father and mother were living, and they received the reward "the laudable and generous deed had so well deserved,"—they took their place among the landed aristocracy. Yes, "Father William" was dead. There was great joy in the Escorial—"Better late than never," said Philip; but, in the Netherlands, a spirit not of despair, but very near to it, seized the hearts of all men. Little children cried in the streets; for this man had been the father of his country. The toleration to which even we have attained in matters of religion has scarcely reached the ideal of William: prescient, prudent, brave, and patriotic, he had powers which fitted him for the foremost place in the senate and the field. Representing the Netherlands, he was yet able to take his place as an equal among the families of the princes of Europe. Charles V. appreciated him highly. As long as he lived, the Netherlands had not to seek a leader; he was able to lay his hand upon and to restrain the just indignation of a much-wronged and outraged people; his life was one long, noble effort for the freedom of his native states: and it was believed that, in his death, all their power would collapse into incapacity and weakness—therefore said the king, "let it never be absent from your mind that a good occasion must be found for finishing Orange!" therefore had five unsuccessful efforts at assassination already been made! and therefore said the king, when the joyful news of the performance of the pious act arrived in the Escorial, "better late than never!"

But the States were the ancestral soil of freedom, and of that which nourishes freedom and grows side by side with it—Trade. The battle now waging was the contest between the great, rising Middle Classes, and Despotism, in its most revolting, and savage, and oppressive edicts. Our readers have not to be reminded that the cause of Philip was the cause of the Church and the Inquisition, and the cause of the Netherlands was that of Protestantism and Freedom. The States had just passed through a reign of terror which the history of the world can scarcely parallel. It seems incredible—yet it is true—that *the Inquisition passed a decree sentencing the whole population of the Netherlands to death and to confiscation of property, without distinction of age or sex!* and, to the best of their power, the emissaries of Philip fulfilled the decree. Cities were razed to the ground; innumerable stakes and burning victims shed the light of their pious and sacrificial benignity over the land; while, which was a most important consideration, the wealth of the miserable victims was poured into the coffers of the avaricious prince who, possessed of mountains of gold and coffers of fabulous gain, added this other to his virtues of robbery and murder—the greediness of a miser and the spirit of a pauper. Amazing was the power of Spain when the sceptre was handed to Philip by the abdication of Charles V. It was the most imperial power in the world. “The world,” says Mr. Motley, “seemed to have expanded its wings from east to west only to bear the fortunate Spanish Empire to the most dizzy heights of wealth and power. The mass, slowly moving but apparently irresistible, of Spanish and Papistical absolutism, was gradually closing over Christendom. The Netherlands were the wedge by which alone the solid bulk could be riven asunder.” She possessed everything—and what a territory! Let the reader compare the Spanish Peninsula with the poor Netherland States, and their three millions of people. All that Spain was then, in Madrid, or Cadiz, or Granada, or Toledo, or Lisbon—all beneath her central sway and rule, calls up vividly the ideas of the richest and most gorgeous civilization,—wealthy and powerful; accomplished generals, in army and navy. She was the mother and the mistress of distant colonies. Sicily was her’s, and the best part of Italy. She had famous dependencies in Africa. She had forests for trees, and mountains for ore; she had all, and yet the little belt of States determined that she should not possess *them*, to rule *them* as a despot. They demanded the free exercise of their conscience, and the right to the government of their cities. They were willing to acknowledge Philip, but then he must reign by a constitution, and not by his personal will. The history of such a struggle is ever most interesting—to Eng-

lishmen it must ever be memorable; and, indeed, before long England herself was forced to take part in the struggle; for England was a field Philip desired to add to his little farm of Empire. And in the reciting of the story of our land, Mr. Motley writes with all the heartiness of a man proud to trace his race and ancestry back to the men who took part in that memorable struggle, in which the very hope of the world and humanity were suspended in the scales against the cruelty and the cunning of Spain.

Those readers who are acquainted with the portrait of the amiable Philip, from the pages of Schiller, and Prescott, will not be much startled at the developments in the story before us. Still much will be added to their knowledge. Thus they will now find that this man—an imperial Dominican,—capable of any extremity and enormity of craft, perfidy, and cruelty, was not far removed from an idiot; that his iron control and force of will, was not less the result of imbecility, than inhumanity. The latest historians, indeed, of the Romish Church, still fondly regard him as their ideal and normal prince; we shall be interested in reading their estimate of his character, as drawn in these pages.—“Let us not forget,” says Balmez, “that this monarch was one of the firmest defenders of the Catholic Church, and that *in him was personified the policy of the faithful ages amid the vertigo*, which under the impulse of Protestantism, had taken possession of European policy. Do you stigmatise him as an odious tyrant? But do you not know, that in denying his glory, in covering it with ignominy, you efface a feature of your own glory, and throw into the mud the diadem which encircled the brows of Ferdinand and Isabella? If you cannot pardon Philip II. for having sustained the Inquisition, I appeal to all men who are acquainted with history, whether, if Philip had abandoned his much descried policy, the Catholic religion, would not have run the risk of finding itself, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, under the hard necessity of existing only as a tolerated religion, in the generality of the kingdoms of Europe? Now we know what this toleration is worth to the Catholic Church; England has told us for centuries. Such is the point of view, in which we must consider Philip II. One is forced to allow, that considered in this way, that prince is a great historical personage.”—A great historical personage, yes he is so; and Mr. Motley has enabled us to see more clearly, than has ever been seen before all the features of this great historical personage; indeed, he haunts the story, without once appearing personally in it. He was an industrious, and most indefatigable letter writer. Mr. Motley introduces us into the chamber of the Escorial, where this very thin and thoughtful spider was weaving his web of cruel edicts over the whole of Europe, and almost of the world.

“A small, dull, elderly, imperfectly-educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding under jaw and dreary visage, is sitting day after day, seldom speaking, never smiling, seven or eight hours out of every twenty-four, at a writing table covered with heaps of interminable despatches, in a cabinet far away beyond the seas and the mountains, in the very heart of Spain. A clerk or two, noiselessly opening and shutting the door from time to time, fetching fresh bundles of letters, and taking away others, ‘all written and composed by secretaries and high functionaries, and all to be scrawled over in the margin by the diligent old man in a big schoolboy’s hand and style—if ever schoolboy, even in the 16th century, could write so illegibly or express himself so awkwardly. Couriers in the courtyard arriving from, or departing for the uttermost parts of the earth, fetch to, or carry these interminable epistles which contained the irresponsible commands of this one individual, and were freighted with the doom and destiny of countless millions of the world’s inhabitants, such was the system of government against which the Netherlands had protested and revolted.” Mr. Motley, by his diligent research, enables us now for the first time to step into that cabinet in the dark grim Palace of the Escorial, and to look over the shoulders of the grey-headed, elderly letter-writer.

“These innumerable dispatches, signed by Philip, were not the emanations of his own mind. The king had a fixed purpose to subdue Protestantism and to conquer the world; but the plans for carrying the purpose into effect were developed by subtler and more comprehensive minds than his own. It was enough for him to ponder wearily over schemes which he was supposed to dictate, and to give himself the appearance of supervising what he scarcely comprehended. And his work of supervising was often confined to pettiest details. The handwriting of Spain and Italy at that day was beautiful, and in our modern eyes seems neither antiquated nor ungraceful. But Philip’s scrawl was like that of a clown just admitted to a writing-school, and the whole margin of a fairly penned dispatch, perhaps fifty pages long, laid before him for comment and signature by Idiaquez or Moura, would be sometimes covered with a few awkward sentences, which it was almost impossible to read, and which, when deciphered, were apt to reveal suggestions of astounding trivialities.

“Thus a most important dispatch— in which the King, with his own hand, was supposed to be conveying secret intelligence to Mendoza concerning the Armada, together with minute directions for the regulation of Guise’s conduct at the memorable epoch of the barricades—contained but a single comment from the monarch’s own pen. ‘The Armada has been in Lisbon about a month—*quassi*

un mes'—wrote the secretary. 'There is but one *s* in *quasi*,' said Philip.

"Again, a dispatch of Mendoza to the King contained the intelligence that Queen Elizabeth was, at the date of the letter, residing at St. James's. Philip, who had no objection to display his knowledge of English affairs—as became the man who had already been almost sovereign of England, and meant to be entirely so—supplied a piece of information in an apostille to this dispatch. 'St. James is a house of recreation,' he said, 'which was once a monastery. There is a park between it, and the palace which is called Huytal; but *why it is called Huytal*, I am sure I don't know.' His researches in the English language had not enabled him to recognize the adjective and substantive out of which the abstruse compound White-Hall (*Huyt-al*), was formed.

"On another occasion, a letter from England containing important intelligence concerning the number of soldiers enrolled in that country to resist the Spanish invasion, the quantity of gunpowder and various munitions collected, with other details of like nature, furnished besides a bit of information of less vital interest. 'In the windows of the Queen's presence-chamber they have discovered a *great quantity of lice*, all clustered together,' said the writer.

"Such a minute piece of statistics could not escape the microscopic eye of Philip. So, disregarding the soldiers and the gunpowder, he commented *only* on this last-mentioned clause of the letter; and he did it cautiously too, as a King surnamed the Prudent should:—

"'But perhaps they were fleas,' wrote Philip.

"Such examples—and many more might be given—sufficiently indicate the nature of the man on whom such enormous responsibilities rested, and who had been by the adulation of his fellow-creatures, elevated into a god."

This is the contemptible side to the model prince of the Church of Rome; but there was a dreadful side—we include the utter incapacity of the man to apprehend the duty of truth as among his dreadful characteristics. "Joy and benevolence," says Schiller, "were wholly wanting to the composition of his character. He was a king and a Christian, and bad in both characters; he never was a man among men. He trembled servilely before God, because God was the only being before whom he had to tremble." Europe has had among its princes many men whose idea terrifies the mind of the reader to contemplate and to image, but, perhaps of them all, Philip was the most ideal of absolute and perfect evil. Philip was too brainless and passionless to be a Barrerè among princes, else he had all that is wonderful in the mendacity of that astonishing historical scoundrel, and the well-known epigram of his reviewer might well illustrate some of the deeds of Philip: "In him," too, "the most impudent of

all lies was a fit companion for the foulest of all murders." Such was the model prince of the Romish Church.

And so the brave Netherlands, from their morsel of territory, attached by a slight land-hook to the Continent, and half submerged by the stormy waters of the German Ocean, determined to withstand Philip and his Inquisition. William the Silent was dead; and never in human history did there follow so universal a sorrow for the death of any individual; "but so soon as the States had laid their hero in the tomb, they determined to maintain with vigour the good cause. Nay, on the very day of his murder, the Estates of Holland, then sitting at Delft, passed a resolution 'to maintain the good cause to the uttermost, without sparing gold or blood.'" This was brave; but unfortunately they had no leader: as Carlyle would say, they had no capable man. On the contrary, with all our deepest sympathies alive with good wishes for their success, we are compelled to see them constantly and utterly incapable. Perhaps we must not too severely blame this; they knew it, and hence they sought the protection of their liberties by a neighbouring and friendly Power. The question was—should that Power be France or England? Remembering what England in that day was, it is scarcely wonderful that they sought to place themselves beneath the protection of France. If this *should* appear remarkable, it must be remembered that France was the land of the Huguenots, with whom the Calvinists of Holland had great religious sympathies, while Elizabeth's dislike to the discipline of Geneva was well known. The Protestants of the Netherlands turned most naturally and hopefully to Henry of Navarre, as their expected and pledged defender; and although he was not yet on the throne, yet he held in check the assumptions of the Papist party, and was the acknowledged head and leader of the great Protestant party on the Continent. It requires, as our author has said, an effort of the imagination to reduce England to the slender proportions which belonged to her in the days of Elizabeth. Its population was perhaps not greater than the numbers which dwell to-day within its capital and immediate suburbs; its revenue equal to the sixtieth part of the annual interest on the present National Debt. London contained a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; and, while scarcely so imposing as Antwerp, it was, in most material respects, inferior to Paris or Madrid. "The English," says the contemporary Paul Hentzner, "are good sailors, and better pirates—cunning, treacherous, thievish. Three hundred and upwards are hanged annually in London." Yet that epoch for England was full of life, and light, and new-born strength.

"The constellations which have for centuries been shining in the

English firmament were then human creatures walking English earth. The captains, statesmen, corsairs, merchant-adventurers, poets, dramatists, the great Queen herself, the Cecils, Raleigh, Walsingham, Drake, Hawkins, Gilbert, Howard, Willoughby, the Norrises, Essex, Leicester, Sidney, Spenser, Shakspeare, and the lesser but brilliant lights which surrounded him; such were the men who lifted England upon an elevation to which she was not yet entitled by her material grandeur. At last she had done with Rome, and her expansion dated from that moment. Holland and England, by the very condition of their existence were sworn foes to Philip. Elizabeth stood excommunicated of the Pope. There was hardly a month in which intelligence was not sent by English agents out of the Netherlands and France, that assassins, hired by Philip, were making their way to England to attempt the life of the Queen. The Netherlanders were rebels to the Spanish monarch, and they stood, one and all, under death-sentence by Rome. The alliance was inevitable and wholesome. Elizabeth was, however, consistently opposed to the acceptance of a new sovereignty. England was a weak power. Ireland was at her side in a state of chronic rebellion—a stepping-stone for Spain in its already foreshadowed invasion. Scotland was at her back with a strong party of Catholics, stipendiaries of Philip, encouraged by the Guises and periodically inflamed to enthusiasm by the hope of rescuing Mary Stuart from her imprisonment, bringing her rival's head to the block, and elevating the long-suffering martyr upon the throne of all the British Islands. And in the midst of England itself, conspiracies were weaving every day. The mortal duel between the two queens was slowly approaching its termination. In the fatal form of Mary was embodied everything most perilous to England's glory and to England's Queen. Mary Stuart meant absolutism at home, subjection to Rome and Spain abroad. The uncle Guises were stipendiaries of Philip, Philip was the slave of the Pope. Mucio had frightened the unlucky Henry III. into submission, and there was no health nor hope in France. For England, Mary Stuart embodied the possible relapse into sloth, dependence, barbarism. For Elizabeth, Mary Stuart embodied sedition, conspiracy, rebellion, battle, murder, and sudden death.

“It was not to be wondered at that the Queen thus situated should be cautious, when about throwing down the gauntlet to the greatest powers of the earth.”

And yet Elizabeth, in the name of her nation, did dare to espouse the cause of the States, and to throw down the gauntlet of war at the foot of the throne of Philip, her brother-in-law, who also had expressed a wish, upon her accession to the throne, to become her husband.

The siege of Antwerp, in 1585, is not a new event to those who are acquainted with the history of that great struggle. It has been already made very familiar to general readers by the eloquence of Schiller, but we have it here narrated with a minute-

ness and vigour which brings all the exciting scene before the eye. Our readers will not be surprised at any bloody deed in this story of Spanish atrocity. "*Our Lord was pleased,*" wrote Parma to Philip, "*that we should cut the throats of four hundred of them in a single instant, and that a great many more of them should be killed upon the dykes, so that very few of them escaped with life.*" Strange notions these of the pleasure of the Lord. Poor Antwerp, not many years before, it had suffered the most horrible massacre recorded in history—the Spaniards poured through its streets with the cries of "Santiago, Santiago! Espana, Espana! St. James! Spain! blood, flesh, fire, sack!" these hideous cries rang through the streets. *In the course of three days, eight thousand human beings were murdered.* "Hell," says Mr. Motley, "then seemed to be emptied of its devils; of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from deliberate calculation, or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted; for riot, gaming, rape, which had been postponed to the more stringent claims of robbery and murder, were now rapidly added to the sum of atrocities." This massacre was called the "Spanish Fury," and more were massacred than in the Saint Bartholomew at Paris.

This was in 1576. And now, nine years later, the city was suffering again, not the horrors of a siege, but its anxieties and fears. Antwerp, as every reader knows, stands upon the Scheldt. Those who would accurately comprehend the position of Parma and Antwerp, must glance at the admirable map with which Mr. Motley has prefaced his volumes. It was Parma's design to bridge over the Scheldt, and so to bring Antwerp to terms, by cutting off the entrance of the innumerable ships which flocked to its creeks and harbours. When the siege began, William of Orange lived, and his shrewd eye instantly saw the weak point in Parma's plan, and how his bold design might be his ruin. Orange was the one brain, the one hand, not of Antwerp alone, but of the Netherlands. He suggested the conversion of Antwerp into an ocean port, and thus it might safely have defied every effort of the Spanish commander; but there was anarchy in Antwerp, and, as usual, while the burghesses were quarrelling, the enemy was working. Among other people, the butchers were furious, for twelve thousand oxen grazed annually upon the pastures proposed to be submerged. Before the magistrates, sixteen butchers made their appearance, hoarse with indignation, to represent the damage which would be done to private estates by the inundation and conversion of teeming meadows and fertile farms, throwing homesteads and prolific orchards into a sandy desolation. Moreover, that the Scheldt could be closed was only the dream of a madman. The opposition was violent. Still, every one was

ridiculing the Spanish commander's folly; but they woke up to find that he had not been sleeping. He fixed his little fortresses along the Scheldt; he fixed his own works at Kalloo; and a placid drowsy little village then, where had only been seen a modest parish spire peeping above a clump of poplars, and with half a dozen cottages with storks' nests on their roofs, sprinkled here and there among pastures and orchards, suddenly saw itself changed into a thriving, bustling town. A great dockyard and arsenal suddenly revealed themselves, where shipbuilders, armourers, joiners, carpenters, and caulkers, cutlers, masons, brass-founders, rope-makers, anchor forgers, sailors, boatmen of Flanders and Brabant, and herds of bakers, and brewers, and butchers were congregated. The little church was the main workshop; and there, day after day, and month after month, was heard the sound of saw and hammer, the rattle of machinery, the cry of sentinels, and the cheers of mariners, where lately had been heard nothing save the drowsy homily and the devout hymn of rustic worship. And still, the wise men of Antwerp were asleep. Seldom has history recorded such a record of blunderdom. In the face of winter and famine, they were engaged in framing a protectionist tariff for their city, preventing the entrance of corn! Orange's advice had been followed so far as to form a more fatal obstruction to the communication between Antwerp and Zeeland, than even by the secretly advancing bridge across the Scheldt! Had the city taken the advice of William the Silent, Parma must have relinquished the siege; but the partial acceptance of it had sufficed to retain the ground on which the twelve thousand oxen might pasture from the sea, but put it into the hands of Parma! and now from that post, twelve thousand would be unable to dislodge him. And still rose the bridge. The breadth of the Scheldt was twenty-four hundred feet; its depth, sixty feet. The roadway breadth of the bridge was twelve feet, and along it were placed block houses of great thickness, to defend the whole against assault. But it was not the growth of an instant. St. Aldegonde, the Burgo-master of Antwerp, did not believe in the possibility of its erection. And Parma, in a letter to Philip II., said—"The work is too vast to be explained by letters. The more I examine it, the more I am astonished that it should have been conducted to this point; so many forts, dykes, canals, new inventions, machinery, and engines, have been necessarily required." And well might he marvel, for it was not only a difficult work to undertake at all, but money was not forthcoming to aid in its erection. Philip had a strong faith in the possibility of doing things without money.

While the siege went on, and before the bridge was completed,

an effort was made to relieve Antwerp by surprising and seizing the town of Bois-le-Duc. It was the principal depôt of Parma—it was a populous, wealthy, thriving town, about twelve leagues from Antwerp. Could it but be seized, it would be a fortunate blow for freedom. True it held for the King, but there was no Spanish or other garrison within the walls, and no opposition was to be feared but from the warlike nature of the citizens; and so, in January, 1585, the important enterprise was entrusted to Count Hohenlo, and with four thousand infantry and two hundred lancers he lay in ambuscade, as near as possible to the city, while a Capt. Kleerhagen, with fifty followers, climbed into some empty guard-houses, and quietly ensconced themselves, and when, at eight the following morning, the guards of the gate drew up the portcullis, the ambushed fifty sprang in, and made themselves masters of the gate. None of the night-watch escaped with life, save one *poor old invalided citizen*, whose business had been to draw up the portcullis, and who was severely wounded and left for dead. The fifty summoned in Hohenlo's ambuscade, and so all went plunging through the city, leaving a single corporal with two men to guard the entrance. With the accustomed inhumanity of the age, the soldiers had been promised the sacking of the city as soon as it was taken, so they proceeded unfortunately to sack the city *before* it was taken; and it so happened, that although there was no Spanish garrison in the place, forty Bergundian and Italian lancers, with about thirty foot soldiers, had come in the day before to escort a train of merchandise. The little troop were about to mount their train and depart when they became aware of the sudden tumult, and the burghers were aroused. The assailants were scattered, and disorderly—there was a panic—they thought themselves betrayed. Hohenlo galloped furiously out of the town to bring in the rest of his troops. During his absence the panic spread; the States troops turned their backs on their enemies, and fled helter-skelter to the gates through which they had first gained admission; but unfortunately for them, so soon as the corporal had left his position, *the poor old invalided gate-keeper* crawled forth on his hands and knees from a dark hole in the tower, cut with a pocket-knife the ropes of the portcullis, and then gave up the ghost. The retreating five hundred were fairly entrapped, and all slain by about fifty burghers. Thus, when Hohenlo came back with his two thousand fresh troops, “their noses,” says a contemporary, “grew a hundred feet long with surprise, when they saw the gates shut in their faces.” “Infinite gratitude,” wrote Parma to Philip, “should be rendered to God. Had the rebels succeeded in their enterprise against Boldue, I should have been compelled to abandon the siege of Antwerp.”

Meantime the bridge over the Scheldt was completed, and there stood before the citizens of Antwerp real, grim, and frowning, the lunatic's dream. Bitterly did they then bewail their folly. There was still a faint hope that the great work of Parma might be destroyed. There lived in Antwerp a subtle Mantuan, Gianabelli by name, a wise and clear-sighted Archimedean kind of man. He was not a patriot; he was a man of science—a profound mechanician, a chemist—indifferent alike to freedom or to despotism; but, desirous of turning his science to account; he had danced attendance upon Philip, offering his services to him day after day, and all in vain; and he vowed to revenge himself upon the dullness which scorned his genius. He offered to the city of Antwerp to destroy the bridge; but ignorance and incredulity did their work as usual. The full complement of his request was not complied with, but, as a quarter measure, he was met with some slender materials, and with these he did give an exhibition of his power—he constructed a floating volcano—a slumbering earthquake. It must have been a wonderful sight, in superstitious days, to behold his vessels drifting down the river, suddenly becoming luminous—each ship flaming out of darkness, like a phantom of living fire, the waves of the Scheldt all glowing with the conflagration, and its banks all lighted up with the preternatural glare. The troops gathered upon the bridge. Richebourg, the engineer of the whole structure, laughed heartily at what seemed to be a very impotent attempt to injure the wondrous structure; but it was his last laugh on earth. The ignition of the mysterious fire-ship was arranged by clock-work, and, as the vessel touched the bridge, a horrible explosion was heard—a part of the bridge and a thousand soldiers had vanished in the air. No doubt had the whole of Gianabelli's request been complied with, the entire bridge would have been destroyed, and thus again Antwerp saved; but not only this was not to be, but the success itself, which was most important, was made unavailing, through the cowardice and blundering of the Admiral appointed to use the event if successful—Admiral Jacobzoon, by his well-won *alias* of Koppen Loppen, or Runaway Jacob, immortalised to an infamous memory, not only by this, but by other like events of his public career. It was only three days after this that the citizens of Antwerp knew what the magician had effected. Through the ignorance and parsimony of the rulers of the city the great design had failed; but the memory of those Antwerp “devil-ships” had so printed their images on the Spanish minds, that years after the very fear of them excited a thrill of terror through the Armada fleet, and aided the panic which scattered it in the night of the storm.

Such was the series of happy blunders which strengthened Philip and conquered the Netherlands.

After considerable negotiation, Elizabeth agreed to help the provinces. Formally, she would not assume the post of protector; but it must be admitted that when she, after much tardiness, consented to render her assistance, they were in their lowest estate. Antwerp had capitulated, and their affairs every day assumed a graver aspect. She promised a permanent force, 5,000 foot and 1,000 horse, to serve in the provinces, at the expense of England. Flushing and the Brill to be given up as securities for the repayment by the States. And now, the chiefest and noblest in the land went forth; Leicester as commander-in-chief, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Thomas Cecil, the English governors of the two towns. Leicester's reception was most enthusiastic by the States; and, indeed, the tides of gaiety and splendour flowing everywhere around him in his triumphal progress, as the representative of the Queen, are tolerably significant of their material prosperity in spite of the harassings of war, the persecutions, and the exterminations—the taxes of the first, and the tyranny of the last.

Perhaps these volumes will not tend to give a more glorious character to Elizabeth than in the pages of history and romance we possess already. Mr. Motley is not wanting in a perfectly generous appreciation of her strong character; no doubt, just such a queen was needed in England then. It was not abstract and ideal goodness that could cope with the intrigues and treasons, the plots and counterplots, the bold brigandisms and villanies of Spain and of Rome. Elizabeth was eminently successful; but then, if the glory of success comes from such principles, comes also the compensation and the doom at last. Singular, and sad as singular, Elizabeth never appears in these volumes as entirely sincere, except in her friendship to Philip; and, no doubt, the death of Mary struck terror into his heart. The death of Mary, like that of Charles I., is a historical problem; but then, if sovereigns in great emergencies may kill their subjects, or subjects their sovereigns, are there not also emergencies in which sovereigns may kill each other? We can quite conceive the envy which flushed the heart of Philip at a deed, the performance of which, the killing a sovereign, we can well imagine to be capable of giving to him emotions of experience, new, and strange, and pleasant. Elizabeth has frequently been painted; perhaps, never since her death, has she been so really seen as in these memoranda, thus at last disinterred, which Mr. Motley has fused down into the pleasant mosaic of his story. Here, she is the virago queen without doubt, turning the tables upon poor, help-

less statesmen, amazed and shivering before her passionate and tempestuous majesty. Here she is with all her coquetry, and with all her cunning and parsimony. In these pages, she comes before the world in true historical apparel. Here she is, with Leicester by her side—"Whether Elizabeth loved Leicester as a brother, or better than a brother, may be a historical question; but it is no question at all that she loved money better than she did Leicester. Unhappy the man, whether foe or favourite, who had pecuniary transactions with her highness." And certainly, poor Leicester, on the whole, does appear, if we may say so of a subject, to have been very audaciously treated by his royal mistress. On the whole, Leicester looks better in these volumes, in which he is actually seen, than he does in any account yet given to the world. The portrait of him is not, to be sure, very attractive; still, here *he* is—and, if the reader will turn to Mr. Motley's pages,—at full length. Leicester was no favourite in his country in his own day, whether he deserved the hearty dying malediction of Sussex or not—"I am now passing into another world, and I must leave you to your own fortunes; but beware of the gipsey, or he will be too hard for you. You do not know the beast as well as I do!" However, the gipsey, as he was called, from his dark complexion, was "her own crow," so the queen graciously called him; and a queer crow he must have been in the Netherlands, from the likeness we have here—

"A big bulky man, with a long red face, a bald head, a defiant, somewhat sinister eye, a high nose, and a little torrent of foam-white curly beard. He was still magnificent in costume; rustling in satin and feathers, with jewels in his ears, and his velvet toque stuck as airily as ever upon the side of his head, he amazed the honest Hollanders, who had been used to less gorgeous chieftains. 'Every body is wondering at the great magnificence and splendour of his clothes.'"

And very strange seem some of the epistles of the virgin queen to "her own crow." Thus:—"Rob, I am afraid you will suppose, by my wandering writings, that a midsummer's moon hath taken large possession of my brains this month; but you must needs take things as they come in my head, though order be left behind me." And she closes:—"Now will I end, that do imagine I talk still with you, and therefore loathly say farewell one hundred thousand times; though ever I pray God bless you from all harm, and save you from all foes. With my million and legion of thanks for all your pains and cares,—As you know, ever the same, E. R."

And, to do Leicester justice, he was not behind her Majesty in persiflage; only, in his rhetoric, it takes the form of euphuistic

conceit. He talks to her of his "wounded heart," which, "by the shadow of her blessed beams"—whatever they may mean—"will be made whole finally." He mourns that he is where he can do her Majesty no service:—"In England I can do you some: at the least, *I can rub your horses' heels*"—which also strikes us as something new in the way of occupation.

The Queen was more grateful to Leicester than the Provinces were. In truth, it cannot be said that he effected much: possibly he might have effected more, but the parsimonious queen did not deal very generously by "her own crow." His commandancy in the Provinces cost him dear; and, over and above all, he lost for some time the royal favour, by a singular imprudence in taking upon himself a higher place of authority, by the request of the States, but in opposition to the Queen's express commands.

It is impossible that in the course of a few pages we can give to our readers an analysis of all the checks and counterchecks between the two hostile parties. Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, Philip's commandant in the Netherlands, is sketched by Mr. Motley in his usual vigorous outline and clear colouring; he was so brave and great a man, we grieve again and again to find him fighting such a battle; we grieve to see all truth and honour sinking down in his character upon the principle of servile and abject subjection to his royal master. We have in these volumes the records of lies, distinctly-written, said, and done without the slightest feeling of compunction or sentiment of wrong. Most anxiously did he seek to lull Elizabeth to sleep while the Armada was preparing, with the assurances multiplied again and again that all these preparations of immense fleets were for the American colonies. The Queen, who has been usually supposed even to have slept with one eye open, was imposed upon. She knew human nature on its worst side pretty well, and she did not trust it too much; but she was deceived by such a perfect, open-countenanced ingenuousness, and ingenuity of lying as could not have been matched in England, or in Holland. The poet says:—

"I praise the man that's awkward at a lie,"

There was no awkwardness in that Spanish virtue either in Parma or his master. Conferences were pending, procrastinating ostensibly for the purpose of bringing about a peace. Philip's whole policy was one of procrastination. "Time and I against two," his favourite motto, describes him. While the conferences were pending, English translations of the famous Bull of the Pope, and Cardinal Allen's most infamous Admonition to the people of England, were printed at Antwerp. Pedantic Dr. Valentine Dale was sent to Parma to obtain explanations. The Armada

was very near sailing. Still a little time was needed; so Dr Dale was most politely assured by Parma that he knew nothing about the Cardinal's book, he had nothing to do with it, and was equally ignorant and innocent with reference to the Pope's Bull. He was equally ignorant and innocent of both. Not a fortnight before, he had received the thanks of Philip for having had the Cardinal's book translated at Antwerp!

It was, indeed, the very age of intrigue, "and nothing seemed worth getting unless it could be got by underhand means." "Walsingham," says Mr. Motley, "who had an eye and an ear at every keyhole in Europe, was himself under closest domestic inspection." But even he was lulled for a little time to sleep as to the actual intentions of Spain. But although the Queen was deceived, and Burleigh was deceived, and Walsingham was deceived, and even the poor Pope himself seems to have been deceived, by the cunning Philip, England was not deceived, and the States were not deceived. Elizabeth evidently was herself rather doubtful of the States. She did not like the touch of trade. The opinions of the Netherlanders were all too free and democratic and Protestant for her taste. As a queen, she sympathised most with Philip—as Queen of England, she was compelled to sympathise with the brave Netherlands; but her sympathy was not hearty. It is true that she was herself in a difficult position; but it is equally true that a little more hearty help would have scattered the ragged regiments of Parma and have made the whole of the States free of the Spaniard, and have made the building and the launching of the Armada an utter impossibility. It is most curious to see how the cunning devil of covetousness was cheating them all. On evil sides and on good sides, they alike lost by their parsimony. By his parsimony, Philip was crippling Parma and saving and serving the States; and by her parsimony, Elizabeth was crippling Leicester and the States, and eventually England too, and saving and serving the interests of Philip. Indeed, Leicester in the Netherlands was seeking to his utmost to serve the Queen rather than the States. He says:—

"*'This I will do,' he wrote to the Queen, 'and I hope not to fail of it, to get into my hands three or four most principal places in North Holland, which will be such a strength and assurance for your Majesty, as you shall see you shall both rule these men and make war or peace as you list, always provided—whatsoever you hear, or is—part not with the Brill; and having these places in your hands, whatsoever should chance to these countries, your Majesty, I will warrant sure enough to make what peace you will in an hour, and to have your debts and charges readily answered.'* At a some-

what later moment it will be seen what came of these secret designs."

But the States were keenly, vividly alive to their interests; the instincts of commerce and of freedom are both strong and sensitive. Elizabeth felt as a queen, the States and England felt as nations. Mr. Motley has described most distinctly the interviews of the States' Commissioners on more than one occasion with the Queen at her court of Greenwich. On one of those occasions she startled the Dutchmen with such a display of the virago, that to see her port, to hear her stormy invective, and behold her sweeping from the room and from the astonished and silent commissioners, fidgets us to read even across all these ages; but there were men in the States who were quite able to hurl back invective for invective, if they were unable to meet cunning with cunning. Barneveld could and did give back good substantial choleric phrasology, quite indicative of the way in which the statesmen of the middle classes were educating themselves to talk of their rulers. The portrait of this illustrious statesman, who, if his name is not inscribed on the list of successful great men, must certainly be mentioned with the unfortunate martyrs to political rectitude of principle, is an admirable specimen of Mr. Motley's power of painting:—

JOHN OF OLDEN-BARNEVELD.

"He was now in his thirty-eighth year, having been born at Amersfort on the 14th of September, 1547. He bore an imposing name, for the Olden-Barnevelds of Gelderland were a race of unquestionable and antique nobility. His enemies, however, questioned his right to the descent which he claimed. They did not dispute that the great grandfather, Claas van Olden-Barneveld, was of distinguished lineage and allied to many illustrious houses, but they denied that Claas was really the great grandfather of John. John's father, Geritt; they said, was a nameless outcast, a felon, a murderer, who had escaped the punishment due to his crimes, but had dragged out a miserable existence in the downs, burrowing like a rabbit in the sand. They had also much to say in disparagement of all John's connections. Not only was his father a murderer, but his wife, whom he had married for money, was the child of a most horrible incest, his sisters were prostitutes, his sons and brothers were debauchees and drunkards, and, in short, never had a distinguished man a more uncomfortable and discreditable family-circle than that which surrounded Barneveld, if the report of his enemies was to be believed. Yet it is agreeable to reflect that, with all the venom which they had such power of secreting, these malignant tongues had been unable to destroy the reputation of the man himself. John's character was honourable and upright, his intellectual power not disputed even by those who at a later period hated him the most bitterly. He had been a profound and indefati-

gable student from his earliest youth. He had read law at Leyden, in France, at Heidelberg. Here, in the head-quarters of German Calvinism, his youthful mind had long pondered the dread themes of foreknowledge, judgment absolute, free will, and predestination. To believe it worth the while of a rational and intelligent Deity to create annually several millions of thinking beings, who were to struggle for a brief period on earth, and to consume in perpetual brimstone afterwards, while others were predestined to endless enjoyment, seemed to him an indifferent exchange for a faith in the purgatory and paradise of Rome. Perplexed in the extreme, the youthful John bethought himself of an inscription over the gateway of his famous but questionable great grandfather's house at Amersfort—*nil scire tutissima fides*. He resolved thenceforth to adopt a system of ignorance upon matters beyond the flaming walls of the world; to do the work before him manfully and faithfully while he walked the earth, and to trust that a benevolent Creator would devote neither him nor any other man to eternal hell-fire. For this most offensive doctrine he was howled at by the strictly pious, while he earned still deeper opprobrium by daring to advocate religious toleration. In face of the endless horrors inflicted by the Spanish Inquisition upon his native land, he had the hardihood—although a determined Protestant himself—to claim for Roman Catholics the right to exercise their religion in the free States on equal terms with those of the reformed faith. "Any one," said his enemies, "could smell what that meant who had not a wooden nose." In brief, he was a liberal Christian, both in theory and practice, and he nobly confronted in consequence the wrath of bigots on both sides. At a later period the most zealous Calvinists called him Pope John, and the opinions to which he was to owe such appellations had already been formed in his mind."

"He was a man of noble and imposing presence, with thick hair pushed from a broad forehead rising dome-like above a square and massive face; a strong deeply-coloured physiognomy, with shaggy brow, a chill blue eye, not winning but commanding, high cheek bones, a solid, somewhat scornful nose, a firm mouth and chin, enveloped in a copious brown beard; the whole head not unfitly framed in the stiff formal ruff of the period; and the tall stately figure well draped in Magisterial robes of velvet and sable—such was John of Olden-Barneveld."

We must check ourselves in narrative and in quotation. It is not too much to describe these volumes as the *Iliad* of Liberty. If the Netherlands were the Pass of Thermopylæ, the English channel was the Salamis of that day. Philip was the mad Xerxes of his age; he would have chained the Hellespont; but he had neither passion nor pity; and was utterly unable, like the elder and nobler tyrant, to shed a tear, however many millions might have passed him by on their way to their doom. He had no remorse, and was incapable of a conscience.

There is no doubt we have to thank the Queen's temporising and deceitful policy for the Armada, which Philip at last contrived to launch against England. One cannot rid one's mind of the impression, that in Elizabeth there really somewhere lurked a latent fear of Spain; she so earnestly desired peace and friendship. It is curious, it is even affecting, to find how, as we have shown, the Queen, so capable of imposing upon others, so capable of elaborate deception, was imposed upon and herself deceived. Philip and Parma perfectly understood each other, and they lied with a remarkable and altogether exemplary audacity of mendacity which it might be edifying to the very father of lies to study. And while they were deluding her with peace, the Armada was building, was ready to sail for England, before the Queen awoke from her delusion; but she aroused herself at last, and haughtily flung her defiance to foreign insolence: "and then the little nation of four millions, the merry England of the sixteenth century, went forward to the death grapple with its gigantic antagonist as cheerfully as to a long-expected holiday." Spain was a vast empire, overshadowing the world—England, in comparison, but a province; yet nothing could surpass the steadiness with which the conflict was awaited. Yet, even in this last extremity, all might have been ruined by the miserable parsimony of the Queen. Indeed, Philip and Elizabeth seem to be marvellously alike in this. She thought that, although the world seemed moving against her kingdom, it might be saved without money; and he thought that England might be taken without money—he thought that Parma might land in England from his slight flotilla without the Armada at all! At last, the Armada set sail. Thus vividly Mr. Motley sets before our eyes the Armada as it enters our seas:—

"Never, since England was England, had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits between Dover and Calais. Along that long, low, sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, one hundred and thirty Spanish ships—the greater number of them the largest and most heavily armed in the world—lay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon-shot, with one hundred and fifty English sloops and frigates, the strongest and swiftest that the island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world.

"Farther along the coast, invisible, but known to be performing a most perilous and vital service, was a squadron of Dutch vessels of all sizes, lining both the inner and outer edges of the sandbanks off the Flemish coasts, and swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of that intricate and dangerous cruising-ground between Dunkerque and Walcheren. Those fleets of Holland and Zeeland, numbering some one

hundred and fifty galleons, sloops, and fly-boats, under Warmond, Nassau, Van der Does, de Moor, and Rosendael, lay patiently blockading every possible egress from Newport, or Gravelines, or Sluys, or Flushing, or Dunkerk, and longing to grapple with the Duke of Parma, so soon as his fleet of gunboats and hoys, packed with his Spanish and Italian veterans, should venture to set forth upon the sea for their long-prepared exploit.

"It was a pompous spectacle, that midsummer night, upon those narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was rising calmly upon a scene of anxious expectation. Would she not be looking, by the morrow's night, upon a subjugated England, a re-enslaved Holland—upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty? Those ships of Spain, which lay there with their banners waving in the moonlight, discharging salvoes of anticipated triumph' and filling the air with strains of insolent music, would they not, by daybreak, be moving straight to their purpose, bearing the conquerors of the world to the scene of their cherished hopes?

"That English fleet, too, which rode there at anchor, so anxiously on the watch—would that swarm of nimble, lightly-handled but slender vessels, which had held their own hitherto in hurried and desultory skirmishes—be able to cope with their great antagonist now that the moment had arrived for the death grapple? Would not Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Seymour, Winter, and Hawkins, be swept out of the straits at last, yielding an open passage to Medina, Oquendo, Recalde, and Farnese? Would those Hollanders and Zeelanders, cruising so vigilantly among their treacherous shallows, dare to maintain their post, now that the terrible *Holofernese*, with his invincible legions, was resolved to come forth?"

"And there sat the patient letter-writer in his cabinet, busy with his schemes. His grey head was whitening fast. He was sixty years of age. His frame was slight, his figure stooping, his digestion very weak, his manner more glacial and sepulchral than ever; but if there were a hard-working man in Europe, that man was Philip II. And there he sat at his table, scrawling his apostilles. The fine innumerable threads which stretched across the surface of Christendom, and covered it as with a net, all converged in that silent, cheerless cell. France was kept in a state of perpetual civil war; the Netherlands had been converted into a shambles; Ireland was maintained in a state of chronic rebellion; Scotland was torn with internal feuds, regularly organized and paid for by Philip; and its young monarch—'that lying King of Scots,' as Leicester called him—was kept in a leash ready to be slipped upon England, when his master should give the word; and England herself was palpitating with the daily expectation of seeing a disciplined horde of brigands let loose upon her shores; and all this misery, past, present, and future, was almost wholly due to the exertions of that grey-haired letter-writer at his peaceful library-table."

There never was before or since such a case of reckoning the chickens on a great scale before they were hatched. Many of the vessels were most gorgeously decorated. All preparations were made for an ostentatious pageant. There was Don Martin Alaccon, Administrator and Vicar-General of the Inquisition, at the head of 290 monks of the Mendicant orders, priests and familiars. Great was the expectation on board the fleet. Many courtiers had provided themselves with gay dresses for the great celebration of the conquest. The following extract from a letter of John Giles to Walsingham is most ludicrously interesting, as showing the expectations and confidence of the Spanish invaders:—

“There is provided for lights a great number of torches, and so tempered that no water can put them out. A great number of little mills for grinding corn, great store of biscuit baked and oxen salted, great number of saddles and boots, also there is made 500 pair of velvet shoes, red, crimson velvet, and in every cloister throughout the country great quantity of roses made of silk, white and red, which are to be badges for divers of his gentlemen. By reason of these roses it is expected he is going for England. There is sold to the Prince by John Angel, pergaman, ten hundred-weight of velvet, gold and silver to embroider his apparel withal. The covering to his mules is most gorgeously embroidered with gold and silver, which carry his baggage. There is also sold to him by the Italian merchants at least 670 pieces of velvet to apparel him and his train. Every captain has received a gift from the Prince to make himself brave, and for Captain Corralini, an Italian, who hath one cornet of horse, I have seen with my eyes a saddle with the trappings of his horse, his coat and rapier, and dagger, which cost 3,500 French Crowns. (!) All their lances are painted of divers colours, blue and white, green and white, and most part blood-red—so there is as great preparation for a triumph as for war. A great number of English priests come to Antwerp from all places. The commandment is given to all the churches to read the Litany daily for the prosperity of the Prince in his enterprise.” John Giles to Walsingham, 4 Dec., 1587. (S. P. Office MS.)

London was almost before the eyes of the anxious invaders: they longed to lay their hands on the rich masses of wealth in the British capital. There were men on board who remembered the siege of Antwerp—the sack of Antwerp eleven years before—the fury of Antwerp—who had enriched themselves in an hour with the accumulations of a merchant's lifetime. There were men who had slain fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters, and brides and bridegrooms, before each others eyes, till the number of the slaughtered and butchered inhabitants in the streets rose to thousands, and the plunder from the warehouses and palaces was counted by millions.

But it had been resolved that the fury of London should be more thorough than the fury of Antwerp. We, of course, cannot follow Mr. Motley through all the minute particulars of the disastrous voyage of the *Invincible*—harassed in every stage of progress. There was misconception. All Spaniards moved and breathed in an atmosphere of duplicity and deceit; and Medina Sidonia suspected Farnese of treachery. Then in the dark night was heard the mysterious drip of oars, and the sob of the storm; and suddenly the sea became luminous, and six flaming vessels were seen bearing steadily down upon them: and then ensued the horrible panic. They recollected the devil-ships of Gianabelli, which had shattered the bridge over the Scheldt. The confusion was beyond description. The despised Mantuan, treated with contumely at Philip's Court, only partially successful in his magnificent enterprise at Antwerp, in consequence of official incredulity; and now the mere terror of his name accomplished more to scatter the Armada than all the efforts of Howard, and Drake, and Hawkins, and Frobisher combined.

Reading and revolving the history of that great event, we have appropriated to ourselves as a nation the words of the Psalmist, "God is known in her palaces for a refuge. For lo! the kings were assembled; they passed by together. They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away. Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail. Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind."

These volumes are an admirable summary of the ways and means of despotism. They are also an equally admirable summary of the ways and means of liberty. And it is very noteworthy that, in spite of its imperial resources and wealth, despotism was most plainly getting the worst of it in the struggle. The cities obedient to Spain were in utter and most abject desolation. Antwerp, at last, was imprisoned and paralysed. Its docks and basins, where 2,500 ships had once been counted, were empty; grass was growing in the streets; its old labouring population had vanished, and the Jesuits had returned in swarms—Ghent, Bruges, Valenciennes, and Tournay in them; all commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, were dying lingering deaths; spots proverbial for industry had been transformed into wildernesses; instead of the cheerful tramp of the artizans and mechanics, foraging bands of Spanish and Italian mercenaries thronged the streets; the citizens were exiles, and Holland and England were becoming rich by the lessons and labours of the peaceful, industrious, and religious men to whom they afforded a home. These were the ways and means of despotism. Villages were entirely

depopulated; wolves littered their young in deserted farm-houses; two hundred persons, in the winter of 1586-7, were destroyed by wild beasts in the neighbourhood of Ghent; and if any population remained, for the most part they had betaken themselves to employments more congenial to the taste of Philip than vulgar arts, and manufactures and trades—they lived by occupations hallowed and sacred to the thought of Rome and Spain—burglary, highway robbery, and murder. And, on the other hand, the Republic, disobedient to Spain, was growing in prosperity; their fisheries were a mine of wealth, incomparably more valuable than Philip's silver or gold mines. War was at their gates, but commerce was in the havens of the provinces; they were driving a profitable trade, even with Spain and the Spanish colonies, and the mines of Peru and Mexico were more profitable to the Netherlanders than to the idiot king. "The war paid for the war." "The coming generations may see," said a contemporary historian, "the fortifications erected at that period in the cities, the costly and magnificent havens, the docks, the great extension of the cities—for truly the war had become a great benediction to the inhabitants." Not that the reader is to find in this any commendation of war in itself, only he is to behold the magnanimity and elasticity of freedom. The very means taken to crush out the embers of liberty, and of Protestantism, only fanned the flame, and gave it additional brilliancy. There was a merry spirit afloat through the whole of the liberty-loving cities. There were noble men who were in advance of their age, and of many subsequent ages; theories of government were freely discussed; concession to Philip became more and more ridiculous to such men; they flung back now scorn for cruelty; from their sands and fens they were beginning to show the world that a people, with nothing save the Bible, and Freedom, and Industry, must be incomparably mightier than a people with everything—and Despotism and Priestcraft, and Laziness to boot.

We hurriedly break away from these volumes. We believe we have read their noble lessons aright; and we give our heartiest thanks to Dr. Motley for his work—to us a national one, although written by a citizen of the United States.

V.

THE DODGES OF ROMANISM.*

THERE exists in the heart of England, although unknown to the great body of the nation, a persecuted Church. Indeed, it is understood generally that still in many neighbourhoods survives the spirit of persecution, and sometimes the practice ; but there is 'something peculiarly affecting in the condition of this persecuted Church. It is able to produce a singularly-lengthy catalogue of woes, and frequently lifts up a piteous and heart-rending cry, bemoaning the exquisite misery of its condition. A very affecting item is the inapparent character of its woes and sufferings. This unhappy and ill-used Church, like some sentimental people, "is not understood." Some people who have looked at it cursorily have come away with the impression, that upon the whole, it is rather a jolly and well-to-do kind of Church. But it would seem this is altogether a mistake ; and so far from it, this poor thing, like a sad ladyè, cherishes within her bosom a silent sorrow. Indeed, this poor afflicted Church has a good many silent sorrows to trouble her. She realizes to our mind the idea of a church constantly suffering from a bowel complaint. She has the power to feel, and to feel very acutely in the bowels. She feels many things, and feels it there ; a little tells there—a little hint about what she has been, tells there. For, indeed, she has been in her time a very badly behaved and most naughty Church. And it would, in fact, be about quite impossible to find any single one of the Ten Commandments she has not broken, "and taught men so." She does not like to hear of these things, nor, indeed, is she very often reminded of them. But at this present time she comes before the British nation wrought up to a phrenzy, like a very elderly Constance, with a grey wig, and rather the worse for liquor, screaming about her absent child ; after the fashion of Tom Hood's unhappy mother—

" I've lost, I've lost my child."

Yes, this is the unhappy lady's grief ; poor, disconsolate Rachel mourning for her babies ; and we did not think the case had been so bad as it is, but a distinguished son of the Elderly Matron—

* I. *The Dublin Review*, August, 1860. Article—The English Poor Law and the Catholic Poor.

II. The Protestant Alliance and Mr. W. Turnbull, of the State Paper Office. Memorial, Correspondence, &c. London : Printed for the Protestant Alliance.

Cardinal Wiseman—on the behalf of his mother, lifts up a very distinct and indignant note in certain literary gems he publishes from time to time, for the edification of the faithful, which he calls Pastorals.

“Alas! the poor orphan in London, deprived often of both parents, perhaps in company of several little brothers and sisters, helpless as himself, he may for a time be tossed from the precarious support of one relation to another, till at length he is allowed to drop into the oblivion of the union, where he grows up a lonely youth who prays not for his unknown parents’ souls.

“There are among the poor heroic exceptions to this sad history; we find constantly the poorest relations struggling manfully to keep their relations, or even friends’ children from this terrible fate; but a melancholy experience teaches us that many, very many, fall through this utter helplessness into those abysses of perdition. And, strange to say, even in this we can trace resemblance to the lot to which our Divine Redeemer was doomed by a malicious world. Herod is described as having sought His life in singular words:—*‘Mortui sunt qui querebant animam pueris.’* ‘They are dead,’ it is written, ‘who sought (literally) the soul of the child.’ Yes, Herod sought to take away the life of the body of the holy child. Many strive to take the soul’s life from our poor orphans; and observe, Herod did not threaten and bluster, nor did he use violence at first. No, all was gentle and respectful; he loved, nay, he worshipped the child whom he was about to destroy. ‘When you have found him, tell me, that I also may come and adore him.’ Such were his words to the wise men of the East. The crafty false friend; the hypocritical destroyer of all that was best on earth, had not God foiled him! And it is always with smooth words and kind looks that the little orphan is claimed for destruction. ‘I will educate and support him,’ a benevolent patron or rich relation would most willingly say. But one condition is inexorably added—he must be put into a Protestant institution; the child’s soul must be the purchase-money of charity. ‘Let me have your child,’ whispers a truly well-meaning, kind-hearted lady to the sickly mother or burdened kinswoman, ‘and I will make a lady of her; she shall want for nothing.’ In what religion will she be brought up? ‘Of course not in the Catholic.’ Always the same—it is the child’s soul that is begged for. And if this be refused, the poor thing is flung back, remorselessly, to the risk of losing its earthly life. And it is even better so.

“It may be thought that, after all, if our orphans are placed in the receptacle for varied misery provided by the nation, though their existence may be solitary, their religion at least will be safe under the guarantee of the law. Would to God it were so! It would be difficult to frame a law in favour of Catholic children which the craft or the power of petty Herods will not elude or violate.

“We have learnt how, by vexatious delays, intricate correspondences, harassing denials, and putting to proof of uneducated rela-

tions, by the division of jurisdiction between boards and committees, and by no end of paltry excuses and mean evasions, months and years can be dragged over till a child's affections have been weaned from a sister, or its mind poisoned against the only inheritance of a mother. No, they are far from dead who seek the souls of our children. We earnestly hope that not another session of the Legislature will be allowed to pass over without a united and powerful and a universal effort of all Catholics to redress this crying evil, and lay bare this mystery of iniquity to the detestation of the fair and honest. But this is not our present scope.

"The only real effectual remedy is to secure to ourselves, as far as we can, the education of our own poor orphans. To snatch the very babes from the danger of sucking in poison with their very milk."*

Sedition and prevarication, amounting even to falsehood, are no strangers to the lips and pen of the utterer of this singularly touching Pastoral—the man whose Church has been convicted again and again of kidnapping children, although not for the soul of the child, but for very different, sometimes even distant, but by those dignitaries always clearly seen and calculated purposes—this man has the daring and effrontery to stand by the altar, with brazen brow, and to utter to his flock of deluded geese a lie like that—dares to say that to Protestant Churches and Protestant people, who maintain their orphan children by thousands, and would be only too glad to find the means to maintain thousands more; thus attempting to find a miserable plea and pretext to fabulate the possible shadow of a recrimination. The Cardinal describes adroitly—it was so easy to do so—tried his best to make his auditors believe that he was depicting Protestantism, and all the time he was painting a scene of common occurrence to Rome and Romish priests. Does the Cardinal suppose that Protestantism strengthens itself by Mortara cases? Not at all—he does not dream of it. He knows—the wily Cardinal well knows—the difference between the two systems; but Herod and his murderers, if history tell the truth, are no strangers to the counsels and cabinets of Rome; and there have been times when even they have sought the child literally to slay, as now *they* diligently seek its soul to destroy it. Mrs. Gretton, in her interesting book, "The Englishwoman in Italy," tells an anecdote, narrated to her in Ancona, very similar to the case of Mortara. A Jew merchant and his wife, being childless, adopted a niece, a beautiful girl, affectionate, and the delight of their age. She had

* Pastoral of H. E. Cardinal Wiseman, Sunday, Dec. 23, 1860. See *Tablet* December 29, 1860.

been nursed by a peasant woman, who on her death-bed confessed that she had baptized the Jewish child. The girl was eighteen years of age. The confessor instantly hastened to the Inquisition, and a body of Dominican monks presented themselves before her uncle, and demanded his niece as a Christian convert. In vain were all her second parents' anxious cries—quite in vain were all her own: she was taken away. Her uncle wrote and besought her to hold firm, telling her to be careful speaking of 10,000 dollars, her dowry, if she succeeded in escaping. The letter was intercepted, and fell into the hands of priests; but they did not bring it forward till their plans were matured. Meantime he was denied all correspondence with her, and at length it was intimated that she had readily imbibed the tenets of the faith, and was willing to receive a husband from the hands of the priests; and the 10,000 dollars were demanded as her portion. He was obliged to submit. The money was made over to her through her confessors; but from the day when she was borne shrieking from the old couple's arms, they never set eyes upon her again. Her husband was an obscure person in the hands of the priests. She vanished altogether from her relatives' knowledge, and the charm was taken from the old people's life and fortune. And while these things are flagrantly done on the Continent—and would be daily done here, but for the power of our Protestant principles—the priest Wiseman dares to stand in the heart of our city and talk to English ears of our kidnapping, and of our Herod-like seeking of children to destroy them. We may seek the souls of children, even the souls of the children of Papists; but is there an instance on record where the child was sought by the Protestant unless, in addition to its ignorance and heresy, it was also helpless and poor?

The passage we have quoted from Wiseman's Pastoral is a specimen of the way in which the man constantly seeks to foment the ill-blood of the community; since he has spent more time in this country, his behaviour as a citizen (we suppose he scarcely regards himself as a citizen of England) has been very bad. He has missed no opportunity of insulting the country beneath whose constitution and liberties his people have grown to the formidable strength they now assume in the land.

Well, that is the complaint now of the poor Old Lady; she cannot get to her children—cannot mutter masses to them—the heretics keep her away; will not furnish her with cope, and pall, and chalice, and pay from the rates for the elevation of the host. Persecuted Old Matron! We have one battle going on touching Church-rates, and the Establishment; the unhappy Mother we have alluded to, intends us to embroil ourselves with another, and insists upon it that we shall pay her Church-rate

out of our Poor-rate. The Old Lady sees no difficulty in this thing. The much-misguided Matron!

We have no doubt that frequently the expressions of public opinion adverse to Romanism are plain and pointed enough. We have seen ten thousand things written, and heard as many said, which have seemed to us most harsh and illiberal. We have no hesitation in saying there are Romanist writers from whom we have received incalculable pleasure and edification. But there is a sound Protestant sentiment in the heart of this country, and every effort—and many dangerous efforts—are now being made to deprave that sentiment, and, by intimidation and by insolence, in a thousand ways Romanism seeks again to elevate itself to a place of power and importance in the land. We believe that, especially among liberal men and liberal members of Parliament, there is a disposition to look patiently on while Romanism quietly avails itself of Protestant arguments and the pretexts of liberty, for asserting its rights. Those who keep their eyes open will often find from Romish priests and Romish dignitaries, some delectable little morsels which show the aim and intention. Nor should we ever forget that Rome moves *en masse*; all its children act in concert; all its plans and purposes are like the enlinked or plated scales of the crocodile—it is all one creation. Rome has the grand confederated unity of an evil beast. The humblest priest, if he is able to speak at all, will give as much light in his hints with reference to the great intentions of his church, as Pius IX., as Antonelli, or Merode, or Wiseman. Here, then, is a pleasant morsel of free speech—

“Father Oakley writes expressing his satisfaction at the support given to Lord Derby by Roman Catholics; and, among other reasons, states that—

“‘1. It proves that the (Roman) Catholic Church is getting to feel its true dignity and right position in this country. What we of course aim at, in God’s good time and way, is to be, as we have once been, the dominant Church of England.

“‘We had gradually, under the pressure of the penal laws, forgotten our place in the world as God’s only Church; we had been snubbed so successfully, that we thought it gain even to make common cause with the sects of yesterday (Dissenters), and pinning ourselves to their sleeve, to get, if it might be, a share in the poor pickings of concession which, with mighty professions and small fruit, were from time to time vouchsafed to us. What can have led (Roman) Catholics to detach themselves *from this ignoble, though profitable alliance, except a growing consciousness of their true strength and nobility?*

“‘I am truly thankful for all this. No man knows better than Lord Derby the “weak side” of the parties he desired to conciliate,

and I rejoice that he considers our "weak side" to be, not the desire of magistracies, commissionerships, judgeships, clerkships, and the like, but the *exercise of our spiritual power in gaols and workhouses.*'"—(From the *Romish Tablet*, May 14th, 1859.)

And what are the rights Rome claims in England? Why if it claims any thing, and when is it not impudently, arrogantly, and audaciously claiming,—*it claims the right on its behalf to a second establishment!* In this very question, which now is under agitation, what is the ultimate end of the demands which are made? ministration in workhouses, yes! But not that merely, not merely the right of admission there,—remuneration from the poor rates! a paid chaplaincy!—a church!—an altar!—the means of performing the service of the mass! What is Protestantism to stoop to next in the way of concession to Rome? Let these illustrative extracts reveal a little to the eye:—

"The law as it stands will do *much* for us, if the Poor Law Board exert, as they are disposed to do, their authority in our favour. It will do *much more* in the very few cases in which the Boards of Guardians will act in a friendly and conciliatory spirit with the Poor Law Board. But it will not do what the Parochial Meetings have demanded.

"*We have authority to state that a schedule of all such concessions as in the widest acknowledged interpretation of the Act it has been considered can be asked of the Poor Law Board, has been placed before them, and is under consideration.* (OTHER AND LARGER DEMANDS, ON WHICH WE MUST BE SILENT, HAVE BEEN ALSO MADE.

"What we want besides, and must have, is a (Roman) Catholic Chaplain, as a paid officer of the Parish union, endowed with all the rights and facilities in respect of (Roman) Catholics which the Protestant Chaplain is endowed with in respect of all who do not make out a legal claim of exemption."—(From the *Romish Tablet*, May 7th, 1859.)

"The advice we offer to the Clergy of the Established Church is sound when we beg of them to be content with their tithes, and not to pretend to a monopoly of the funds raised by county rates and poor rates. Precedents are great things, and we have a notable one against them. The appointment with equal rank and pay of (Roman) Catholic Chaplains in the army has sanctioned a principle which must be applied to other questions."—(From the *Romish Tablet*, April 9th, 1859.)

THE MASS IN WORKHOUSES.—*The Belfast News Letter* states that—

"At the meeting of the Newtownards Board of Guardians, a general order from the Poor-law Commissioners was read, ordering them to provide 'a suitable altar, vestments, and such other appendages as are

necessary' for 'the due celebration of divine worship according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church.' The Commissioners add, that 'they are informed by their inspector, Mr. Robinson, that the articles required by the Roman Catholic chaplain, in addition to the altar and vestments, are a chalice and patina, missal and stand, two altar cloths, two candlesticks, two cruets, and a small altar bell.' The board, by a majority of nine to seven votes, respectfully declined to comply with this order."

"A priest in such a position (chaplain in a workhouse), and with such duties, ought to be treated precisely as the Protestant chaplain is treated. Why should he not be a chaplain also, with the same official position in the house and in the school-room? If it is not preferred by the Catholic authorities that these children should hear mass on Sundays in the nearest Catholic Church, as may very probably be the case, a convenient arrangement ought to be made for the celebration of mass in the house. And a very different proportion ought to prevail in the number of Catholic teachers in the school. Why should not a Catholic boy be eligible to a vacant pupil-teachership because there are two Catholic pupil-teachers already? In this there should be no distinction of religion—(! ! !)—the fittest ought to be chosen, whether Catholic or Protestant. And so, too, why must the master and mistress, and the assistant masters and mistresses be all Protestants?"—*Dublin Review*. August, 1860. Pp. 283, 284.

Popery in England, it seems, is persecuted! Good! it is something amazing that the creature can dare to spell the word, *Persecuted!* Let us see what are some of the items of its persecution. Wounded innocent, let us look at its sores! Patient, suffering, much injured and calumniated creature! let us also lay our hand tenderly on some of the secret sorrows it has had to endure. Is this an instance of persecution?—

"Treasury Payments to Roman Catholic Reformatories for 1859:—

	£	s.	d.
" Brook Green, Hammersmith . . .	1,350	14	2
" Market Weighton . . .	1,933	4	3
" St. Bernard's . . .	5,837	7	6
" Arno's Court, Bristol . . .	1,920	4	0
" Dalbeth, Scotland . . .	165	15	0

"£10,707 4 11."

Or does the statement in the following paragraph look like persecution?—

The *Tablet* of February 25th states that:—

"In our humble judgment, the position and prospects of the Catholic body in these kingdoms is one which should inspire us with

hope and energy, as being in very many ways encouraging beyond all reasonable expectation. We do not think that there has ever been a time when so little was required to obtain so much, or when, even without any special merits of our own, so favourable a change in our affairs had been effected in so short a space.

“In saying this we are indeed begging one great question. We are assuming that the advancement of the private and personal interests of some score or two of Catholics is not the one test by which everything is to be tried. If every consideration is to be rejected as worthless in comparison with this one consideration, we are wrong. But, if the interests of religion and of the country, if the rights and wishes of the Catholic population, and the attainment of great public ends, are to have precedence in our minds, we think still that the present state of things is full of encouragement, and, if it does not stimulate every one to increased exertion, should at least prevent any one from indulging in despondency.

“The interests of British Catholics are comparatively so small, and, as a rule, so dependent on the Catholics of Ireland, that we naturally turn to Ireland to verify our statements. It is indeed admitted pretty generally, so far as the absence of any statement to the contrary is concerned, that the Catholics of England, considering the necessary disadvantages of their position as a small minority among a population deeply prejudiced against their religion, have little reason to complain that the success of any efforts they have made to help themselves has not been proportioned to those efforts. If they have not got more of what they wish and have a right to, let the amount of their exertions be considered in a world where every one is taught to rely upon his own exertions, and the wonder will be that they have got so much.”

We have no hesitation in saying, that the progress of the Papacy, and the influence of the Papal Hierarchy in this country is matter sufficient for very serious apprehension and alarm. We know that expressions like this will only excite contempt for our sagacity, and ridicule for our fears; be it so; yet before the contempt is expressed, or the ridicule indulged, are there not some things, may we not enquire, in the modern action of the Papacy, demanding a little thought on our part—passages like the following, for instance?—and the *Tablet* abounds in such—has provoked in us a little disposition to enquire whether Papists are to be trusted too far.

In reference to the Deputation to Lord John Russell on the persecution of native Spanish Protestants, the *Tablet*, of Dec. 29, says:—

“The demand is made, and those who make it are perfectly satisfied that they are asking nothing that is not most reasonable. They tell the Catholics that they are tolerated here, and that they ought to tolerate the Protestants in Spain.

“Without the slightest disrespect to the grand principle of toleration, which Whigs profess and never practise, it is easy to answer this absurd demand on the Spanish Government. The Spanish laws are made for the Spanish people, not for foreigners. If foreigners go to Spain, they must respect the laws of the country, as foreigners are compelled to respect English laws when they come to England. The Spaniards are Catholics and not Protestants, and, therefore, cannot make laws for contingencies that may never arise. There are no Protestants in Spain, and there is, therefore, no law for them; and they cannot, without forfeiting their dignity as a nation, allow the foreigners who visit them to trample on their laws, and ridicule their customs. The English Protestants who go to Spain have no right beyond the right of the Spanish law, precisely as foreigners in England.”

Romanism at present in England is one complicated system of artful dodging. We have said this before, and then have started up indignant with ourselves for our own fears; yet it is so. The spirit of that system seeks, as far as possible, to transform itself into the light of the nineteenth century, and to make itself ubiquitous, it does its best to gain over the literature of the day. You intend a quiet walk on the banks of the Brent, and put an attractive-looking volume, the “Evenings on the Thames,” in your pocket, and you have not read many pages before you find yourself immersed in Romanism. Sedulously efforts are made to take possession of the school books of the country, and deliberately to falsify our nation’s history. Why, to forget Protestantism *there* is to forget the Armada—and Latimer, and the Lollards—and, in fact, everything that made us great and free. The spirit of the Papacy inoculates as it spreads, like a pestilence. Romanism does not seek to convert; does not waste time in discussion. Assiduously it takes possession of the virgin soil, and strives to make the minds of children—in schools, and workhouses, and reformatories—and the souls and fears of men and women on death beds its own; and it tyrannises over opinion, and over government; it can awe by Irish threats, and it can menace by European scowls and frowns. There is not a loyal thought in the heart of it to any prince or nationality, save that of Rome; and next to this its homage is due to those princes who are most favourable to Rome. It exists by sneaking. You wake up and are astonished to find your offices occupied by Papists; judges and magistrates on the bench; guardians and overseers of the poor; officers among the state papers; you become alarmed. It is no bigotry; it is not intolerance; still less is it what the *Saturday Review* describes, in its tender commiseration with the fate of Mr. Turnbull, that “he has been unlucky enough to become the

butt of a party of fanatics, with whom systematic slander is, as it is apt to be with all fanatics, the favourite instrument for the propagation of their faith." No, it is not this, or any of these, which makes it a fearful thing to see the web-work of the Papacy spreading silently, surely over the land. It is the knowledge of what it is; that it is an educated and incarnate lie; that it feeds on falsehood, and breathes the atmosphere of deceit; and that its heart owns no human throb, but beats only for exclusiveness and Rome. Surely, to say all this, is to say, what the world knows, and what a hundred, a thousand, books, accessible to every eye, declare. An atheist, a Deist anywhere may be innocent, upright, honourable. A Papist must be mischievous, may be murderous to the best interests of those he touches. It is marvellous to notice how in the case of Archdeacon Manning, and other men of rich and beautiful genius, manhood expires in their soul as soon as they breathe the tainted and malarious air of Rome.

We cannot part with this subject without referring to the recent, and even present little storm with reference to the appointment of Mr. Turnbull to the office of Calendarer of the foreign papers in the State Paper Office; and, although we are very glad to know that he has at last resigned, yet we believe he carries away with him in his resignation a very large amount of sympathy from the liberal men of many denominations, especially those denominations who may be regarded as the readers and supporters of this Review. "Why," we have heard it said—"why make all this unworthy and most illiberal disturbance about the appointment of a Catholic to a secular office? Is he not a citizen? Is he not, like his fellow-citizens, entitled to all the immunities and privileges for which he is competent? Is it not unworthy in a great people thus more ignorantly than even jealously to fence round their places of trust? Is it not too closely imitating the policy of Papists themselves? Is it not the sure way to perpetuate all that ill-feeling which has rankled for so many generations in the bosoms of the hostile Churches?" To all this it might be replied generally, that it is to be feared that most Papists are doubtful subjects to any government save that of Rome. They are the dull and servile adherents to that despotism of the conscience. How it is we know not that men voluntarily part with manhood and conscience—we know not, but so it is. Moreover, it is certainly the case that all Papists use power badly. They become insolent by their privileges, and make, as we have seen, concessions precedents for still more encroaching demands. There is a point at which the Protestant stands still, and says, "No! not a step farther," and insists on remembering the distinction between the political character of

the Papacy and of Protestantism. And again, there are some special cases, which it seems impossible for the Protestant to overlook, in which the appointment would be specially dangerous; nay, in which, beneath a Protestant Government—and we do trust that ours is Protestant as yet—the character of the individual was so distinctly marked by the very worst, not to say vilest, features of Papal intolerance, that in truth he not only deserved to suffer, but ought never to have dreamt of an appointment in a nation existing only by principles he had scorned, contemned, and maligned. There is in Mr. Turnbull's published writings a downright and hearty hatred of all Protestant things, events, and institutions, which ought to save him from any surprise if he should find the old proverb true in his experience, that "curses, like little chickens, come home to roost." The several memorials presented to Lord Palmerston contain extracts from the writings of Mr. Turnbull abundantly justifying the strong expression of feeling against his appointment, which he has been pleased to dignify by the name of persecution. The Protestant Alliance, in its memorial, justified its action by the following paragraph:—

"That Mr. Turnbull is not only a Roman Catholic, but an avowed defender and admirer of the *Jesuits*, for whom he expresses, in his 'Life of Father Southwell,' a '*natural bias*,' and holds them '*in the highest veneration, honour and esteem*;' and has, in the same work, manifested this '*natural bias*' by calling the *Jesuit priest, Garnet*, who was implicated in the *Gunpowder Plot*, a '*well-known martyr*,' and the conspiracy of *Babington* against the life of *Elizabeth* and the *State of England* a '*gallant confederacy*!' that in another work he designated the *Reformation* a '*mischievous event*!' and has declared that '*he would rather be condemned with a Papist than saved with a Puritan*!'

"Your memorialists submit that a person who has expressed such strong sympathy for the *Jesuits*, and antipathy to those who opposed their atrocious designs, and who thus defamed the glorious Reformation, is most unfit to be intrusted with the valuable foreign papers under his control, and to be commissioned to prepare an official abstract of the same."

Now a man who is capable of expressing himself in terms like those quoted above, beyond a doubt is not only a Papist, but one so strong in the faith that it becomes very necessary to put a strait waistcoat upon him, that his strength may not become a source of mischief to himself and to others. A man holding such opinions is an unsafe man, and such opinions are something more than mere speculative heresies.

The Memorial of the Religious Tract Society quotes still more in detail from the writings of "the persecuted man;" justifying by more copious extracts the grounds for fear, and the charges against Mr. Turnbull of the extremity of his views since his perversion to Romanism. The following is the greater portion of this very able and effective Memorial:—

"That your Memorialists, in the discharge of their duty to prepare sound moral and religious instruction for the people, publish Historical Works for the Young, and are thus practically conversant with the necessity of an accurate guardianship, and a faithful and impartial *résumé* of all the National and Historical Records; especially of those relating to the most important period of our history, when those principles of the Reformation were adopted by public authority, under which the Empire has enjoyed an unprecedented amount of civil and religious liberty, and of general prosperity.

"The necessity of such guardianship, and of such a faithful *résumé*, is considerably increased in the present day, when the Romish Church exhibits the most ardent zeal to make proselytes, and restore the kingdom to the oppression of the Papal Hierarchy; and when—amongst its other efforts—it is skilfully attempting to revolutionize the educational histories of the country.

"That it is, therefore, of the last importance that the Calendarer of the Foreign papers in the State Paper Office should be a gentleman whose impartiality should be above all suspicion.

"That your Memorialists have learned with great regret that this office has been bestowed upon Mr. William Barclay Turnbull, who, even before his profession as a Roman Catholic, in the preface of a book entitled '*Legendæ Catholicæ*,' and dedicated to the memory of Peter Rabadeneira, of the Society of Jesus, printed at Edinburgh A.D. 1840; and subsequently, in the preface to the works of Robert Southwell, of the same Jesuit community, expressed himself in the following language:—

"1. As to the Reformation.

" 'But the conventual orders were guilty of one unpardonable offence. They were too rich! Hence the Reformation, and Henry's zeal for religion. The Church must never be opulent in worldly means, for then it is laid open to the assaults of the enemy—*sheep-skinned wolves, pious Dissenters*.'—Preface to L. C., p. 12.

"2. As to Monachism and its frauds.

" 'I advocate the revival of monastic institutions, and apologise for the pious fiction of the early ages.'—Preface to L. C., p. 14.

“ 3. As to the Jesuits.

“ ‘ And these sentiments ’—as to Southwell’s poetical works—‘ have been induced not by a mere natural bias or respect towards *the illustrious society of which he was a member, and which I hold in the highest veneration, honour, and esteem,*’ etc.—Preface to Southwell, p. 60.

“ 4. As to his resolve and spirit towards all ‘ heretics.’

“ ‘ *I will do all that in me lies to aid the extinction of heresies, and the establishment of the Catholic Church of Christ upon earth ! I repeat, that I am no Romanist ; but this I declare, that I had rather be condemned with a Papist than saved with a Puritan.*’—Preface to L. C., p. 16.”

We believe no person reading these memorials, especially the extracts embodied in them, can feel any very considerable sympathy for Mr. Turnbull. To be sure, he has lost his office, but for the expressions of opinions as utterly opposed to the Papacy, as they are opposed to the genius and spirit of Protestantism in a Catholic country, he would lose his liberty, and, probably, his life, while once he would have illuminated the midnight streets as the last act of the *Auto de Fa*. Surely the eligibility for certain offices depends frequently upon certain principles ; we would not persecute an Atheist for the avowal of certain doctrines, or a Socinian for what we might be compelled to regard as heresies, but we assuredly would not commend him, whatever other fitnesses he might have as a proper person to become the minister of some Congregational Church ; and certainly, were we a bishop, we should not ordain him a priest of the Church of England. If this is to be called persecution, well, it must be so called. Men when they adopt certain opinions, adopt in their avowal certain consequences. Jesuists, and their admirers, we believe to be unsafe members of civil society ; every principle of their peculiar creed becomes a crime, and has been a treason against the interests of the human family. Mr. Turnbull is a Jesuist, or, if not, a hearty admirer of their men, and the very laureate of their treasons. We utterly execrate, and altogether we abominate the sacred colleges of St. Omers and Stonyhurst ; their history is wholly hateful. Marvels and miracles of self-conquest as some of their disciples have been, they have all attained to their canonization and sanctity by the tearing up by the roots of all that is most hallowed, and sacred, and noble in man. We are therefore glad Mr. Turnbull has resigned this office ; and trust he will never have the opportunity given him to resign another.

But we must especially call upon our readers to watch the progress of the workhouse question, and liberal members, and members of Governments, who are overawed in the House of Commons by the tyranny of the Catholic minority. When the measures are introduced, they contrive to get out of the way—the measures are usually introduced late at night—and thus quietly the Catholic secures his purpose, and the Protestant saves his conscience. Cardinal Wiseman, in his recently published Lentin Pastoral, calls on all the “faithful” to take this matter up; he has also issued the form of a petition; the following are the items of its complaint and prayer:—

“That in the Union Workhouses throughout England there is generally an admixture of Protestants and Roman Catholics, both adults and children, the Roman Catholics being for the most part in the minority.

“That no means are furnished, nor even adequate facilities given for the free exercise of their religion on the part of such adult Roman Catholic inmates, whilst in these respects the Protestant poor are amply provided for.

“That education in the Roman Catholic religion is not provided for the children by the present law, and that, by its practical working, large numbers of the pauper children of Roman Catholic parents are educated as Protestants; and that in those places in which the greatest facilities of access are allowed to the Roman Catholic priests, the educational arrangements are such that Roman Catholic children are taught by Protestants, and are often compelled with their Protestant class-fellows to make use of books containing matter opposed to their faith.

“That your Petitioners are informed that there is also an admixture of Protestants and Roman Catholics in the Union Workhouses in Ireland, the Protestants in that country being generally in the minority, and that ample means are furnished and all facilities given to that minority by the Law for the exercise of their Religion.

“Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray,

“That your House will take the subject into your consideration, and that, as regards the Roman Catholic Adult Inmates of Workhouses in England, you will provide by Law in like manner *an ample freedom in the exercise of their Religion*, together with the *unimpeded ministrations of a recognized Chaplain*; so that the grievances now arising from the inequality of treatment of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Poor be redressed.

“*And further*, that the Guardians of the Poor be required to send all Roman Catholic Pauper Children to some School conducted

by Roman Catholics duly approved for that purpose, *the expense of their maintenance and education to be paid for out of the Poor Rates.*"

Now this is as we have already said, a prayer for another establishment ! we have no objection to every proper, and merely righteous facility being given for the exercise of their religion by Catholic paupers. But that such exercise should be paid for from the funds of the Poor Rates, will bring the dispute very seriously home to every Protestant household ; for ourselves, we believe there are many things we could do, and dare, and endure, before we would subscribe one half-penny to the mummary of the Mass ; Protestants must keep their eyes distinctly open to this,—from the state we support Maynooth and Jesuit Colleges ;—give them freedom to do decently what they will,—but if they will do, then let them by all means pay their own costs.

And if any more words are needed, then let the reader ponder over these words from the *Tablet* newspaper ; and, further, if the reader will, from week to week, study that Apostolic epistle of the liberalism of Rome, he will meet with many surprising illustrations. Speaking of the new orders of the Poor-law Unions, it says—

" ' We have reason to believe, although we cannot absolutely affirm it, that this order was only that part of a far larger plan of amelioration, determined on by the late Government, which was completed when they left office. We have heard, on good authority, that when Mr. Sotheron Estcourt resigned, he left in the hands of his successor a very large schedule of concessions which had been determined on in respect of both prisons and workhouses, and we believe, as we have said, that this order was in fact prepared by the late Poor-law authorities, not as a solitary concession, but as part of a larger and more comprehensive scheme.

" ' Our final advice is, that every one interested in the education of any Catholic orphan, shall at once address, in case of any neglect of masters or Boards of Guardians, their complaints of any non-compliance with this order, to the Poor-law Board at Whitehall ; and that, so far from relaxing any exertions which may have been commenced for satisfaction on other points, those exertions should now be redoubled.

" What concessions actually were contemplated or promised by Lord Derby in favour of his " new allies," we pretend not to know. But, for the benefit of our readers, we subjoin a list of demands already made, or likely to be made, by Romanists :—

- " 1. Romish paid chaplains to all workhouses.
- " 2. Separate Romish chapels.
- " 3. Romish schoolmasters and schoolmistresses.

"4. Separate schools for Popish children in workhouses.

"5. Romish paid chaplains to all Government and other prisons.

"6. Romish chaplains to our navy.

"7. Romish chaplains to our military and naval hospitals and asylums.

"8. Romish masters in our military and naval schools.

"9. Romish chaplains in all lunatic asylums and hospitals.

"10. Supply of books at Government expense to all foregoing institutions.

"11. Altar and vestments, &c., for Romish priests and worship.*

"The greater portion of these concessions have actually been demanded, and, whenever the time is favourable, every claim will be pressed. The *Tablet* boasts that the *Poor-law Board* is under the control of the *Roman Catholic body*. Whilst on principle these demands are to be resisted, it is highly important that ratepayers should well consider the serious increase in the rates which will necessarily follow from compliance with such exorbitant claims. Every concession emboldens the priests, who, whilst they take our money, would rejoice at our downfall, and would welcome the Emperor of the French 'as the avenger of nations, and as the scourge of a race that is unpopular wherever it is known.'†

"Besides the demands thus made, these 'Roman Catholics, lay and clerical,' modestly propose that the Romish chaplains and schoolmasters shall hold their office, not at the will and pleasure of the Guardians of the poor, but of the Poor-law Board, who are to **FIX** the amount of salary which the Protestant ratepayers are to have the privilege of paying. As if this insult were not sufficiently stinging the approval of the Romish bishop of the district is required, either for the appointment or removal of such officers. Thus Protestant rate-payers will be compelled to furnish the means to Papists of accomplishing their aim of being in 'God's good time and way, as they once were, the *dominant church* of England ;'—a church which teaches young children '*that all Protestants go to hell.*'‡

* See reasons in *Monthly Letter of Protestant Alliance* for December, 1859.

† *Tablet*, July 15, 1859.

‡ **WHAT ROMISH CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT ABOUT PROTESTANTS.**—*The Dublin Daily Express* states that:—

'At the adjourned inquest held in the Court-house, Tullamore, by the Coroner, James Dillon, Esq., respecting the death of John Connor, labourer, a son of the deceased, a fine, intelligent boy, was produced, and was questioned as follows, to test his competency to give evidence:—

'Coroner—Have you been taught your Catechism? Boy—Yes.

'Coroner—How many Gods are there? Boy—One.

'Coroner—Have you heard of hell? Boy—Yes.

'Coroner—Who shall be sent to that place of punishment? Boy—All Protestants!

'The prompt and candid reply produced quite a sensation. The Protestants, of whom a considerable number were present, stared at the witness, amazed,

And let the Protestants remember, that whether they are vigilant or not about the preservation of what they have to lose, Romanists are, and will be vigilant about what they have to gain. The *Tablet* does not fail to stir up the energies of its people; never very sleepily in hostility to Protestantism, and always prompt, as sheep to the priestly bell wether.

The *Tablet* says:—"Passive resistance has its triumphs. The report of the Irish Synod is to the purpose: it will pray, it will appeal; but it asks for more than mere acquiescence; for meetings, petitions, calls to squeeze representatives, conditions of support, all legitimate means to sustain by united strength the demands of bishops. For this is no political trifling. It is a religious question. Now, from the time of that first meeting till Parliament meets again, six months and more will be gone, and what shall we have done? The Queen does not disappear if Parliament does. Cannot our committee write a clear, short, and practical petition to be signed at once at every Mass of Obligation, in the sacristy, in the school-room, if need be on tables in the street? Who, after all, are the people most interested? Those who come nearest the want and the oppression—the poor. *Cannot they be taught to make themselves troublesome; yes, very troublesome, to their task-masters?* A multitude of poor may become an arm of strength. Cannot every child be withdrawn at once and simultaneously from the obnoxious system? Those who know the ins and outs of (Roman) Catholics in England must, if they have the will, have many ways: but let some way be shown."

Finally. Should any of our readers imagine, for antipathy to Rome is not very vigorous even in dissenting circles, that this article is needless, ill-judged, that it is a condescension to the No-Popery cry; we may remind our readers that, perhaps, they are not as well acquainted as we are with the vicious venom, the bitter intolerance with which all Protestant things, and men, and institutions are regarded. The following extracts have been published some time since in the *Rambler*, an important Roman Catholic organ; but they are horrible. They are, however, only the very natural expressions of the teachings of the Ultramontanist School, Joseph De Maistre, and writers of a similar character.

"It is difficult to say in which of the two popular expressions, the

and the Roman Catholics, of which sect the coroner is himself an adherent, seemed perplexed at the open candour of the reply. The startling announcement was followed by a long silence. Only those who neglect to acquire information concerning the training of Roman Catholics, will wonder at the honest candour of the witness."

rights of *civil* liberty, or the rights of religious liberty is embodied *the greatest amount of nonsense and falsehood*. As these phrases are perpetually uttered, both by Protestants and by some Catholics, *they contain about as much truth and good sense as could be found in a cry for the inalienable right to suicide*. How intolerable it is to see this miserable device for deceiving the Protestant world still so widely popular amongst us ! We say ‘for *deceiving* the Protestant world ;’ though we are far enough from implying that there is not many a Catholic who really imagines himself to be a votary of religious liberty, and is confident that if the tables were turned, and the Catholics were uppermost in the land, he would *in all circumstances* grant others the same unlimited toleration he now demands for himself.

“Still, let our Catholic tolerationist be ever so sincere, he is only sincere because he does not take the trouble to look very closely into his own convictions. His great object is to silence Protestants, or to persuade them to let him alone ; and as he certainly feels no personal malice against them, and laughs at their creed quite as cordially as he hates it, he persuades himself that he is telling the exact truth, when he professes to be an advocate of religious liberty, and declares that no man ought to be coerced on account of his conscientious convictions.

“The practical result is, that now and then, but *very seldom*, Protestants are blinded, and are ready to clasp their unexpected ally in a fraternal embrace.

“*They are deceived*, we repeat, nevertheless. Believe us not, Protestants of England and Ireland, for an instant, when you see us pouring forth our liberalisms. When you hear a Catholic orator at some public assemblage declaring solemnly, that ‘this is the most humiliating day in his life, when he is called upon to defend once more the glorious principle of religious freedom’—(especially if he say anything about the Emancipation Act and the ‘toleration’ it *conceded* to Catholics)—be not too simple in your credulity. These are brave words, but they mean nothing : no, nothing more than the promises of a Parliamentary candidate to his constituents on the hustings.—He is not talking Catholicism, but *nonsense and Protestantism* : and he will no more act on these notions in different circumstances, than you now act on them yourselves in your treatment of him. You ask, if he were lord in the land, and you were in a minority, if not in numbers, yet in power, what would he do to you ? That, we say, would entirely depend upon circumstances. If it would benefit the cause of Catholicism, he would tolerate you : if expedient, he would imprison you, banish you, fine you ; possibly, he might even hang you. But be assured of

one thing: HE WOULD NEVER TOLERATE YOU FOR THE SAKE OF THE 'GLORIOUS PRINCIPLES OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.'

"Again, 'Why are we ashamed of the deeds of our more consistent forefathers, who did only what they were bound to do by the first principles of Catholicism? * * * Shall I hold out hopes to him (my Protestant brother), that I will not meddle with his creed, if he will not meddle with mine?' * * *

" 'Shall I lead him to think that religion is matter for private opinion, and tempt him to forget that he has no more right to *his* religious views, than he has to my purse, or my life-blood?'

" 'No; *Catholicism is the most intolerant of creeds. It is intolerance itself, for it is Truth itself. We might as rationally maintain that a sane man has a right to believe that two and two do not make four, as this theory of religious liberty. Its impiety is only equalled by its absurdity.*' "

Are the devotees of this most holy faith safe citizens? Shall they use their pens unwatched, and exercise their power unrestrained? In every way, indeed, they are creeping over the land, stealthily intruding themselves into all places of power and emolument. Popery is a pest, an annoyance to us. Is it not incessantly gagging some public meeting; seeking to teach in public schools; we have just heard of a Papist who entered a school as a Protestant teacher, and was only discovered to be a Papist by chance. They tamper with our educational works. They are perpetually ransacking old deeds and documents, if possible, to substantiate some long-submerged claim. We know what they are by death-beds, where property may be willed away. We are unknown in the chambers of the Protestant Alliance. We are not aware that we know, or are personally known to one of its committee. With its excellent and devoted Secretary we once had five minutes' conversation. But we can surely speak very impartially when we say that such a compacted and corporate confederacy as Romanism is—with its foreign priests and colleges, and princes—all very jealous that the magnificence of our ecclesiastical and municipal establishments should have passed beyond their touch—needs a vigilant watchman. It may suit the purposes of the *Saturday Review*, as we have said, to represent the Alliance as "a party of fanatics, with whom systematic slander is the favourite instrument for the propagation of their faith." We choose rather to regard them as a party of Englishmen, jealous of foreign insolence, determined to oppose the invasions of the Ultramontanists from abroad, and to expose the treachery of perverts, or *semi*-perverts at home.

If we have been unsparing in some of our words, we have also

Brief Notices.

TERCENTENARY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION, as Commemorated at Edinburgh, August, 1860, with introduction. By the Rev. James Begg, D.D., Edited by the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D.

THE COMMON OR GODLIE BAND OF 1557, a Historical Narrative, with notes. By the Rev. James Young, Edinburgh.

ON all hands, it seems to be agreed that the meetings held at Edinburgh in August last, to celebrate the tercentenary of the Scottish Reformation were, in many respects, a triumphant success. But to those without, like ourselves, there are some things a little startling, almost stumbling. We imagine that, somehow, it must have been found impossible to do other than was actually done; but the broad, bald fact flaunts itself in one's face, with a not quite pleasing effect, that the commemorative gathering, from beginning to end, was all but all, an affair of the Free Church.

The meetings were held in the Free Church Assembly Hall. The rare memorials of the Reformation period were exhibited in the library of the Free Church College. The individual most prominent in making the preliminary arrangements, who also acted as secretary of the general business committee, was the Rev. Dr. Begg. The meetings were inaugurated by a sermon from the Rev. Dr. Guthrie—a powerful, noble, glorious sermon. Most of the chairmen who presided over the different meetings belonged to the Free Church or its branches. The volume whose title we have placed at the head of this brief notice, is edited and prefaced by one Free Church minister, and introduced—very spiritedly and fittingly—by another. Of the fifteen more im-

portant papers read at the meetings, and which are printed by themselves in the commemorative volume, we are able to recognise twelve whose authors belong to the Free Church or its branches. The Presbyterian Church of Ireland and the Presbyterian Church of England, both branches of the Free Church, closely connected with it in its origin and throughout its course, were largely represented. The Church of England was present in three of its ministers, excellent men no doubt, but without mark or importance.

A stranger, like ourselves, to the *inner* and *under* movements, of which the commemoration was the upshot and the outcome, is forced to ask, where were the representatives of the vast nonconformist body of England? Or, to look only to Scotland, where were the Scottish Peers, whose fathers acted so grand and true a part three hundred years before? Where, above all, was the Established Church? Nowhere.

Perhaps, no real blame is to be attached to any quarter, that thus it turned out. *We*, certainly, in our entire ignorance, have no right to impute blame, and no wish. But the result is to be deprecated. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true. Reasoning as we do, altogether in the dark, two things seem to us tolerably plain; first, on the supposition that it was pre-arranged that the meetings should be held in a Free Church building, and that the leading parts were to be undertaken by Free Churchmen, the Established Church could not be expected to concur in the movement. Second, the Church of Scotland was the natural and rightful leader in any effort to commemorate the Scottish

been unsparing in our quotations ; and we have been so because we were desirous of putting before our readers, at a glance, the words, the spirit, and intention of the Papal party in England. Where Rome is concerned, a little jealousy can never be far wrong. We are desirous of rendering all justice to the citizenship of the Romanist. We confess we have some doubts whether the Jesuit should be tolerated in any community. He, by his profession of principles, places himself outside the circle of the protective influences of human society. Jesuits, it will be seen, do not command from us, as they do from Mr. Turnbull, "veneration, honour, and esteem." If a man avows his belief that, under certain circumstances theft and murder are not crimes, he is not the man we should choose for a companion in our household, especially if theft and murder may be to his manifest advantage. We are very far, very far, indeed, from making this our charge against all Romanists. We have no doubt there are to be found in the enclosure of Rome, men and women by multitudes amiable, excellent, ; but the atmosphere in which all breathe, is mephitic. Many of the doctrines of the Papacy no doubt we regard as fearful heresies, but its true curse is its Priestism ;—this is the core of its whole creed. Take away the priest and all the cumbrous system of theology, entangling and amazing even the minds of scholars, falls to the ground ; and the priest is the spring of the movements, which now are agitating the hopes of Rome, and the fears of Protestantism. Once more, we call upon all friends of freedom and Protestantism to be true to their principles ; by all means, again we say, give to the Romanist every facility for happiness in his own service and worship, but not at the expense of our national character, and not to the cost of the conscience and conviction of the Protestant citizen.

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Reformation. There needed to have been no offensive assumption on her part, had she taken the lead. The other religious bodies, on the ground of equal interest and equal sympathy, might have cordially united with her, without the slightest sense of disparagement to themselves. As it is, the idea of celebrating the Scottish Reformation in the absence of the Established Church of Scotland seems to us something like enacting Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out.

What has been suggested will account, in some degree, for the silence of the chief organs of public opinion respecting the tercentenary assemblies and proceedings. An event of *national* importance and interest, in the broadest sense of the word, *has seemed to assume a sectarian form*. And the nation will not accept any single party,—honoured, it may be, and widely influential, but a party, one of several co-ordinate parties—the nation will not accept any single party as *the* exponent of a national sentiment, *the* protector of a national impulse, *the* leader of a national movement.

But after making what exception we may to some of the aspects of the great Scottish gathering, we rejoice to repeat that in many respects it was a triumphant success. In point of numbers, and in regard to the harmony of opinion which prevailed, and the intense enthusiasm exhibited, it was all, and far more than all, that its devoutest friends had anticipated.

A high, clear, grand key-note was struck in Dr. Guthrie's opening sermon. Of all Scottish men, he with his large heart, his noble catholicity of spirit, his generous, gushing, warm humanity, was *the* one man fittest to occupy the post assigned to him. And he did his difficult part to admiration. We have it on the testimony of those who were present that seldom, if ever, was a finer or more impressive piece of sacred eloquence pronounced, or listened to, than the sermon of that day. There might be nothing of the profound, intellectual, speculative

element, none of the higher inspirations, or the rarer touches of imaginative genius, none of the deep insight, the grand generalizations, the prophetic glances, the wealth of suggestive power, which belong to the first order of minds and to the most finished cultivation. But there was a healthy, breezy freshness of thought and of language, a loftiness and purity of principle, a graciousness and kindliness of sentiment, a high-souled love of right and abhorrence of wrong, a thorough honesty, a glowing, loving enthusiasm, and a burning fervour, which were felt to be irresistible by the thousands who listened to the preacher. Will it be believed that in Scotland—of all possible places on the face of the earth—an assembly, largely composed of ministers of the Gospel, listening to a sermon on a sacred text, were so completely carried away by the mighty eloquence of the preacher that, interrupting him, unable to restrain themselves longer, they burst forth into the common forms of rapturous applause. We humbly conceive that in that proverbially staid land such a thing never occurred before, and is not likely soon to occur again.

The tercentenary volume is altogether worthy of the occasion in which it originated. Carefully edited by Dr. Wylie (whose piece on John Knox, bating a certain not unpardonable exaggeration, is among the most interesting in the collection), it presents in small compass a large amount of reliable information. Besides an extended and faithful narrative of the entire proceedings of the Convention during each of the four days on which it was held, besides, also, the sermon preached, and the addresses delivered at the laying of the foundation stone at the Protestant Institute of Scotland, there are papers on the religious history of the north from the time of the Cuklees, on the Romanism of the north in the 16th century, on John Knox and the other Scottish Re-

formers, their learning and their errors, on the Scottish Parliament and on the Reformation, its principles and its institutes, and its influence on succeeding times in various directions.

Had the limits of this brief notice allowed, we should have directed special attention to the historical sketch of the Culdees by Dr. Alexander, so simply, clearly, and pleasingly drawn; to the solid, perhaps somewhat heavy, but able defence of the fundamental principles of Protestantism by Principal Cunningham; to the dramatic interest thrown around the Scottish Parliament of 1560 by Dr. McCrie; and to the spirited, manly, scholarly style in which Dr. Lorimer describes the precursors of Knox, and defends the learning and enlightened views of the Reformers.

Perhaps, looking at the volume, and the proceedings of the Tercenary Convention, as a whole, one might except against the too frequent and intense bitterness of spirit with which Roman Catholics are spoken of. There is too much the look of a fiery Protestant crusade, and of the mustering of red cross knights, with banners, and swords, and war-steeds. Popery and Papists are too much viewed as deadly foes, with whom there must be no parley, to whom no quarter must be given, and who must be hunted down at all hazards, and by all means. Christians do need to be reminded, that the two disciples who would have called down fire from heaven on the enemies of their Lord were rebuked, *even* by his sacred voice, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

One of the pieces in the tercenary volume has been published in a separate form, as shown in the heading of this notice. It is entitled "The Common or Godlie Band of 1557," and is, perhaps, on several accounts, the most interesting of all the papers which were read at the convention. The facts are simply these:—The Rev. James Young, resident in Edinburgh,

searching among the writs of the ancient family of Cunningham of Balgownie, came upon a MS. of ancient date, which being submitted to David Laing, Esq., the eminent antiquarian, who is understood to be the greatest modern expositor of the literature of the Reformation, was pronounced by him to be a genuine original. It is *the* original bond, contract, or covenant, entered into by the Earls of Argyle, Glencarn, Morton, and Lorne, and by John Erskine, of Dun, and subscribed with their names, "for maintenance of the Evangel against the Anti-christs of our tyme." We do not wonder that an intense feeling was created when this MS.,—three hundred and three years before a living, holy deed of godly men,—was held up in the crowded assembly, and was described as perhaps the original germ and model of those later covenants, which have made Scotland famous all the world over.

The respected author of the paper on the "godlie band," has entered into various curious and interesting researches, respecting the original subscribers, their personal and family history, and their political influence; respecting the times in which they lived, and respecting the special development of Popish institutions and doings in those times. The paper is short, but within the limits which it embraces, it is a model of patient and judicious research, of perfect truthfulness and honesty, and of quiet, modest, classical writing. There is so much of obvious reticence in the piece, that we are sure the man who has done this so well *can* do far more. Is it true that he is engaged in writing the life of Welsh? The same sagacity, patience, truthfulness, and quiet power, manifest in the "godlie band" will, on a higher subject and with a wider scope, secure a work of permanent merit.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST: A Companion to all the New Hymn Books. Providing Tunes, Chants, and Chorales for the Metrical Hymns and Passages of Scripture contained in those Books. Edited by the Rev. Henry Allon and Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc. London: Ward & Co.

THIS is, we suppose, the most classical collection of sacred Congregational melody in our language. Mr. Allon, "smit with the love of sacred song, but chief thee, Zion," has turned his affections to admirable practical account; and so in this volume he has laid under contribution all sacred harmonists. It is to Mr. Allon we are indebted for the curious antiquarian and historical notes and notices of the composers prefacing the work, and it is certainly a most interesting, and upon the subject, valuable document. We notice many old names we do not remember either in Hawkins or Burney. There can be no doubt this volume appeals to, and needs for its appreciation, a cultured musical taste. Referring to the principles of the compilation, Mr. Allon says:—

"In preparing this work, therefore, the utmost care has been exercised in selecting such melodies, and in clothing them with such harmonies, as will enable the whole congregation easily and heartily to offer to God its eucharistic 'service of song.' The Psalmody of almost every age and land has been laid under contribution, and congregations who use the book will join in strains which have strengthened the hearts and sanctified the worship of saints, and martyrs, and reformers, and, indeed, of 'the Holy Church throughout all the world.'

"Especially has recourse been had to the grand chorales of the Reformation, the finest melodies of which are inserted in this work, many of them, especially of Luther's, for the first time presented in forms available for English worshippers. Some of the finest Hymns that we possess have hitherto occupied a silent place in

our Hymn Books on account of their peculiar metres. For these, tunes of a thoroughly congregational character have been carefully selected; and, judging from the experience afforded by the publication of the first two parts of this work, they will soon become the most popular hymns in our congregational worship.

"The improvement of Congregational Psalmody during the last few years has been most surprising and gratifying; and, as an essential means of perfecting it, it is hoped that the time is not far distant when, as in all the Lutheran churches, the 'Tune Book' will be in every pew—the inseparable companion of the 'Hymn Book.'

"Some arrangements of an older character have been retained, but the general aim has been to enshrine the spirit of the older harmonists in the forms of the present day.

"While melodies of a grand, majestic, and reverential character, the abiding inheritance of one generation after another, have been freely inserted, the desire has been to encourage the loud and rapturous expression of worshipping praise; 'The joy of the Lord is our strength.' Praise especially should be characteristically jubilant. The 'saints shout aloud for joy.' It is believed, therefore, that there will be found in this work a larger proportion of eucharistic strains than is usual. While noisy, vulgar melodies have been excluded, such as are bright and exulting have been carefully sought out. It is, of course, unnecessary to remark, that a tune is not slow because it is written in minims—the invariable method of the older Psalmodists."

We trust that this noble collection will, by a very extensive circulation through our churches, abundantly in every way compensate its laborious and admirable compiler for the time, toil, and outlay expended in its publication. If we take exception to the volume and to the kindred volumes noticed above, it would be

on the score of the absence of some of those fine old tunes which have filled our hearts with feeling and our eyes with tears in many a village chapel, and which we are afraid would have to pass muster among Mr. Allon's banished vulgar ones. Even with the seraphic subjective taste of modern Congregational harmony, we cannot see the inconsistency of those old repeats; the principle which excommunicates them would expel the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah;" and "What though I trace each herb and flower" from "Solomon," and the "Kyrie Elieson" of Mozart; but we know these sentimental words of ours are all in vain, and the days of "Denmark," "Cranbrook," "Calcutta," and "Hampshire" are numbered.

1. **THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL TUNE BOOK**, adapted to the New Congregational Hymn Book, issued by the Congregational Union of England and Wales, Harmonised for four voices, with accompaniment for the organ or piano-forte. By Adam Wright, organist of Carr's-lane Chapel, Birmingham. London: T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster-row, Edinburgh, and New York. 1861.

2. The Same, harmonised for four voices.

3. The Same, Tonic Sol Fa edition.

THE first of the volumes mentioned in the above list is really a most handsome book, it is long since we have seen indeed so handsome an addition to our of Congregational Psalmody; the second edition is cheaper, more portable, and popular; the last in the list is for the benefit of the multitudes who follow the tonic sol fa notation. They are all exceedingly useful, and we trust that the publishers will be abundantly compensated for the large outlay upon this comprehensive series, published so as to meet all pockets, and both ancient and modern tastes in the arrangement. We must again especially call attention to the larger

volume, a beautiful book for the organist. We trust, too, it will find its way to many a parlour piano for the sweet Sabbath afternoon hymn. It is not only a use but an ornament. The editor is organist to the large congregation worshipping where John Angell James ministered so long; Mr. James' successor introduces the book, and it is no slight commendation to smaller congregations that it guides the devotions of so large an assembly. Most of the tunes are well known, almost every name is that of an old friend, and has been in many a larger or smaller circle a fountain of devotional feeling and kindler of spiritual fire.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS. The Second Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853-54-55. By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster-Row.

MOST of our readers are acquainted with the first edition of this very interesting book. This much cheaper volume has all the attractions of its predecessor; it is full of woodcuts and plates, all delightfully suggestive. The narrative is full of incident and adventure in a region of the earth which, dark and cheerless as it is, is strangely fascinating.

We have been compelled to glance again over a story we read with much pleasure when it first appeared. It is quietly told, but it is very interesting to follow Dr. Kane to the ruins of rude settlements, whence all life had vanished; to sympathise with him in his contests with his troublesome dogs—through his long, weary winter hours on Butler Island—his encounters with Esquimaux, and seal and walrus hunts—his anxieties for Hans, his runaway guide—it is all very pleasant. Reading, and descriptions, and engravings, alike convey the reader instantly to the great ice world. To the young especially the volume has the double fascination of mystery and reality.

THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By the Rev. J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Abridged and translated by the Rev. John Gill, Translator of Olshausen's "Commentary on St. John." London, Routledge, Warne, & Co.

Few people like abridgments, but some books gain in usefulness by an abridgment. "D'Aubigné's Reformation" is not only a great book, it is still more emphatically a big book. Few youths, perhaps, would read it through; this condensation is admirably done. We have turned to and read many pages in it. It seems to us to preserve the pictorial, the anecdotal, and eventful with great vivacity. Mr. Gill has performed a very difficult task with a great deal of skill. With the epoch, and the men of the epoch all readers ought to be familiar, but the larger work has often been regarded as too long. We trust that many readers will find this handsome volume of five hundred and sixty pages too short. It has also an admirably-digested index.

FRIENDLY SKETCHES IN AMERICA. By William Tallack. London: A. W. Bennett.

THIS is one of the most pleasant and instructive books we have ever met with upon the more domestic and interior life of the Society of Friends. Its observation is restricted to America, but the views it presents of the state of the society there are very interesting to all persons who desire to know something of the opinions,

position, and prospects of Quakerism; nor, we should think, can it be other than a readable book to all who like to observe the various degrees and latitudes of the religious life—it is descriptive, anecdotal, free, and apparently faithful in all its delineations. We refer to it at once, but we shall perhaps call the attention of our readers to it again when we pass in review the past history and present position and prospects of Friends. We have glanced at the history of their founder, but the history of the Society is one of the most significant, and instructive, and disappointing in all Church history.

SPECIMENS, WITH MEMOIRS, OF THE LESS-KNOWN BRITISH POETS; with an Introductory Essay by the Rev. George Gilfillan. In three volumes, Vol. 3.

THIS volume, we believe, closes not only this department, but this splendid edition of our British poets. We are glad to see the present volume. Some of the names we think should have secured the entire reprint and special introduction of their works, especially poor Christopher Smart; but we are heartily glad to see printed entire, the first time for nearly a century, that wondrous, full burst of mighty music from a madman's soul—"The Song of David." This volume should sell extensively from the possession of this gem alone. No words of ours are needed to commend this handsome library, so well edited, to our readers.

THE ECLECTIC.

APRIL, 1861.

I.

WILLIAM COWPER.*

It is eighty years since ; if the reader had visited Olney, a very quiet little country town in Bedfordshire, he would have heard of—it is not likely he would have known—a gentleman, who, far beyond the period of middle life, had not only passed his life in obscurity, but seemed to have passed through the world without occupation of any kind ; in an old, by no means attractive, house, he led a hermit's existence with a lady much older than himself, who mingled for him far more than the ordinary reverence of wifeness with a tenderness and care which were not so much sisterly as motherly. He was more than an invalid, and needed far more the hand of hallowed sensibility than most invalids ever do. If we could be invisible and ubiquitous, and could by these magic attributes enter his quiet domains, we should most likely find him lavishing his tenderest attentions upon three favourite hares. Possibly the reader may not be a huntsman ; may not even be a naturalist ; may even have no relish for hare, jugged, or potted, or roasted ; but he must have felt an interest in those three hares. Seldom have dumb favourites been so immortalised as Puss, Tiny, and Bess. On the mind and heart of this gentle hermit there sat a perpetual brooding sorrow—a sorrow without an object or a cause, and when life seemed aimless and intentionless, a neighbour offered him a leveret, and he, glad to expend his affections upon any loving and loveable thing, received it, and afterwards two more ; and so he cheated time of its monotony, and sometimes life of its sorrows, by watching the habits, and

* The Life and Works of William Cowper. By Robert Southey. In Eight Volumes. H. G. Bohn.

Cowper's Life and Works. By Rev. S. S. Grimshaw. In One Volume. Tegg.
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manners, and waiting upon the wants of his three tame hares. We fear gentlemen of excited occupations, and ladies whose gentle eyes are wet with the evaporations of fiction, will scarcely appreciate the employment of the invalid; how he became a carpenter, and built them separate houses to live in; how he kept them washed, and sweet, and clean; how Puss leapt up in his lap, and, growing yet more familiar, even bit the thin hair from the temples of the gentle master; how he took him up, and carried him about in his arms; and how by the fire-light, while the active, sorrowing mind was brooding and musing, he would climb up, and fall asleep on his knee. How poor Puss fell ill, and how for three days the tender hermit watched, and nursed him, and kept him from his fellows; and how, when he recovered, he licked with gratitude his nurse's hand; first the back of it, and then the palm of it, and then in succession every finger of it. How the two always went for a walk together in the morning; and Puss, if he supposed the time was passing, came himself and drummed on the knee, and looked unspeakable rhetoric, and bit at the coat till he succeeded. Time would fail to recite the dreadful day when poor Puss, not knowing when he was well off, or with just a little disposition to see the world again, got into the world outside; and how the village was roused to retake him, and how at last he was extricated from a tan-pit, and washed, and brought home, more dead than alive, like a poor, misbehaved prodigal; and how he cost the master four shillings for his frolic; and how he never did so no more; and how he, and the cat, and the dog got on well and most amicably together; and how he died at the advanced age of twelve years. This we have ever held to be one of the sweetest chapters of natural history, considering who that recluse was, and what the exquisite gentleness and sweetness of his nature, and how impossible for him to know many of the loving lights and reliefs of life. We have ever thought we received one of the most beautiful insights into the necessities of the human heart, one of the most pathetic illustrations of the way in which a wifeless, childless man, to whom to be so was a religion and a conscience, made his human wants and feelings known, and attempted to fulfil them. We need not say that this gentle being, the recluse of Olney, the tamer of, and the nurse of the three hares, was William Cowper.

The whole annals of biography do not mention a name linked to a more sorrowful story than the name of William Cowper. Life is to all of us a Bridge of Sighs. Happy, indeed, if it be a progress from the prison to the palace. We mark our progress by our sorrows; we stand on the bridge over the rapid river of life, and add our tears to the waves. So it is with all; it was especially so with him.

It is most mysterious that one so gentle, whose nature was sensitive beyond most natures, should be so early and so constantly innured to suffering. He was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, of which place his father was the rector, Nov. 15 (old style), 1731. His father was chaplain, too, to George II. But Cowper, although in lowly circumstances, was himself descended in a direct line by his mother from several noble houses, each descended from Henry III. of England. To this he alludes in those magnificent lines to his Mother's Picture:—

“My boast is, not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and nobles of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

In the last volume of Lord Macaulay's History of England, there are some references to a painful story in the history of Cowper's grandfather, Spencer Cowper, the brother to the celebrated Lord Chancellor, and himself one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. He was tried for the murder of Miss Stout, a young Quaker lady, of Hertford. She had conceived for him a vehement affection: Lord Macaulay relates the whole history, with all his usual interest; indeed, the affair seems to have originated in, and to have been sustained by, the strong party feelings and animosities of the day. The whole kingdom was divided, the historian says, between Stouts and Cowpers. The evidence against Spencer Cowper was of the most flimsy description. The accused, who although passionately loved by the poor girl, no doubt as insane as she was beautiful, seems never to have seen her until some business called him to the house of her mother, the widow of a rich maltster in Hertford; there he supped, there a bed was provided for him, which, however, he did not accept. The mother left the room, and Cowper and her daughter together. She was seen no more alive, but was found drowned the next morning among the stakes of a mill-dam on the Priory River. That Cowper had refused her affection, and that she had destroyed herself in a state of mental derangement, there could be no doubt, and so the coroner's inquest decided. But this did not satisfy her family; and from the associations of the suspected, the affair assumed the attitude, and inflamed all the virulence of the then strong tides of Whig and Tory feeling. Cowper was acquitted, but not without hesitation, although there was not a particle more evidence than that we have referred to in this compendious statement of the story. Lord Macaulay says: “It is curious that all Cowper's biographers with whom I am acquainted—Hayley, Southey, Grimshaw, Chalmers, mention the Judge, the common ancestor of the poet, of his first love,

Theodora Cowper, and of Lady Hesketh, but that none of those biographers makes the faintest allusion to the Hertford trial, the most remarkable event in the history of the family; nor do I think that any allusion to that trial can be found in any of the poet's letters." A few days after the historian died, a very able article upon the poet appeared in the "Quarterly Review," in which reference is for the first time made to the circumstance, and which, of course, precedes his more detailed account of it in connexion with the history of the times. The second son of this Spencer was the father of the poet; the Cowpers only traced their ancestry back to a baronet of the time of James I., but his mother was Miss Donne, and by her came the royal relationship to which we have alluded—and a relationship he liked, perhaps, still better to the metaphysical poet and preacher, the Dean of St. Paul's in the time of Charles I., John Donne.

There, then, at Berkhamstead, in its then lovely, and picturesque, and old-world vicarage, he passed perhaps the only truly happy period of his long and chequered life—his first six years. Then he lost that mother whom he has immortalised by the verses to her portrait, written fifty years after.

"I can truly say," said he in one of his letters, written at the same time, "that not a week passes, perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day, in which I do not think of her. Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short." This will readily be believed by those who have read those lines, perhaps the most pathetic in our language, which he addressed to her portrait in his sixtieth year.

With the death of his mother began his miseries—began the sorrowful passage of his soul over the Bridge of Sighs. He was a frail child, with a constitution which even in infancy was delicate in no common degree. And in his earliest years he revealed a tendency to diffidence, melancholy, and despair. It was a hard lesson to leave home at six years of age for the boarding-school, and to exchange the tenderness of a mother—and so sweet a mother—for the hard routine of the master; and in the school there was one boy, a lad of fifteen years of age, of an extraordinary cruelty of disposition; the poor little Cowper was the victim of his brutality, till it was discovered, the boy expelled the school, and Cowper removed from it. At ten years of age he was placed in the Westminster School; he seemed to be in danger of losing his sight, but a severe attack of the small-pox, which so frequently destroys sight altogether, entirely restored his. At Westminster he had some distinguished schoolfellows, especially his early beloved friend, Sir William Russell, and Colman, Churchill, and Cumberland, and Lord Dartmouth.

We cannot dwell long upon the early years of Cowper. He was educated for the law, and was the companion of the illustrious Lord Thurlow, in those days his fellow-clerk. There is every assurance, from the ability of his friends to advance his interests, that he, too, might have attained to very high honours at the bar, or on the bench. He visited much at the house of his uncle, Mr. Ashley Cowper, with his fellow-clerk, and many hours of happy vacancy were passed with Harriet Cowper, whom we shall see again by-and-bye, but especially with her sister, his other cousin, Theodora Cowper. The reader need not smile at the love passages between them. Why is it that we laugh at the disappointments of others in the affairs of the heart? Did we old fellows find it such a laughing matter when in those days we know of, we “sighed like a furnace, and made woeful ballads to our ladies eyebrows.” Poor Cowper! he sighed like a furnace, and he made ballads woeful or not; and Theodora, poor little thing, liked the sighing very much, and the ballads too, and kept them, ah so long; we shall hear about them again. But Cowper was not rich, and his uncle did not at all like the cousinship, and most likely often said to the timid, fluttering little girl, “Have your cousin and Thurlow been here to-day?” and he did not like the restless gleaming of Cowper’s eye; and so the end was that all that sort of thing must come to an end. Poor fellow! there, they are all before us now, those lines of his—nothing very wonderful, that we can see. *He* did not keep them; but *they were* kept, and we should’nt wonder if many a wet eye bent over them—sad that all these hopes should turn to dust; and, somehow, Theodora seems to have done him so much good—gave him, poor, bashful, timid fellow, such confidence, as he says to her:—

“ William was once a bashful youth,
 His modesty was such
 That one might say, to say the truth,
 He rather had too much.
 Howe’er, it happened by degrees,
 He mended, and grew pertier,—
 In company was more at ease,
 And dressed a little smarter.

“ Nay, now and then would look quite gay,
 As other people do;
 And sometimes said, or tried to say,
 A witty thing or two.
 The women said—who thought him rough,
 But now no longer foolish—
 The creature may do well enough,
 But wants a deal of polish.

" At length, improved from head to heel,
 'Twere scarce too much to say,
 No dancing bear was so genteel,
 Or half so dégagé.
 Now that a miracle so strange
 May not in vain be shown,
 Let the dear maid, who wrought the change
 E'en claim him for her own."

Alas ! the dear maid would very gladly have done it ;—but surely the reader can comprehend the frequent disappointment in these things ;—and so what with ill-treatment at school—his weak frame, so finely, so nervously strung—the poor, lonely, parentless youth felt the last pang, the final string of his being snapped, and all was unstrung.

Foolish fellow ! says the reader, he must have been very weak-minded. But the dear, strong-minded brother, must know all men have not the same steel-textured nerves, which we have so often had occasion to prove. Only, we may remember, perhaps, that insanity, madness, is not always the weakness of the mind, sometimes how much the reverse, and when Cowper went, as he went, to a lunatic asylum, and was asked, " What brought you here, Sir ? " he might have replied, as Robert Hall in similar circumstances replied to a similar question,—“ What will never bring you here, Sir. Too much here, Sir ”—tapping the head—“ too much here, sir.”

For Cowper is a kind of converted Hamlet—Hamlet Christianised. He, too, was propelled along by irresistible spells ; he was called to duties for which he now found he had no will ; all his bashfulness returned upon him. He was appointed reader to the House of Lords—he recoiled from the task. How painful the story of his flying round London, and seeking to nerve his hand to suicide. He was cut off from his cousins, and he seems to have had no woman's hand near him, no woman's voice to soothe him ; mother and home both gone ; and that fine stringed instrument only played upon by rude hands that could not possibly understand the delicacy of the string. Oh, friend, if you say he ought to have been brave ; we must say again that our sufferings are in our capacities for suffering, and this is very much our genius, our glory, our distinction too. He certainly consecrates madness, even beyond its ancient, hallowing, pagan tripod. What was it in such a case, that strange conflict of wounded feelings and diseased perceptions, in which sensibility, and will, and intellect, all seem in opposition ? And how is it that in such a case the sense comes that death resolves the mystery, and the sorrow, and endows with strength life cannot give ?

And so we follow him with intense sympathy in those hours

and days, all alone, and in the lunatic asylum—all-conscious—no retreat into actual madness, but all alone, and then he became a believer in “the truth as it is in Jesus;” and this, let it never be forgotten, was the sunshine in his soul. There is an amazing disposition in many to read Cowper’s case wrongly; let it be ever remembered, that religion found Cowper insane—that it soothed him, as Jesus only can soothe—that it brought him to his happiest hours—that it gave him sweet tranquillity and peace. It did not disturb the repose; it came to allay the fever of his mind.

We do not dwell on the years he passed in the Temple. He mingled with many companions who, united to gaiety of matters, had some regard to literature. He was not dissolute himself, apparently; but he was living without God in the world in those days. At last, he woke up, and it seemed to him that he was without hope too, until the Spirit revived, as his eye glanced upon that text in Romans—“Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.” He took the doctrine to himself, and he celebrated the mercy which had visited him in the hymn entitled, “The Happy Change”—

“How bless’d thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The dayspring from on high.”

This was in 1764.

He came to Huntingdon, that he might be near to his brother John, a fellow at Cambridge, and there for some time he led a solitary life. In his humorous way, he says:—“Whatever you may think of the matter, it’s no such easy thing to keep house for two people. A man cannot always live like the lions in the tower, and a joint of meat in so small a family is an endless incumbrance; in short, I never knew how to pity poor housekeepers before; but now I cease to wonder at that politic cast which their occupation usually gives to their countenance, for it is really a matter full of perplexity.” He gives us an account of his walks, to and fro, through the town, where “he met with two or three old scrambling fellows,” and it has seldom been our lot to read a more delightful circumstance than his visit to a church, where, seeing a “grave and sober person” in a pew near him, while he was singing, Cowper observed him so intently engaged in his holy employment, “I could not,” says he, “help saying in my heart, with much emotion, ‘Bless you for praising Him whom my soul loveth.’” At length he met with the Unwins—Mr. Unwin, a clergyman there, and his wife, Mary Cawthorn Unwin. Early in their acquaintance he

writes,—“ That woman is a blessing to me ; I never see her without being better for her company.” He set his heart upon residing with them ; intensely he prayed that this might be. “ Give me this blessing,” he wrote, “ or else I die.” For two years during the life of Mr. Unwin, Cowper resided in the family, with the son and daughter, but when the father, Mr. Unwin, was thrown from his horse, the occasion of his death, led to the removal of Cowper, with Mrs. Unwin, to Olney, by the counsel and advice of the well-known John Newton, then minister there, and there was matured that holy, hallowed friendship between this lady and this illustrious man, which is one of those sacred events of holy life beyond all power of our pen or tongue to commend—to comment upon, or to record. How pure, how sacred, and how beautiful this divinely-lovely relationship—how solemn, and yet how human—how mournful, and yet how cheerful ; the shrines and the relics in old chapels, where alabaster and marble figures lie stretched beneath the blaze of tapers, and the mutter of masses are powerless to produce feelings so sacred as the waking within our memory the biographic memorials of William Cowper and Mary Unwin.

John Newton, the minister of Olney, whose name is ever, and ever will be, associated with that of Cowper, is the name of one who exercised a wonderful control over the mind of the poet ; but it is now an undecided question with us, whether that influence on the whole was of the best ; and yet, when we remember how completely in many things the curate of Olney was the counterpart of the poet, we cannot doubt, that that strong original and most rugged of characters laid a powerful and commanding hand on the poet at a most important hour of his history. The reader knows John Newton ; upon a small scale he was the St. Augustine of the modern Evangelical school. We have no religious biography the colours of whose stern reality have so much the tinge and tone of romance. Dreams, adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and wondrous interpositions of Providence, meet us in his early years on every page. His history upon the sea reads like the alternating scenery in the life of a sea-dog. He must have had a heart of wondrous metal and mould who could love Mary Catlett as John Newton loved her. He lost the world for her twice ; and when visiting England, in his occasional voyages, would travel miles, not to see her or her home, but to climb Shooter’s Hill, so that he might look towards the country, far away, where the young girl, the darling of his wild and daring and yet undisciplined heart, lived. Ah ! young ladies, who honour this poor paper by your perusal, what do you say, in these plain, prosaic days—would you not like a lover like him ? How one covets the will, the daring, the impetuosity, that can do such things !

Only to look at her he deserted from his ship; was retaken and flogged; little better than a slave himself, an overseer of slaves on the Gold Coast; the captain of a slave-ship, in the then sanctioned commerce of the slave-trade—he looks to us like a hard, pachydermatous man. A strange commingling of being, he had *no* sensibility; “his skin,” says one writer of him, “was as thick as the copper sheathing of his ship.” He had a sound heart of oak, and he laid bare the recesses of his soul with an audacity of confession which certainly leaves St. Augustine far behind.

And yet the love of Newton for Mary Catlett, his young bride—how ardent, how triumphant over every obstacle! How dear she was to him! how holy and how beautiful! Yet his letters to her he himself published: as the old couple walked along, in her lifetime, they might have seen them in every book-shop; and when her last hour of separation came on, he says, “I took my post by her bedside, and watched her nearly three hours with a candle in my hand, till I saw her breathe her last.” While she lay dead in the house, he says he was afraid to sit at home thinking over her, so he preached three times before she was buried; and the day after her death he began to visit the more serious of his friends; and when she was deposited in the vault, he says, he preached her funeral sermon with little more sensible emotion than if it had been for another person. This was the curate of Olney, for many years Cowper’s most valued and intimate friend. Does it not seem amazing to you that it should have been so?

We believe the benefits conferred by John Newton on Cowper were substantial; he fixed for him the optic lens of his faith at an hour when his hands were too weak to perform that task for himself. But Cowper must have winced a thousand times at the touch of the rude, rough hand of the converted sailor, who handled his pen like a marling-spike, and brought the same delicacy to touch an afflicted conscience as he employed for the reefing of a maintopsail. But there were two things in him which Cowper would especially prize. He had *knowledge*; he knew the points of the spiritual compass well; the havens, bays, creeks, and oceans of the spiritual life, he knew them well. And he was *strong*; he not only could read his chart, and knew his compass—he could hold with a steady hand the rudder in the wildest sea. Cowper, we believe, was always more than half afraid of him. His letters to John Newton always, spite of their many beauties, read to us as if he felt he must sermonise a little; and if he jokes, or becomes humorous, it is plain that he feels the eye of the Rector is upon him, and his reserve is wonderfully apparent by the side of the full, free, fondly overflowing, and most delightful, letters to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, the Harriet Cowper of old

days. Then, although John Newton was a scholar, he had so thoroughly educated himself, that, although no university could claim him, he had all that the ordinary education of the classics could do for him. Yet it is clear Cowper *liked* his criticisms no better than we do ; and in our edition of Cowper we have marked some especial instances, which we have called "Newton's impertinences."

Yet Newton first awoke the genius of Cowper ; he was the minister of the soul. When they first met, Newton was perhaps nearly forty ; Cowper not much more than thirty. Cowper was but a new-born child of grace and Christ ; and then, as ever, with a gentle, tender spirit, quivering at every touch : Newton had been for many years, under most difficult and trying circumstances, a Christian ; he was, moreover, a man of iron ; a knight of the Iron Hand. If ever tenderness awoke within him, it was to Cowper ; and certainly the texture of the poet's faith ever after was that which had first been woven for him by the hand of Newton. Ordinarily, to quote Cowper's own words, referring to another minister, Newton seems one of those religious surgeons who "dealt more in the surgeon's knife than the poultice ;" but, perhaps, if we could see what was conferred during those years, we should find how much of the strength which afterwards manifested itself grew out of seeds planted there. That their characters ever did, or ever could, perfectly cohere, we do not believe ; but we can believe that the frail sapling grow in confidence by leaning against that hardy, oak-like humanity, rocked by so many storms, tried in so many latitudes ; the nature, which found it hard to believe at all, must have found it very wonderful to look up to, and to lean on, the one to whom, on the contrary, it seemed impossible to doubt.

And it was in this period of his life he wrote the Olney Hymns—all of them full of the very experiences through which his soul had passed. There are no hymns so tender, so full of the pathos of a tender conscience. How often we sing them ! and how they subdue ! and how they elevate while they subdue ! Unfortunately, they are like many words which have become favourites—their word and tone are so often heard, their beauty is unperceived. Think what he had been ; think of his darkness, think of his despair ; think what he is now, what he has become, and then read—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

How this hymn seems to glow with the light of the text, which was the author's consolation. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation." Think of the poor, tempest-tossed mind flying to suicide, and only saved as by a miracle, and then read—

"Fierce passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea ;
But calm content and peace we find
When, Lord, we turn to thee,

"In vain, by reason and by rule,
We strive to bend the will ;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.

"*Since at his feet my soul has sat
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.*"

Retiring from the noisy world of London to the sweet tranquillity of Olney, how sweetly fall the words—

"Far from the world, oh Lord, I flee !
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

"In calm retreat the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

"There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness for her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

These hymns are biographies ; as we read of the man, we soon become acquainted with the secret fountain of their beauty and their tenderness. No other hymns have the sacred pathos of these ; no other hymns of Protestants are so much the hallowed breathings of a cloistered heart. They are the murmurings with that only holy confessional—the sanctified soul. It is the same throughout his contributions to the Olney hymns. The Church has no legacy it prizes more highly than these. Unlike Watts', the wing of the poet never seeks the splendours of the throne, where angels and archangels, that excel in strength, sing their divine Trisagion. More nearly related to Charles Wesley, his notes are never jubilant, they are always timid, always seem like the "songs in the night"—solemn, flute-like airs ; emotions that must be whispered rather than spoken, as if the poet feared that in too loud an utterance of his divine delight, the sense of its

possession might escape him; mournfulness mingles with the melody ever—not sentimental but real. The hymns of Cowper are night-blooming flowers in the conservatory of the Church; their very strength has been given by the night airs which have opened them. Such is that tender verse—

Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
Oh, may he shine on you;
And tell him, when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

There came to the village of Olney a lady destined to exercise no inconsiderable influence over the life and genius of Cowper, Lady Austin. Cowper and Lady Austin! Well, we are obliged to believe that some very beautiful and indeed noble things would not have existed at all in our language, but that one day the poet and Mrs. Unwin saw a stranger lady, with the wife of a neighbouring clergyman, entering a shop in Olney. The shy and timid poet was struck with her appearance, and Mrs. Unwin was requested to invite them both to tea. Poor, bashful poet! Even after the invitation was given, it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to join the little party; but he did so, and he found in the tongue of the new acquaintance the young widow of Sir Robert Austin, one of the most powerful and refined intellectual stimulants he had ever known. From this time the new acquaintance ripened into the most intimate friendship; in reciprocated visits the greater part of the day was past, and Lady Austin became to the poet and to Mrs. Unwin known only as Sister Anna. We have often felt that it was with all a poet's prescience that Cowper wrote those well-known lines:—

“The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which *Mary* to *Anna* conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.”

The reader remembers the last lines:—

“This elegant rose, had you shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile!
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed, perhaps, by a smile.”

It is impossible to read the history of these two without feeling that there was a most tender sagacity in the lines of the poet. For a long time, Lady Austin remained Sister Anna. We fear there is, on all hands, a prejudice against her. We admit it; we think it is always very dangerous to have a sister not born of the same father and mother, unless you are already married.

And we don't think you mend the matter very much by having two or three superfluous sisters.

Thus it was with Lady Austin. She was wealthy; had a sweet and magnificent château in France, called Silver End. She was accustomed to society, was well read, polished, most brilliant in conversation—above all, she had a delicacy of sensibility which might have matched with Cowper himself—quite young, almost youthful—young enough to be a daughter to Cowper. She was quite fascinated by her new friendships, and her new friends were both more than equally fascinated by her. *She* told Cowper the story of Johnny Gilpin, and made him set it to verse; and she, even in this, added an important ingredient to his immortality. In the last years of his life, when his beloved relation, John Johnson, was reading his own poems through to him, in days when his life was all dark, and not only every sun but every spark of light was put out, when they came to Johnny Gilpin, Cowper entreated him to pass over that—“*That*,” he said, “awakened memories of days he could not endure to revive.” It is a proof how deeply they were embalmed in his soul. *She* stirred his wonderful love of nature, and made him utter it in verse. You do not find his lines quickening and glowing with passionate admiration of Nature's beauties, till Anna Austin touched the key. *She* made him write “The Task;” *she* urged him to try his powers in blank verse, and he promised to comply if she would give him a subject. “Oh,” she said, “you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon this sofa.” And so the Sofa was the first book of “The Task.” It is very plain that the happiest days Cowper ever knew, were those when Lady Austin was his daily companion at Olney. How strong his verse was, how cheerful. And if the satirist still used his thong, how much more the healthy humorist predominated in life. He seemed returning to, or rather rising to, what he had never known—a thoroughly healthy state of existence. He writes to Mr. Unwin—“From a scene of uninterrupted retirement we have passed at once into a state of constant engagement. Not that our society is much multiplied; the addition of an individual has made all this difference. Lady Austin and we pass our days alternately at each others *châteaux*. In the morning, I walk with one or the other of the ladies; and, in the afternoon, wind thread. Thus did Hercules, and thus, probably, did Sampson, and thus do I; and, were both those heroes living, I should not fear to challenge them to a trial of skill in *that* business, or doubt to beat them both. As to killing lions, and other amusements of that kind with which they were delighted, I should be their humble servant, and beg to be excused.”

We cannot well find it in our heart to forgive even Alexander

Knox, for expressing his suspicion that Lady Austin was a very artful woman. We should never think of saying of the poor moth that singed its wings by the bright lamp, that it was a very artful moth; and, perhaps, the poor moth never suspected for a moment that the brightness would burn till it felt the fire upon its wing. And did we not say, just now, that it was so dangerous to have a superfluous sister. No danger to Cowper, perhaps, for twenty years he and Mary Unwin had moored their barks by each others side; and, for some of those years, her husband was with them, and they knew and understood each other, and their ages made their hallowed union safe. And, to Cowper, Mary Unwin was bound by ties of especial relationship. No wife could have been more reverently attentive; no sister more devoted and fond. Of all this, poor Lady Austin could not know what we know—the long hours of hallowed, spiritual, domestic communion—those days and years when the poet was altogether unknown beyond the limits of his own small circle; and even there his greatness and the majesty of his genius quite unapprehended and unknown. When Lady Austin came, he had begun to be famous. She may be forgiven, we think, knowing so little as she did, compared with what we know, if she supposed that Sister Anna might become something dearer than Sister Anna. We are surprised there should be any doubt as to the cause of the rupture of this friendship. She was, beyond a doubt, willing with all a woman's noble self-sacrifice, to give up her wealth, and her life, and her time to the service and the protection of the poet, whom she admired with all the ardour and intensity of her most sensitive nature. We believe she could not know that, with him, it was a religion never to marry; and she must have known that her presence, and her powers, kindled by its magic a new manifestation of genius in him. And so—

“Alas! how easily things go wrong.”

And we believe we may now be very glad that Cowper escaped. Lady Austin began early to show that in her affections and friendships she could be very exacting. She belonged to an order of women who are like children with their favourite cats, she loved in real earnest; but she proved it by torturing and tormenting, for there are those who cannot resist the pleasure of knowing they have power to torture those they love. We have heard of husbands and wives relieving thus the monotony of married life.

We wish we could clearly see Cowper in his circle of friends. Certainly, it must be said, that what of his life was happy, was made so by excellent women. There was first, and before all, Mrs. Unwin, a beautiful creature, a Puritan, no doubt, able to

take up crosses; we should say, rather unhappy, perhaps, if there were no crosses to take up; a Quietist herself, a still, quiet, dove-like personage, whom God had, in the most providential manner, introduced to Cowper, to be through life united in the most holy and hallowed sisterhood and fellowship. Then Lady Austin, no doubt, we think better able truly to appreciate his fine moral and intellectual sensibility; and to her, through Cowper, the world owes much. But would she have been able to be to him what Mary Unwin was? It is not likely. It is a nice question to answer, will a man love most a woman who has soothed and comforted him in illness and in sorrow, or one who has given to him intellectual suggestion and inspiration? And yet, again, if Lady Austin roused the poet to the works of humour and imagination, Mrs. Unwin kindled his mind to the work of moral and religious satire.

Life has few finer things, biography has nothing finer, than the wonderful union of Mary Unwin and William Cowper; there was nothing selfish in it, there was nothing romantic in it, there was nothing of the Petrarch or Laura in it, or the Dantesque and Beatriceque; first, her compassionate reverence and tenderness to him, and then, and next, his grateful tenderness to her. Perhaps, we do not say that it was so, we only say, perhaps, the fascination of Lady Austin held him in thralldom for a moment, not more; perhaps, beneath the spell of that beautiful intellectual witchery, he thought of what might in other circumstances have been possible; but it was not for more than a moment; instantly, when able to comprehend, he was also able to resist; his was not a nature to admit it for a long period, he was able to remember, and he had no passions to control, and he was able to say to the beautiful enchantress, No! this must not be.

Lady Hesketh, on the contrary, was the Martha to this Mary, she was full of affectionate good sense, she was constantly on the watch to send to her beloved cousin some substantial gift for his household or his table. She and Mary Unwin, in different ways, lived almost for Cowper; they did not interfere with each other's provinces and tasks, and to Lady Hesketh, his beloved cousin, he always repayed her kindness with a fondness and freedom which, as revealed in her letters, reveal beyond any others of what his heart was capable. He says in one, "Adieu my dear cousin! so much I love you, I wonder how it has happened I was never in love with you." To her his letters are full of the most admirable *naïveté*. Soon after she left him, when she had paid her first long visit of some weeks, he wrote, "When you went, you took the key of the caddy—bring it soon." She was related to his memory by very tender ties, in the old boy days at South-

ampton Buildings, she was with him and his fellow-clerk, now the powerful Lord Chancellor Thurlow. "When all together," he says, "they giggled and made giggle." And she was his cousin, and beyond all, she was the sister of that Theodora Cowper, never since seen, apparently never spoken of, but still holding her cousin in her woman's heart, and guarding as precious treasures love poems, thorns and faded recollections of long lost years, till long after his entrance to the tomb, she too followed him, never having heard, since then, the words of love. But Theodora Cowper would, we suppose, never have been to him what Mary Unwin was. It is a dangerous thing, perhaps, to say that for man the unmarried life can ever be the best, but where God makes his own great exceptions, He fills them up with His own compensations and reasons. God made the exception or met it here; and, certainly, Cowper married—a successful man—could not have been the sweet singer of the Church. Shall we not believe that these things are divinely ordered?

We must not enter into the disputed question, whether that poetry is the highest which can be best rendered by a competent reader, or whether that which in its subtlety and aeriality defies an oral rendering; but it may be said that the poetry of Cowper is the very oratory of poetry. One cannot but feel what an orator this man would have been, but for that wondrous sensibility which prevented him from meeting his audience face to face. What varied power is here, and every power; what invective, what pathos, what indignation, what passion of every order, what close and clenching argument, gradually winging its way to the triumphant and successful close. There, in his study, with his pen in his hand, his audience was all before him; there he was a perfect master over the humour of laughter and the humour of tears; he never lost himself in subtleties; he soared, but never soared out of sight; he seemed ever to have on his heart the golden light of "the city which hath foundations;" yet he knew all the tricks and the winding ways of Vanity Fair; he knits the thong of his satiric whip quite as smartly as Pope; but satire is never in the ascendant, it is always subdued, and Christian fervour and pitying sensibility dominate over the poem. His words crowd upon each other like those of a man who is in earnest, and who feels that to win the cause, the impression *must* be made. With what dignity he seems himself to stand and plead throughout his whole verse; never was poetry more sublimely practical, more social, or more cheerful; never in poetry was there united a keener perception of human foibles and errors, a more hearty and utter scorn of human cruelty and tyranny, to a more pitying and for-

giving regard for all that saddens and darkens human lot ; no writer more provokes the question, how did he get it all ? He now never went into society, yet he has a perfect knowledge of all the ways of society, and at a distance in his hermitage he regards and observes all, and makes his notes, his memoranda, his satires and his inferences.

But you already know that sorrow made up the great material of Cowper's life, and the substance of his verse. Sorrow not exactly like that of George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron. Not exactly like the Sorrows of Werter were the Sorrows of Cowper ; indeed, they were very different. We are not at all inclined to treat an unsuccessful issue to affairs of the heart as a mere joke ; but to us assuredly the "Sorrows of Werter" are profoundly comic ; in fact, it is simply "The woman won't have me." Cowper's, on the contrary, were expressed by that very different sentiment, "My God hath forgotten me." Nay, the disappointment in the expected love of woman has ere now borne most noble fruits and blessed results ; but then we believe it has been not by talking about it, but by quietly enduring it, and rising over the sorrow. Certainly there is an amazing difference between the grief for the darkness caused by the absent God, and grief on account of some absent love. We say it is very difficult to understand Cowper's case, but is it not difficult to understand the case of any of these Seraphs of Sorrow. Before and beside them we feel that we must stand silent. Pilgrims of Tears : What is the use of saying these lives were too this, too that, or too the other. Let us be very still before them. Before Cowper, for instance : two elements of character gave the depth and the keenness to his sorrow, it was not his sensibility alone, that sometimes and most frequently makes an affected character, and it was not conscience alone, for that usually makes a hard and repulsive character, but it was Conscienced-Sensibility ; he had not a soul too tender for the rough east winds of the world, but he had a conscience far too high for the lawyers' offices of the world—hence his sorrow and his gloom ; it was the darkness of the excessive light which shone around him that gloomed his own spirit. Of all natures the beings of mere sensibility are most likely to go wrong—these are the people it is most hard to keep right ; but Cowper never went wrong—his life was without a doubt, in our sense of it too monastic. Even Romanism needs to relieve its monkery by holy labours ; and no doubt, evil as the world is, it clothes our spirits sometimes to shelter them. We grant what you say, dear Sir, that the world would soon be at an end if all were Cowpers ; but happily, or unhappily, while the like of the reader and the writer are here, it does not seem near its end. Meantime let us honour those on whom is laid the burden of the Lord. We

will be silent while we contemplate the black-robed children of the night—say it at once, the mad saints—Dante, Luther, Bunyan, and Cowper. Oh, did God not use their madness, then? Yes, as a star moving in its orb, while round it all is dark, strikes on its pathway sparks of radiant light for other worlds, or as the bird that “sings darkling” amidst the groves, and attracts the night-wanderer to listen; even so, the pilgrims to the shrine of tears, while all is dark around them they leave a light for us, and the song which it was their consolation to sing, it becomes our consolation to hear. And so we who have not been called to pre-eminent or extraordinary suffering, will speak reverently of those who have followed in the train of the mistress of sorrow, with her black robe, and crown of rosemary, rue, and passion flowers.

So it was with him; and yet Cowper deserved to be most happy. How is it some men mortgage their happiness? They throw it away, they know not what they do, till they wake up and find life lost to them, and their passions “carry them away as with a flood;” but it was not so with him; he prized life’s enjoyments so much, and never found them, while some, who have trifled life’s paradise away, seem to retain it still. What answer can we make but the old one, that it is better to suffer with Cowper than to enjoy with a Dryden or a Dumas?

Humour was a kind of human salvation to a nature like Cowper’s, and his age of humour was his happiest. His letters, indeed, abound with the happiest strokes of easy and quiet humour; it was the poetry of humour and sorrow—sorrow, as we said, not of Wordsworth or of Byron,—sorrow of David and of Jeremiah. We shall do wrong if we set down Cowper’s grief merely to the score of wounded feelings. This is the curse of mere sensibility. He had a most lowly appreciation of self, and he had a most vivid impression of the holiness of God, the light and the purity of the Divine Being. Thus the sensibility of Cowper was far removed from the selfishness of the merely sensitive nature. It was the sensibility of conscience—conscience quivering at every pore—a conscience, too, frequently morbid in its sensitiveness.

It would be difficult to find any poet in whose verses there abound, we will not say so many, but more of those concentrated, forcible, quotable lines which carry the pith, power, and point of the proverb, with the imagery, polish, and inspiration of the poem. Common sense is usually regarded as essentially unpoetical. Common sense in poetry is usually like the introduction of a hot joint on a dessert table, it takes away the appetite for both dishes, and leaves an aroma not desirable. The two or three poets who have attempted to introduce common-sense topics into their poems have not served their fame by their policy. But we must surely

except Cowper from this condemnation. No poet has so much of common sense ; he idealises the household room. The fire-side he delineates is neither that of the study, or of the parlour, or the drawing-room, it is just the ordinary English fire-side ; but what a charm is there ? And the satire of Cowper never makes us angry. It is sharp and pungent, but it is so free from bitterness, that while we know that it is satire, it always seems to hover so upon the boundary of good humour, that we cannot tell exactly to which department it should belong. Most Christian of satirists ! Human nature had nothing to dread from him ; and we suspect he often made his own infirmities the subjects of his jokes :—

“ I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn, and undeserved disdain ;
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The *fear* of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose—if our tongues were loose ;
But being tied, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken’s note that has the pip ;
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps, in old sepulchral urns.”

How admirable is the following from the poem, *Conversation* :—

“ Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
In making known how oft they have been sick ;
And give us, in recitals of disease,
A doctor’s trouble—but without the fees :
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,—
How an emetic or cathartic sped ;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot ;
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seem’d ; and now, the doctor’s skill.
And now, alas, for unforeseen mishaps !
They put on a damp nightcap—and relapse ;
They thought they must have died—they were so bad ;—
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.”

The sympathy of Cowper, his large and noble humanity, will dwell upon the hearts of all readers. Here, his invective and his tenderness alike are most genial and electrical. Thus he replies to one who inquires :—

“ What’s the world to you ?
’Twere well could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases.”

“ What’s the world to me ?
Much ! I was born of woman, and drew milk,
As sweet as charity, from human breasts.
I think, articulate ; I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How, then, should I and *any* man that lives
Be strangers to each other ? ”

And you remember the fine lines in which he denounces the whole slave trade:—

“Canst *thou*, and honoured with a Christian name,
Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame?
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed?
So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold
To quit the forest and invade the fold;
So may the ruffian who, with ghostly glide,
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side;
Not he, but his emergence, forced the door—
He found it inconvenient to be poor.”

And we must not forget that Cowper employed his pen on ballads, which were sung in London streets in his day, to aid in that fashion the destruction of the Slave Trade.

Many of his words, full of humanity, how they have been chanted from lip to lip:—

“I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who *needlessly* sets foot upon a worm.”

And again:—

“I would not have a slave to till *my* ground,—
To carry *me*, and fan *me* while *I* sleep,
And tremble when *I* wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
I had much rather be myself a slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free!
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble! that bespeaks a nation proud,
And jealous of the blessing.”

The poetry and letters of Cowper furnish us with some of the very finest touches and glimpses of village life. They are “Our Village” from an aspect not contemplated by Miss Mitford:—

“How pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world.”

But if it is pleasant for the village to get its peep at the town, how much more pleasant for the town to enjoy its peep at the village. Writing to his beloved cousin, Lady Hesketh, he says, in reply to her loud encomiums upon London life—“Thou livest, my dear, I acknowledge, in a very fine country, but they have spoiled it by building London in it.” Cowper was not of those who admire the country most in London. With what enthusiasm does he speak:—

"For I have lov'd the rural walk, through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs ; have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink."

His is that often-quoted rapture :—

"God made the country, but man made the town."

Nor did he desire to quit this retirement, or exchange it for the crowd. "I am not shut up," said he, "in the walls of the Bastille ; there are no moats about my castle, no locks upon the gates, of which I have not the key ; but an invisible, uncontrollable agency—a local attachment—serves me for prison walls, and for bounds which I cannot pass. The very stones in the garden walls are my intimate acquaintance. I should miss almost the minutest object, and be disagreeably affected by its removal, and am persuaded that were it possible I could leave this incommodious nook for a twelvemonth, I should return to it again with rapture, and be transported with the sight of objects which to all the world beside would be at least indifferent ; some of them perhaps, such as the ragged thatch, and the tottering walls of the neighbouring cottages, disgusting. But so it is, and it is so because here is to be my abode, and because such is the appointment of *Him* that placed me in it. It is the place of all the world I love the most, not for any happiness it affords me, but because here I can be miserable with most convenience to myself, and with the least disturbance to others."

And miserable no doubt he was, if ever mortal on this earth was miserable ; but in those days at Olney there must have been much happiness too ; he who in many of his lines has awakened, or recalled, or expressed for us feelings of such intense rural and fireside enjoyment, must have enjoyed himself. We know that it is the sad compensation that such enjoyment should have also its periodical overshadowings of intense misery too. He says to Mr. Newton, "I wonder that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if a harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state." Yet no writer regales us more with a rapid succession of cheerful images—images that entertain and charm us with all the most delightful and desirable scenes of the happiest home. He spent those days, his mornings engaged in penwork, and in the evening—especially the winter evenings—he sat with Mrs. Unwin transcribing, while she pursued her incessant knitting in silk, or woollen, or cotton ; perhaps he read his favourite book, "*Baker's Chronicle*," "with which," says he, "I shall soon be as well

acquainted as Sir Roger De Coverly himself." Hence Cowper is the most completely and thoroughly English of our poets; most to the apprehension of all; not in virtue of inferiority, but by his transparency and perspicuity of style and of thought. All are able to understand him, all are able to follow him. Here are no metaphysics—no psychologies. Nothing lies on the out-of-the-way road; we are walking where we have walked a thousand times before, and our companion says, "Don't you see that?" and we are amazed that we have never before seen it. It is singular that life, which to Cowper was so dreadful a mystery, never in the most mysterious and awful complexion of it comes before us in his poems. This man's hallowed delicacy of taste and nobility of conscience kept him from turning his heart inside out. Some men do with their moral skin what the New Zealanders and sailors do with the bodily skin—tattoo it; or, as they say, "make their subjective nature into a poem!" But do you not think the moral skin must be pretty tough to allow that kind of treatment? With reference to Cowper's human idealizations, they are very few; but it shocks us to say that there is a horrid Wordsworth-like vulgarity about his selection of character. Decidedly of the lower order,

"Cottagers that weave at their own door,"

and that kind of folk; a crazy Kate, gipsy people, and such like; true, they don't occur often at all, but it shows the manner of his tastes, not nobles or knights, but the lowly ways of lowly English people. These he describes, and we feel his description along every line:—

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;
And while the babbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

There is a perfect picture. The English heart or the English home beats along all the lines of Cowper.

What manner of man was this Cowper? His portrait by Romney is before us, and we know no portrait which has power to affect us so much. We need no assurances as to its being a likeness, but from the well-known engraving, it exercises an awful power over the spirit; it is more the portrait of a spectre than of a man; it has power at any time to move us almost to tears, and always to awe. Nay, other men, indeed, have traversed more awful fields of thought. None, we suppose, have ever traversed a more dreadful experience. Over the face is shed the palid light

of a charnel-like grief, and the large eye does not roll, but looks calmly forward, as if it would accustom itself to despair; and the sharp, nervous nose, and the kind, exquisitely cut, yet delicate, loving, but passionless lip, and the narrow, timid-looking chin, and the poor, wasted, sunken cheeks. Oh, my soul, it is sorrowful to look upon that likeness! The power in the eye, the calm power, with yet the drop of wildness electrifying the ball. Altogether, it is like the face of death, dashed with insanity, and made divine by the flash of a light from unseen worlds.

In his letter to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, when their intimacy was renewed—for it ceased for nearly twenty years, until, upon the publication of his first volume, she wrote to congratulate him upon it, and to inquire into many things about him, and, among other things, into his personal appearance—he replied, and he was fifty when he replied:—"As for me, I am a very smart youth of my years; I am not indeed grown grey so much as I am grown bald. No matter; there was more hair in the world than ever had the honour to belong to me. Accordingly, I have found just enough to curl a little at my ears, and to intermix with a little of my own, that still hangs behind. I appear, if you see me in the afternoon, to have a very decent head-dress, not easily distinguished from my natural growth, which, being worn with a small bag and a black ribbon about my neck, continues to me the charms of my youth, even on the verge of old age." From this renewed intercourse with Lady Hesketh began the happiest state of Cowper's mind and life. He himself speaks of it with most innocent but delighted rapture, and likens himself to the traveller described in Pope's *Messiah*:—

"The swain in barren deserts, with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear,
New falls of water murmuring in his ear."

And will anybody, then, be very angry if, in that moment, some thoughts of the old banished love, Theodora, mingled with the joys; unmarried, she still retained all the old memories of dear, distant days in Southampton Buildings, and anonymous gifts, the honour of which seems to be divided between the sisters, came in mysterious ways to the sad hermit. Lady Hesketh was herself now a widow, and the delicacy which prevented Cowper from accepting presents from Sir Thomas, would have been prudery in the poor poet towards the wealthy cousin.

In those last days of his life, friends, able and substantial, came round Cowper; but nothing lifted the night-cloud from that solemn tabernacle, his soul. Long before Mr. Newton left Olney, he had relapsed into his old state of desolation; he believed him-

self cut off from God—from all possibility of salvation and hope. His pen, when he took it in hand, uttered all-cheerful things—all-happy things; but his inner life was one unbroken and unmitigable gloom. Worse and worse, darker and darker, it became. His poems, his letters, were like mountain lakes or tarns in their tranquil beauty and power, shone upon by starlight and sunlight, although shadowed by tall, dark mountains, echoing to the solemn murmur of pine groves; but they were fed by streams from unseen sources—from caverns black and subterranean, where literally a ray of light never shone.

We do not think the education of Cowper by Mr. Newton was of the wisest; and we think there is something providential not only in his residence at, but also in his removal from Olney. Mrs. Unwin was no doubt a dear, sweet Puritan; but she was a Puritan. Look at her there, in that likeness, which we love to look on, though no likeness can make us love her more; yes, ~~it is the~~ picture of a Puritan, a very dear one, but ~~a~~ Puritan. But Newton made more rigid the bands of puritanic duty even in her. All very well in Mr. Newton, whose dangers, as we have seen, lay on the sinner side of life; but not very well in Cowper, whose dangers rather lay on the saint side of life. We believe, had Newton remained in Olney, we never should have had the poems as we have them now—we never should have had "The Task." We often, in reading the life of Cowper, get angry with the admirable Newton. He wanted to act the censor and expunger of verses which even a Horace could not mend in taste or Howe in piety. We get cross when we find it necessary for Cowper to apologise for writing "Johnny Gilpin!" We see no harm in "Johnny Gilpin;" on the contrary, we wish we could write it ourselves. We see, too, that in all his letters to Newton he is under a kind of awe, and fear, and constraint—so different to that spirit with which he writes to Lady Hesketh. We see, too, that Newton, after he left Olney, became exacting, and arrogant, and officious, and impertinent, and priest-like; and, on the whole, after he left Olney, we do not like his relation to Cowper a bit. In most of us the girth of religious duty needs tightening; we do not need to be told that "the Son of man came eating and drinking." But we think Cowper did need that Gospel to be preached to him as well as the other. Lady Hesketh had more wisdom, and she gives a narrative of Cowper's days to Theodora which does not incline us to think of Newton as a very judicious pastor. She says:—"Our cousin mentioned that for two summers he had been obliged to take his walk in the middle of the day, which he thought had hurt him a good deal; 'but,' said he, 'I could not help it, for it was when Mr. Newton was here,

and we made it a rule to pass four days in the week together. We dined at one, and it was Mr. Newton's rule to have tea about four o'clock, for we broke up at six.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'you would have good time for a long evening's walk, I should have thought.' 'No,' said he; 'after six we had service, or lecture, or something of that kind, which lasted till supper.' We declare, to have had that Newton's eyes always upon us, would have made us insane, too; and so we were glad when we found the rectory at St. Mary Woolnoth called him away to London."

But let us not do injustice to the man of God—a very prophet Nathan, we do believe; and we believe he could have performed well a prophet Nathan's duties. Only, if Cowper resembled David, it was when the waves and billows had gone over him, not when he had to listen to the parable about a certain lamb. There are men who could be either Dominican Inquisitor or Puritan Martyr in their saintliness. Is it that, reversing Cowper's case, they have a tender conscience and no sensibility? We know such men; it is an edifying work to read them, and to know what work the devil did in the volcano below before God turned it to the alluvial soil above. The best work Newton set Cowper to do, was his sending him to sick-beds and to prayer-meetings; but even in these holy duties he would have been more useful had his walks been longer, and could he have felt that he was outside of the eye of that stern Newton. But it is a mistake of ministers of the Newton school that they will not leave the plants of grace alone; it is dangerous in many instances—it draws from the Master Husbandman. We know we must plough the ground, and plant the sapling, and watch it, and nurture it; and there is another thing we must also do—*we must let it alone*, or it will not bring forth fruit. The sun, and air, and light are wiser than we are. We must not be always digging about it, and pruning it or cutting off the excrescences from the bark, or it will be a stunted tree. And so it is we do not find Cowper's soul grow much while Newton remained at Olney. Newton indeed grew famously on him; it was a precious and wonderful experience for him to watch; but we do not think he was ever very grateful for lessons taught by Cowper, although Cowper was so grateful to Newton. On the whole, we do not like the relation of Newton to Cowper much; it was very like the relation of Zophar the Naamathite to Job.

These things are ordered better in the unseen city, where they have long since met.

And so Newton left them for his large sphere of duty, and William Cowper and Mary Unwin were all alone. Have we not looked in upon that life, so innocent, so hallowed? And how mighty must have been the depth of love in that beautiful woman's soul!

It is said, on some hands, that marriage was at one time talked of. Very likely. We should think it was talked of as quietly, as the Apostle John and Mary, who sat at Jesus' feet, might have talked of marriage; but it was abandoned. All ends could be answered, divine and human, without that. But few marriages call for such devotion as they knew to each other. What a skeleton was in *that* house which they occupied. What a calm and inflexible delusion lay upon *him*. What a solemn thought of care lay upon *her*. Vain all attempts to rouse him from that melancholy which impelled him to suicide, or to appeal to him by that incessant piety with which he always and ever looked right on to God; but only to despair. Attempting to cure him, it was Mrs. Unwin who roused him to become a poet in earnest. He succeeded, we know, beyond all expectation. He playfully says of his productions to Mr Unwin, the son of Mary, "I admire them myself, and your mother admires them; and her praise and my praise put together are fame enough for me." But still he could not lift the cloud. Then, during all those years, and especially many months, she gave to him unmingled, unbroken attention. And there was *one day*—*one shocking day*—when he was missed, and sought for—and she came in—and it was *her hand* that cut down the *suicide* before it was too late.

There was a little circumstance which carries a halo of immortal light around it. In those evil days, when sixty years of age, he received from an aged play-fellow of his earliest years his mother's likeness; it came to him from a distance. The sender, like himself, was very old. But how like himself it is to call her "My dear Rose." Her name was Rose Bodham. Well! the affections never grow old; they help to wrinkle the cheek, and even to take the lustre from the eye, but they never decay. And the holiest affections see all things holy ever as young; only sin and earth *can* become hoary. And when he received it, how all the child and the youth welled up in the overflowing streams of affection from the heart of the old man. "The world," he says, "could not have furnished so acceptable a present. I received it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to that I should have felt had the original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is; the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning." The heart of Cowper was no rock to need a rod to smite it, and liberate the imprisoned waters; no, his heart was rather a charmed well, and that picture released the fountain from its imprisoning charm. Perhaps there are no verses in the language so pathetic—sacred to the holy genius of the mother. All we who have been born of woman, and left her dead behind

us while we began the weary march of life, or drank of mother's milk, and felt the pressure of maternal kisses, we should stand up before those lines, and reverence the genius of humanity in the holy heart of Cowper. If the reader ever dropt a hasty, unkind, or coarse word upon a mother's ear, he should read these, and think of *his* devotion at sixty—and blush. But the life which, as a whole, seemed so dark—darkened yet more towards the close—all his tenderness was soon to be awakened for the beloved companion of so many years. It was in 1791, while she and Cowper were sitting together, she was seized with giddiness, and smitten with paralysis, was only saved from falling by the hand she had steadied so long. Nor did she ever permanently recover. They had long removed from Olney to Weston, a village in the neighbourhood; and, as Mrs. Unwin's health permitted, they fled from place to place, in search of health and repose. Still, for some time longer, Weston was their home. And now all the tenderness of Cowper's nature broke forth. Now he struggled more earnestly against his insanity—in every way, in every hour, he sought to compensate, if possible, in some measure the tenderness which had so long protected him; but he was thrown more upon his own loneliness, and while in the garden or the orchard, he attempted to cheat the weary hours, but it was yet dark, and an increasing darkness.

It was then, before they finally left Weston, that he addressed to Mrs. Unwin those lines so famous—"To Mary."

"The twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

"Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow,—
'Twas my distress that made thee so,
My Mary!

"Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rest, disused, and shine no more—
My Mary!

"For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

"But well thou play'st the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

"Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

"Thy silver locks, once anburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

"For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

"Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

"Such feebleness of limbs, thou provest
That now, at every step thou move'st,
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

"And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

"But, ah! by constant heed, I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

"And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!"

These lines are among the most touching and beautiful ever penned, and that simple refrain, the burden of each stanza, it speaks volumes of love and tenderness, it adds much to the affecting pathos of the stanza. Mrs. Unwin's understanding broke down beneath repeated attacks of paralysis; she relapsed into second childhood, and Cowper watched her sufferings in blank despair; she was his sole business in life. At last he refused any food except a piece of bread dipped in water; the king granted him a pension of £300 a year, but he was in no condition to be told of it; his verses were charming and enlightening thousands of homes and hearts, but he was irrecoverably wretched; he lived in hourly terror that he should be taken away; he stayed a whole day in his bedroom guarding his bed, under the idea that in his absence some one would get possession of it and prevent his lying down in it any more; for some time he had a residence on the sea-side in a little village on the coast of Norfolk; there he wrote, "I am the most forlorn of human beings. I tread the shore under the burden of infinite despair, and view every vessel that approaches the coast with an eye of jealousy and fear, lest it arrive with a commission to seize

me." In the increasing illness of Mrs. Unwin, he steadily pursued the thought that all her sufferings were on his account. Yet he never alluded to her or her danger; he knew it well; and on the morning of her death, when a servant came in to open the shutters, he said "Sally—is there life above stairs." A few hours after, that loving heart breathed its last on earth; and then he was haunted by the idea that she was not dead, but would wake up in the grave, and for his account endure the horrors of suffocation. He at last expressed a wish to see her; under the influence of his preconception, he fancied he observed her stir, but when he looked closely and saw that she was really dead, he flung himself to the other side of the room, and he never mentioned her again.

She was buried where she died, within the communion rails, soon to open again to receive her beloved companion. She was buried at night while Cowper slept, in order that all might be hidden from him. If ever you go to the church at East Dereham, and look upon that marble, chaste as the heart once beating, now resting beneath it, would wish it to be, remember, that even in the ranks of women Mary Unwin stands foremost, however obscure her living duties were, for tender heroism of soul; we may say many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. For him there were yet three years before the wished-for yet dreaded close. Happiness he never knew again. He thoroughly revised his Homer; he commenced his poem the "Four Ages." But we must not linger on the close. The end came in 1800. The gloom continued; when the physician called to see him, and inquired how he felt, "Feel!" said Cowper, "I feel unutterable despair." Even to the very last moments, he clung to his despair, he refused all nutriment, "What can it signify?" he said, and they were his last words. But his end was perfect peace. Five persons were standing round his bed at the time, and not one knew the moment of his departure; only it was indeed true; the Bridge of Sighs was past, the prison left, and the palace entered. "From that moment," says his excellent and beloved kinsman, Mr. Johnson, who did so much to alleviate those last hours—"from that moment till the coffin closed, the expression with which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled as it were with holy surprise."

There was an old lady living in London then whose heart went back to a period of forty-five years distance. She was old, but had many years to travel yet, to outlive all who had known those bright old days of Southampton Buildings—the young clerk, now the stately Lord Chancellor—and the bright Harriet, now Lady Hesketh. But when she heard that it was all over, she went to

the place of secret treasures, and took out a packet of letters and poems forty-five years old, too, and be sure that many tears fell over those magic documents, so long, so carefully preserved, and then lest in some dark hour of sorrow she should commit them to the flames, she sealed the packet, and sent them to a lady, not to be opened till her death ; nearly at the age of ninety, Theodora Cowper died, in 1824, and then all those silly, tender, hopeful words, bright with promises and youth, saw the light ; and there they are in this edition of Cowper, as youthful as ever, and the bright eye that read them, the lip that kissed them, and the wild heart and the long thin finger that dictated them, are all dust.

From first to last what an incompleated being would life here seem, if for those broken hearts we could not see the Palace beyond the Bridge of Sighs.

We must not dismiss this paper from our hands without calling attention to Mr. Bohn's most comprehensive edition of Southey's "Cowper." Southey's life of the Poet is not all that we could wish, but we prefer it to Grimshaw's. Indeed, we believe that Cowper's life has yet to be written. On the whole, he does not suffer, nor we believe does evangelical truth suffer at the hands of the more competent biographer. Grimshaw's "Life of Cowper" is a piece of literary bungling, in which the presence of Gospel truth is supposed to be quite a sufficient compensation for the absence of insight and art. Southey's life is, of course, a charming biography, written by an incomparable master of English composition, enlivened by a great amount of varied information. Mr. Bohn has included all Southey's fifteen volumes in the eight of the present edition ; and additional poems, which, when Southey published, were copyright, those to which we have alluded above as preserved by Theodora Cowper, and many letters then also copyright. On the whole, we may safely say the works of few poets are niched in so pleasant a shrine as Mr. Bohn's eight volume edition of the "Poet Cowper."

II.

LORD MACAULAY'S LAST VOLUME.*

By the thousands of hands which will open this volume, it will be opened accompanied by very mournful feelings; this is the last portion we can possibly receive now from that gifted and glowing pen which has so often enchanted us. It can lay no additional escutcheon of glory or brilliancy upon the hearse of its illustrious author, but it sustains, of course, all the fame won by the previous volumes of the history. The reader will not find here any pictures so brilliant as those which startled and charmed the imagination in former volumes; there is no such painting as we had in the trial of the Bishops, or the siege of Londonderry, or the marvelously-delightful panorama of the state of England during the periods of the later Stuarts and William; but it is all in the well-known style. The stately tramp and clang of the rapid sentences, the bright and vivid presentation of portraits and of scenes; and now that the work is done, it must be said, great as our regret may be, that we shall read of this delightful history no more; it has a perfect unity. Commencing with the circumstances which precipitated the Revolution of 1688, it closes in this volume with the death of William in 1702. No other hand has touched any of these lines, the great historian had himself given his final touches and corrections to all the pages within six of the close of the volume; and the remaining six, devoted to the death of the powerful Prince, the statesman whose memory he has so embalmed, are here as he left them, nor do they need any words of apology; with a sombre, but most appropriate grace, the curtain falls behind the silver-shielded coffin of the author's most beloved hero, William; and the death scene—the last hours of the king who served our nation in our need so well—are portrayed with all the historian's vigour and tenderness.

We shall not attempt any condensed analysis of this volume. The reader will perhaps find that the events which pass before the eye in the perusal of it are as important as most of those recorded in the narrative of preceding years. A mournful interest gathers round the prince, who, still encompassed with embarrassments, is preparing now to quit the scene. With a great deal of interest, the historian has brought out the question of standing armies, then beheld naturally by patriotic men with great jealousy and fear. Some of our readers may be more interested in those little

* The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second. By Lord Macaulay. Vol. 5. Longman and Co.

episodes—with which of course, as usual, the history abounds—in which a domestic incident is made to give a colour and light to a stream of political events. True to himself, Lord Macaulay, in this volume, finds some work for the members of the Society of Friends—the first volume contained the attack on William Penn; the second on George Fox; this last volume contains the story of Spencer Cowper, and the handsome Quaker, which, the reader will not fail to notice, does not lack the narrator's usual bitterness against his old associates and relations. We have referred to the story some few pages back. We believe, too, that it is capable of quite another rendering; but here, as a specimen of our author's effective power, we give it, as he gives it, in detail:—

“At Hertford resided an opulent Quaker family named Stout. A pretty young woman of this family had lately sunk into a melancholy of a kind not very unusual in girls of strong sensibility and lively imagination who are subject to the restraints of austere religious societies. Her dress, her looks, her gestures, indicated the disturbance of her mind. She sometimes hinted her dislike of the sect to which she belonged. She complained that a canting waterman, who was one of the brotherhood, had held forth against her at a meeting. She threatened to go beyond sea, to throw herself out of window, to drown herself. To two or three of her associates she owned that she was in love, and on one occasion she plainly said that the man whom she loved was one whom she never could marry. In fact, the object of her fondness was Spencer Cowper, who was already married. She at length wrote to him in language which she never would have used if her intellect had not been disordered. He, like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her. His prudence mortified her to such a degree that on one occasion she went into fits. It was necessary, however, that he should see her, when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699; for he had been entrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her for this purpose late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her. She pressed him to be the guest of her family, but he excused himself and retired. The next morning she was found dead among the stakes of a mill-dam on the stream called the Priory River. That she had destroyed herself there could be no reasonable doubt. The coroner's inquest found that she had drowned herself while in a state of mental derangement. But her family was unwilling to admit that she had shortened her own life, and looked about for somebody who might be accused of murdering her. The last person who could be proved to have been in her company was Spencer Cowper. It chanced that two attorneys and a scrivener, who had come down from town to the Hertford assizes, had been overheard, on the unhappy night, talking over their wine about the charms and fluctuations of the handsome Quaker girl, in the light way in which such subjects are sometimes discussed even at the circuit tables and mess tables of our more refined

generation. Some wild words, susceptible of a double meaning, were used about the way in which she had jilted one lover, and the way in which another lover would punish her for her coquetry. On no better grounds than these her relations imagined that Spencer Cowper had, with the assistance of these three retainers of the law, strangled her, and thrown her corpse into the water. There was absolutely no evidence of the crime. There was no evidence that any one of the accused had any motive to commit such a crime ; there was no evidence that Spencer Cowper had any connection with the persons who were said to be his accomplices. One of those persons, indeed, he had never seen. But no story is too absurd to be imposed on minds blinded by religious and political fanaticism. The Quakers and the Tories joined to raise a formidable clamour. The Quakers had, in those days, no scruples about capital punishments. They would, indeed, as Spencer Cowper said bitterly, but too truly, rather send four innocent men to the gallows than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide. The Tories exulted in the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs. The whole kingdom was divided between Stouts and Cowpers. At the summer assizes, Hertford was crowded with anxious faces from London, and from parts of England more distant than London. The prosecution was conducted with a malignity and unfairness which to us seem almost incredible ; and, unfortunately, the dullest and most ignorant judge of the twelve was on the bench. Cowper defended himself, and those who were said to be his accomplices, with admirable ability and self-possession. His brother, much more distressed than himself, sat near him through the long agony of that day. The case against the prisoners rested chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body, found, as this poor girl's body had been found, floating in water, must have been thrown into the water while still alive. To prove this doctrine the counsel for the Crown called medical practitioners, of whom nothing is now known except that some of them had been active against the Whigs at Hertford elections. To confirm the evidence of these gentlemen two or three sailors were put into the witness-box. On the other side appeared an array of men of science whose names are still remembered. Among them was William Cowper, not a kinsman of the defendant, but the most celebrated anatomist that England had then produced. He was, indeed, the founder of a dynasty illustrious in the history of science ; for he was the teacher of William Cheselden, and William Cheselden was the teacher of John Hunter. On the same side appeared Samuel Garth, who, among the physicians of the capital, had no rival except Radcliffe, and Hans Sloane, the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country. The attempt of the prosecutors to make the superstitions of the fore-castle evidence for the purpose of taking away the lives of men, was treated by these philosophers with just disdain. The stupid judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. 'My Lord,' replied Garth, 'I say that they are mistaken. I will find sea-

men in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind.'

"The jury found the prisoners not guilty ; and the report carried back to London by persons who had been present at the trial was that every body applauded the verdict, and that even the Stouts seemed to be convinced of their error. It is certain, however, that the malevolence of the defeated party soon revived in all its energy. The lives of the four men who had just been absolved were again attacked by means of the most absurd and odious proceeding known to our old law, the appeal of murder. This attack too, failed. Every artifice of chicanery was at length exhausted ; and nothing was left to the disappointed sect and the disappointed faction except to calumniate those whom it had been found impossible to murder. In a succession of libels Spencer Cowper was held up to the execration of the public. But the public did him justice. He rose to high eminence in his profession : he at length took his seat, with general applause, on the judicial bench, and there distinguished himself by the humanity which he never failed to show to unhappy men who stood, as he had once stood, at the bar. Many who seldom trouble themselves about pedigrees may be interested by learning that he was the grandfather of that excellent man and excellent poet William Cowper, whose writings have long been peculiarly loved and prized by the members of the religious community which, under a strong delusion, sought to slay his innocent progenitor."

All readers of Macaulay expect to be conducted to some of those brilliant portraits which adorn the stately edifice he rears. This volume is not wanting in such. With great power he has drawn the minister of Spain, Cardinal Portocarrero ; and we should like the dark, and dreadful, and forbidding features to be well studied by our readers. They are the indications of a subtlety from which, in our own country, in our own age, we are not yet by any means safe :—

"Portocarrero was one of a race of men of whom we, happily for us, have seen very little, but whose influence has been the curse of Roman Catholic countries. He was, like Sixtus the Fourth and Alexander the Sixth, a politician made out of an impious priest. Such politicians are generally worse than the worst of the laity—more merciless than any ruffian that can be found in camps, more dishonest than any pettifogger who haunts the tribunals. The sanctity of their profession has an unsanctifying influence on them. The lessons of the nursery, the habits of boyhood and of early youth, leave in the minds of the great majority of avowed infidels some traces of religion, which, in seasons of mourning and of sickness, become plainly discernible. But it is scarcely possible that any such trace should remain in the mind of the hypocrite who, during many years, is constantly going through what he considers as the mummery of preaching, saying mass, baptizing, shriving. When an ecclesiastic of this sort mixes in the contests of men of the

world, he is indeed much to be dreaded as an enemy, but still more to be dreaded as an ally. From the pulpit where he daily employs his eloquence to embellish what he regards as fables, from the altar whence he daily looks down with secret scorn on the prostrate dupes who believe that he can turn a drop of wine into blood, from the confessional where he daily studies with cold and scientific attention the morbid anatomy of guilty consciences, he brings to courts some talents which may move the envy of the more cunning and unscrupulous of lay courtiers ; a rare skill in reading characters and in managing tempers, a rare art of dissimulation, a rare dexterity in insinuating what it is not safe to affirm or to propose in explicit terms. There are two feelings which often prevent an unprincipled layman from becoming utterly depraved and despicable, domestic feeling, and chivalrous feeling. His heart may be softened by the endearments of a family. His pride may revolt from the thought of doing what does not become a gentleman. But neither with the domestic feeling, nor with the chivalrous feeling has the wicked priest any sympathy. His gown excludes him from the closest and most tender of human relations, and at the same time dispenses him from the observation of the fashionable code of honour.

“Such a priest was Portocarrero ; and he seems to have been a consummate master of his craft. To the name of statesman he had no pretensions. The lofty part of his predecessor Ximenes was out of the range, not more of his intellectual, than his moral capacity. To reanimate a paralysed and torpid monarchy, to introduce order and economy into a bankrupt treasury, to restore the discipline of an army which had become a mob, to refit a navy which was perishing from mere rottenness—these were achievements beyond the power, beyond even the ambition, of that ignoble nature. But there was one task for which the new minister was admirably qualified—that of establishing, by means of superstitious terror, an absolute dominion over a feeble mind ; and the feeblest of all minds was that of his unhappy sovereign.”

The historian sketches, with his brilliancy of colouring, the effect of this priestly dominancy over the mind of Charles of Spain—especially pointing to the morbid tastes of the king and his ancestors :—

“Meanwhile, in the distempered mind of Charles one mania succeeded another. A longing to pry into those mysteries of the grave from which human beings avert their thoughts had long been hereditary in his house. Juana, from whom the mental constitution of her posterity seems to have derived a morbid taint, had sate, year after year, by the bed on which lay the ghastly remains of her husband, apparelled in the rich embroidery and jewels which he had been wont to wear while living. Her son Charles found an eccentric pleasure in celebrating his own obsequies—in putting on his shroud, placing him-

self in the coffin, covering himself with the pall, and lying as one dead till the requiem had been sung, and the mourners had departed, leaving him alone in the tomb. Philip the Second found a similar pleasure in gazing on the huge chest of bronze in which his remains were to be laid, and especially on the skull which, encircled with the crown of Spain, grinned at him from the cover. Philip the Fourth, too, hankered after burials and burial-places, gratified his curiosity by gazing on the remains of his great-grandfather, the Emperor, and sometimes stretched himself out at full length like a corpse in the niche which he had selected for himself in the royal cemetery. To that cemetery his son was now attracted by a strange fascination. Europe could show no more magnificent place of sepulture. A staircase encrusted with jasper led down from the stately church of the Escorial into an octagon situated just beneath the high altar. The vault, impervious to the sun, was rich with gold and precious marbles, which reflected the blaze from a huge chandelier of silver. On the right and on the left reposed, each in a massy sarcophagus, the departed kings and queens of Spain. Into this mausoleum the king descended with a long train of courtiers, and ordered the coffins to be unclosed. His mother had been embalmed with such consummate skill that she appeared as she had appeared on her death-bed. The body of his grandfather, too, seemed entire, but crumbled into dust at the first touch. From Charles neither the remains of his mother nor those of his grandfather could draw any sign of sensibility. But, when the gentle and graceful Louisa of Orleans, the miserable man's first wife, she who had lighted up his dark existence with one short and pale gleam of happiness, presented herself, after the lapse of ten years, to his eyes, his sullen apathy gave way. 'She is in heaven,' he cried; 'and I shall soon be there with her:' and, with all the speed of which his limbs were capable, he tottered back to the upper air."

But we must reserve a space for a farewell glance at the illustrious man who, in a period of much difficulty, served our nation so bravely. Lord Macaulay brings out in this volume William's determination to resign a throne which brought him only ingratitude, irritation, and annoyance. Somers, with difficulty, and only by the threat of his own resignation, induced the King to reconsider his. The death of James, and the acknowledgment of the Pretender by Louis XIV. as King of England, was no doubt a bitter disappointment to William; but it called forth, in our own country, a splendid burst of enthusiastic loyalty—it was a gleam of satisfaction round a dying man. Thus Lord Macaulay describes the last scene in the life of his hero, and with these words concludes his own history:—

"The King meanwhile was sinking fast. Albemarle had arrived at Kensington from the Hague, exhausted by rapid travelling. His master kindly bade him go to rest for some hours, and then summoned

him to make his report. That report was in all respects satisfactory. The States-General were in the best temper ; the troops, the provisions, and the magazines were in the best order. Everything was in readiness for an early campaign. William received the intelligence with the calmness of a man whose work was done. He was under no illusion as to his danger. 'I am fast drawing,' he said, 'to my end.' His end was worthy of his life. His intellect was not for a moment clouded. His fortitude was the more admirable because he was not willing to die. He had very lately said to one of those whom he most loved, 'You know that I never feared death ; there have been times when I should have wished it ; but, now that this great new prospect is opening before me, I do wish to stay here a little longer.' Yet no weakness, no querulousness, disgraced the noble close of that noble career. To the physicians the king returned his thanks graciously and gently. 'I know that you have done all that skill and learning could do for me : but the case is beyond your art ; and I submit.' From the words which escaped him he seemed to be frequently engaged in mental prayer. Burnet and Tenison remained many hours in the sick room. He professed to them his firm belief in the truth of the Christian religion, and received the sacrament from their hands with great seriousness. The antechambers were crowded all night with lords and privy councillors. He ordered several of them to be called in, and exerted himself to take leave of them with a few kind and cheerful words. Among the English who were admitted to his bedside were Devonshire and Ormond. But there were in the crowd those who felt as no Englishman could feel, friends of his youth who had been true to him, and to whom he had been true, through all vicissitudes of fortune ; who had served him with unalterable fidelity when his Secretaries of State, his Treasury and his Admiralty had betrayed him ; who had never on any field of battle, or in an atmosphere tainted with loathsome and deadly disease, shrunk from placing their own lives in jeopardy to save his, and whose truth he had at the cost of his own popularity rewarded with bounteous munificence. He strained his feeble voice to thank Auverquerque for the affectionate and loyal services of thirty years. To Albemarle he gave the keys of his closet, and of his private drawers. 'You know,' he said, 'what to do with them.' By this time he could scarcely respire. 'Can this,' he said to the physicians, 'last long ?' He was told that the end was approaching. He swallowed a cordial, and asked for Bentinck. Those were his last articulate words. Bentinck instantly came to the bed-side, bent down, and placed his ear close to the King's mouth. The lips of the dying man moved, but nothing could be heard. The King took the hand of his earliest friend, and pressed it tenderly to his heart. In that moment, no doubt, all that had cast a slight passing cloud over their long and pure friendship was forgotten. It was now between seven and eight in the morning. He closed his eyes, and gasped for breath. The bishops knelt down and read the commendatory prayer. When it ended, William was no more.

"When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black-silk riband. The lords-in-waiting ordered it to be taken off. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary."

Now surely, among eminent writers, not one of our own day has attained to greater right to the homage of respectful and critical regard than Macaulay. The qualities of his mind are of extraordinary brilliancy. His style at once heaves—like an ocean burning beneath the rising sun—with a massive magnificence, with a pomp and swell of diction, rolling and surging like an advancing tide; while its separate waves flash with a lustre broken into ten thousand sparkling points. Refusing to be included among this great writer's *greatest* admirers, we, in common with millions, must admire the rare combination of two great powers, pomp and dignity, which remind us of Milton, Hooker, or Sir Thomas Brown; and pertinency and sparkling point, which remind us of Thomas Fuller. Never in this department of literature, has popular power been united to so much brilliancy and to so much strength. There is doubtless a profusion of mental wealth of very varied orders—the discussions of a philosopher, the descriptions of a poet, the disquisitions of a statesman. The words aiming at no especial purity of Saxon simplicity, are yet like the mind of England, and speak that mind; they fly fast and bright from the anvil of thought; they are strong, they are tender. You would not call them felicitous words; they are too mighty, too daring; but words, ideas, and images, all reflect a mind not only alive, but alert, intense in its determination, collected in all its powers; in short, a healthy giant, working.

A question has been debated with a great deal of intensity from time to time by literary men in various literary circles, as to the place to be assigned to Lord Macaulay in the kingdom of letters; this leads to another, namely, the distinctions to be drawn as separating the ministry of *taste* from the ministry of *genius*. We confess the subject has not appeared to us to be invested by so many difficulties as have been associated with it in the minds of disputants. Genius seems to us the originating power, the force whence springs the work of exalted mental excellence; Taste, the perceiving power, whence proceeds the work of discriminating the error, and developing the harmony of the greatness it could not produce. Genius is awed by its own volitions and creations. The magnificence of its own conceptions is enough for it; it does not need books; it does not *need* any auxiliaries; it will use them, but if it does, it uses them as a giant may use a staff, not for rest, or as a necessity, but for its own satisfaction and amusement. It is the

reverse of this with *taste*—the books, pictures, statues, and scenes, shoot volitions and thoughts into it ; or they are reflecting mirrors, and it lights its torch at their focal fires. It has power, but it is derived power. Genius usually needs a middle man, a translator. But the office of taste is itself to translate ; it reads with avidity and readiness the works of genius ; it is a great linguist, but it cannot construct a language. Thus it will be seen that taste lies nearer to the region of talent than genius. Genius cannot so well tell you the laws by which it acts as talent and taste. We do not believe that even Shakspeare would have made a first-rate critic, any more than a planet could discourse of centrifugal or centripetal, or gravitation could define a law. Genius is a lawgiver—sometimes it is an Iconoclast. Taste points its finger constantly to the canon and the code ; it detects what is fitting in arrangement ; has a fine eye for colour and effect ; it carries a vigorous consciousness into all its performances. Genius is on the contrary unconscious. It works frequently on principles it cannot comprehend. The aim of taste is correctness. The aim of genius is the emancipation of the soul from its furnace of fire. Genius pours the colour over the canvas, lives before the easel, and in the studio. Taste collects the canvases of genius, frames them, hangs them in the gallery, and reverently delights to be the cicerone to lead from painting to painting, pointing to the beauties, sometimes suggesting an improvement, but ever rousing the spectator by the tones and the colours which might otherwise have escaped the eye. Thus we feel that we must assign to Lord Macaulay a foremost place among great artists. We give him a most distinguished niche among the monarchs and masters of Taste.

We have referred to the *logical acuteness* of this writer. It is Logic which sets the scaling ladders of thought ; it is logic which arranges, gives purpose to the ideas, and the language with which a great writer may be charged ; rhetoric is only another name for logical sequence ; we almost expect the master of the one to be the master of the other ; they both concern themselves with the arrangement and ordering of mental material. Logic is the rhetoric of thought ; rhetoric is the logic of expression. It is true the world has not been wanting in great and accomplished teachers, who have disdained the more obvious formularies both of the one and the other of these arts, but they were only able to do so in proportion as nature had endowed them with the real power without the artificial form.

Thus in his essays Macaulay shows himself to be a most admirable logician—not indeed that we have any illustrations of scholastic dialectics—some kinds of logic resemble the tortuous process of grinding ; the work is done surely enough, but it is a

long task ; you have to put your argument into the mill, and turn and turn, until you find the result in the deposit below ; but other kinds of logic resemble a hammer, which breaks at once the rock, the stone, the fossil, and lays bare the secret within ; Lord Macaulay's logic is of the latter order, and, ah, with what spiteful spleen he brings down his hammer on the head of the unfortunate antagonist ; he never thinks apparently of answering what he does not mean to crush. We might refer to many papers as illustrations of this, the combination of logic, imagination, and wit, but will especially notice that on Mr. Gladstone's relations of Church and State. With what admirable energy does he denounce that disposition, too common in many of us, to treat an abstract question as a settled truism :—

“ There is no harm at all in inquiring what course a stone thrown into the air would take, if the law of gravitation did not operate. But the consequences would be unpleasant, if the inquirer, as soon as he had finished his calculation, were to begin to throw stones about in all directions, without considering that his conclusion rests on a false hypothesis, and that his projectiles, instead of flying away through infinite space, will speedily return in parabolas, and break the windows and heads of his neighbours.”

You do not need to be told that there is a kind of wit which is of the highest order of logic in scientific dialectics ; we advance, as it were, through a series of concentric rings, until we find the central heart of the question, but wit will often cut down through the heart of the question at once. The comparison between the ancient and modern philosophy in our author's *Analyses of the Genius of Bacon* is full of those which may be called logical intuitions—no writer so reminds us of Hobbes' *Theory of Laughter*—that it is a kind of glory—every demolishing blow from the hammer of our dialectician seems to ring and re-echo back a kind of triumphant, and defiant note ; his sentences on those occasions stand like giants over the foe they have thrown to the earth, uttering a triumphant roar of laughter.

In our readings of any author, we must not expect from him what he has not got to give ; thank him for his literary wares, and let him go. In Macaulay, what we shall find will be strong common sense, defended by philosophy, and illuminated and adorned by poetry, or rather by eloquence. More than this we shall not find, more than this we must not expect. Our writer would seem to know this ; hence he never criticises those men and those works which demand for their knowledge and appreciation a fine spiritual insight and instinct. The bodies of the imagination on which he will lovingly dwell must be near to the region of the

understanding. His literary heroes are only the men whose names are obviously identified with the suffrages of men. For such persons as Wordsworth, or Coleridge, or Keats ; for Schiller, or Jean Paul, or even Goethe, he seems to have nothing to say. He has no taste for the abstract either in philosophy or poetry. He would not sit down to analyse the great work of Berkley with the pleasure he devoted to Bacon. Nor would he feel the delight in estimating the genius of Herder, or of Mendelssohn, which he felt in analysing the character and doctrines of Macchiavelli. If he ever listens to those voices which fall from the highest wonders of our world, or of other worlds, he only listens ; they do not lead him away to any fields of indefinite speculation. His imagination is logic. He wears his ornaments like golden fetters. The most shining points of his discourse are always linked to the chief matters of it. And every movement of that eloquent pen adds something to the fact, and nothing to the fancy of the subject in hand.

In his richest descriptions, Macaulay derives his strength from his power of grouping all the parts and persons necessary to add to the interest of a picture together. He sketches a magnificent *tableaux* ; he omits nothing calculated to thrill or arrest the attention. The matchless portrait of the Puritans, the description of the trial of Warren Hastings, the analysis of the genius of Burke are illustrations of this. We constantly see how much he is indebted to his memory ; he is a fine illustration for those philosophers who hold the intimate relation and family dependency of the memory and the imagination. As in the case of our friend, Captain Cuttle, "When found make a note on," seems to be his invariable principle. He transfers the simplest incident in a poor biography to his memory, and, by and bye, centralises it on some broad and magnificent canvas, compelling it to give life to a great historical event. His essays and portrayals are like great historical paintings, in which every living character is pressed into the service of the artist, and made to contribute his portrait. No event is so mean but he will make it the minister to some event of real importance. His curiosity is insatiable ; and it must be said it is often concerned in very little things. It is frightful to think what tons of rubbish the man must have read ; he must have threshed immense quarters of chaff, to be rewarded, one thinks, at the rate of one ear of wheat for every quarter. He watches dates too, as a gryphon was wont to watch gold. His accuracy seems to be equal to his curiosity, so far as its verbal significance is regarded as accuracy. He has the power to plod like the most prosaic Dryasdust, and to paint with colours as vivid and with delineations more truthful than Walter Scott.

The reader will not have read so little of our author as to need to be told that his bitterness is intense; this gives the charm to his essays and to his history. One would say he kept always by him, on his study table, a bottle of acetic acid, and a drop or two on a reputation or a character displeasing to him effectually blisters and burns. This is the chief characteristic of his wit; it is sharp, even to malevolence; it is often false too, because he sacrifices to force and point, and epigrammatic brilliancy, every other consideration; hence, all his verdicts must be received with modification. We may cite a few illustrative and pointed sayings from the Essay on of Horace Walpole:—

“His writings, it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasburg pies (among the dishes described in the *Almanack des Gourmands*). But as that (the *pate-de-foie-gras*) owes its excellencies to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good-for-nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen; so none but an unhealthy and disorganized mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole. . . . His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. His features were covered by mask within mask. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed, you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man. He played innumerable parts, and overacted them all. When he talked misanthropy, he out-Timoned Timon. When he talked philanthropy, he left Howard at an immeasurable distance. He wished to be a celebrated author, and yet a mere idle gentleman—one of those epicurean gods of the earth who do nothing at all, and who pass their existence in the contemplation of their own perfections. Every page of Walpole's works betrays him. This Diogenes, who would be thought to prefer his tub to a palace, and who has nothing to ask of the masters of Windsor and Versailles, but that they will stand out of his light, is a gentleman usher at heart. Serious business was a trifle to him; and trifles were his serious business. To chat with blue stockings—to write little copies of complimentary verses on little occasions—to superintend a private press—to preserve from natural decay the perishable topics of Ranelagh and Whites—to record divorces and bets—Miss Chudleigh's absurdities, and George Selwyn's good sayings—to decorate a grotesque house with pie-crust battlements, to procure rare engravings and antique chimney boards—to match old gauntlets—to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground—these were the grave employments of his long life. From these he turned to politics, as to an amusement. After the labours of the print-shop and the auction-room, he unbent his mind in the House of Commons. And, having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions, he returned to more important pursuits, to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last

sea-fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrell."

This brilliant passage will convey to the reader's mind the idea of the peculiarities of Lord Macaulay's style—alike in its strength, and its pertinency, and its vice.

Here is an epigram on the men of the Revolution of 1688:—

"The men to whom we owe it, that we have a House of Commons, are sneered at because they did not suffer the debates of the House to be published. The authors of the Toleration Act are treated as bigots, because they did not go the length of the Catholic Emancipation Act. Just so, we have heard a baby, mounted on the shoulders of its father, cry out, 'How much taller I am than papa!'"

Some of his epigrams will be well known to you. For instance, his characterisation of Dr. Southey:—

"Dr. Southey brings to his task two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed, in measure so copious, to any human being—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation."

Everybody remembers his onslaught on Robert Montgomery's poems. Far too severe, we think, but very characteristic—

"His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet does to a picture. There are colours in the Turkey carpet, out of which a picture might be made; there are words in Mr. Montgomery's writing which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry. But, as they now stand, they seem to be put together on principle, in such a manner as to give us an image of anything—'in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.'"

And that kind of poetry has been baptized the Turkey-carpet school ever since. Again:—

"From the poetry of Lord Byron, you may draw a system of ethics compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness; a system in which the two great commandments are, to hate your neighbour, and to love your neighbour's wife."

But if the reader would see all Macaulay's power of contempt, scorn, and bitterness, he must turn to the article on Barère. Truly he was a good hater. We must select two or three sentences from this fierce invective:—

"We cannot conclude without saying something about two parts of

his character, which his biographer appears to consider as deserving of high admiration. Barère, it is admitted, was somewhat fickle ; but in two things he was consistent, in his love of Christianity, and in his hatred to England. If this were so, we must say that England is much more beholden to him than Christianity. . . . Mix together Thistlewood and Bubb Dodington, and you are still far from having Barère.

“ We therefore like his invectives against us much better than any thing else he has written ; and dwell on them, not merely with complacency, but with a feeling akin to gratitude. It was but little that he could do to promote the honour of our country ; but that little he did strenuously and constantly. Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack writer, police-spy—the one small service which he could render to England was to hate her : and such as he was may all who hate her be !

“ We cannot say that we contemplate with equal satisfaction that fervent and constant zeal for religion which, according to M. Hippolyte Carnot, distinguished Barère ; for, as we think that whatever brings dishonour on religion is a serious evil, we had, we own, indulged a hope that Barère was an atheist. We now learn, however, that he was at no time even a sceptic, that he adhered to his faith through the whole revolution, and that he has left several manuscript works on divinity. One of these is a pious treatise, entitled “ Of Christianity, and of its Influence.” Another consists of meditations on the Psalms, which will doubtless greatly console and edify the Church.

“ This makes the character complete. Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any infamy, all these things, we knew, were blended in Barère. But one thing was still wanting ; and that M. Hippolyte Carnot has supplied. When to such an assemblage of qualities a high profession of piety is added, the effect becomes overpowering. We sink under the contemplation of such exquisite and manifold perfection ; and feel, with deep humility, how presumptuous it is in us to think of composing the legend of this beautified athlete of the faith, St. Bertrand of the Carmagnoles.”

Macaulay has portrayed the history of our country at a most important transition period—that period when all was excitement, but the excitement and the life about to crystallise and consolidate itself down, to fuse itself in order and constitutional law. Fielding and Smollet have been our best historians for the social usages and characteristics of those times. They were days of pre-eminent difficulty. The manners of the people were coarse and vulgar ; the intelligence diffused was that rather of a rude animalism than of a manly or womanly development. There is little to attract

us in those times, save as they are beheld through the page of fancy and of fiction. In truth, with but little reservation, we may say every man "did that which was right in his own eyes;" always providing that his idea of right was the highest moral wrong. Oppression and time-serving then met the eye at every turn; nothing looked as if it were fixed; few things appeared to have the stamp of age before them; the country, in all its relations, in politics and in religion, seemed to be given over to knavery and power. The poor peasantry were ground down by a tax the most unequal and unjust the country has ever known, called hearth money; and the mode in which it was levied, and the terrible proportion of it, and the weight with which it especially pressed on the poor, would alone, in lands less patient than ours, have caused a revolution. As to the country itself, many parts were scarcely reclaimed from barbarism. A part of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire was a great and desolate fen, in which lived a wild and savage population called the Bradlings, who have been described as leading an amphibious life, sometimes wading and sometimes towing from one islet to another. In the north of England the parishes were required to keep bloodhounds for the purpose of tracking freebooters.

Terrible indeed those times were which he has undertaken to sketch; they mingle in our minds with very varied lights and shades. Regarded any how they are romantic and even grotesque, but they have few shades of beauty; the red light of a bloody horror seems to fall over scenery and character, incident and life, we would fain wish to regard as picturesque. The historian seizes the pen immediately as the last act of the Great Rebellion closes by the restoration of Charles II. The last volume we have does not conduct us far from this date, but the history shows to us few pictures on which the eye rests with any complacency.

It was an age of intense excitement—so is ours, but our excitement is defined by purpose, and governed by law; our excitement is material: but the individual and society on the whole grow by its energy and its intensity. In that day all was indeed unrest—the unrest of an ominous and dreadful sleep—it was not the unrest of healthful labour, it was the restlessness of nightmare. The great army which had terrified Holland, France, Spain, and Italy was disbanded, and it is to their immortal honour that all parties have recorded how instantly all those mighty Ironsides and Roundheads became citizens, and, without one act of violence, melted among the masses of the people. The grey head of their awful general—that tremendous man to whose sagacity and genius, and impenetrable but powerful will the mightiest generals of ancient and modern times, Pericles or Gustavus, Cæsar or

Napoleon, look poor and tame, to whom we owe it that our civil war did not degenerate to a French revolution—was rotting over Westminster Hall. England was a vassal of France; Charles, like James, received money from Louis to veil to that ambitious and vain prince the power and sovereignty of himself and his kingdom. Amused with his dogs and his harlots at Whitehall, the successor of Cromwell did not heed, or only heeded to smile at, the cannons of the great Dutch Admiral thundering along the Thames and striking the notes of invasion. Alison has the daring impudence to ascribe this disgraceful spectacle of our fleets burnt in the channel to the wretched provision the Great Rebellion had made for the lasting defence of the realm! The scaffold and the headsman were well employed in those days. The pure and spotless Sir Harry Vane; the rigid and roman Algernon Sydney; the christian and meek-hearted Lord William Russell—these were some of the victims, and victims with whom we cannot see that Macaulay has much sympathy. Nonconformists were a proscribed race. Magistrates had the power to transport them beyond the seas without the needless formality of a trial. They sought to dwell near each other, and were wont to break a door in the wall between their houses to admit each other to spiritual companionship and fellowship. In those days Milton narrowly escaped hanging. Bunyan was passing through his twelve years' imprisonment.

Charles II. died, but his death brought no repose or rest to the nation. A careless and reckless spendthrift, a good-humoured, and witty, and easy tyrant, who made other men ministers of his tyrannies, died. He had sworn to defend the Protestant faith. He was admitted on his death-bed secretly into the Church of Rome. To him succeeded a cold, cruel, self-willed tyrant, who would have no advice, and, ruled by no ministers, then began in earnest a struggle for prerogative. The king and the people were leagued against each other more fearfully than in the days of the Great Rebellion. We shudder at those times, they are not like our country's records. They are too cruel and bloody, more horrible to read, more harrowing than even the days of Mary, or of Henry VIII. The country was mad. The king, sworn to Protestantism, opened his private chapel in his palace and publicly elevated the Host. If treason and rebellion stalked through the land, remember how that king had forfeited his coronation vows. Remember that Jesuitism was everywhere, in the highest and lowest places of the land. Only hurry your eye along the topics of excitement which formed the staple of conversation in those days at the old house on the grange, by the hostel fireside, in the city, and on the exchange. James II. was one of the most cruel

and revengeful princes that ever wore a crown. He lived by revenge. Titus Oates was, we fear, worthy of all he received, but he lived in a day when corruption was fashionable, when integrity and modesty were regarded as mere tricks of commerce; when perjury was a very innocent and common-place kind of vice. He aimed high. He *was* a villain, but there was a foundation for his villainy in the state of the times; but James when he ascended to power did not forgive him. The pillory and cart's tail were ordinary implements of justice then, but scarcely ever before or since was there so brutal and horrible a sentence. He had been the people's favourite, the idol of the nation. His coarse, low, hard face and baboon visage did impersonate to the people their hatred of Popery. He stood in the pillory twice. He was flogged through the city from Aldgate to Tyburn through two days. It seemed impossible that he could survive the horrible lash. The multitudes thronged the streets; the blood streamed in rivulets. The hangman laid on the lash with such severity that it was clear "he had received special instructions." James was entreated to remit the second flogging. His answer was short and decided: "He shall go through with it if he has breath in his body." Strange freakish fortune. The rascal did survive it, and received from the Government, in a few years, not his sentence of annual pillory and perpetual imprisonment, but a pension of £400. Very different was the character of Samuel Johnson; a patriot—a somewhat mistaken and especially a misled one—he received a sentence almost as cruel. He hated Popery and King James with a good fervent hatred. We have no fellow-feeling with Macaulay in his sneer at the intemperance of this well-meaning and much-abused man. The clergy stripped his gown from his back. "You are taking my gown from off my back for trying to keep yours on your own backs," said he; and he was right. They plucked the Bible from his hands; it was part of the form. "You cannot," said he, seizing it, and bursting into tears, "deprive me of the hopes I owe to it." They flogged him, with a scourge of nine lashes, from Newgate to Tyburn. The king was interceded with again and again on his behalf; but there was no remission of sentence to be obtained. "Mr. Johnson has the spirit of a martyr; it is fit that he should be one," was the reply of this great champion for freedom of conscience. During the flogging he never winced. Oates had roared and bellowed all the way. He said the pain was cruel, but he remembered how patiently the cross had been borne up Calvary; and, only that he feared to incur the suspicion of vain-glory, he would have sung a psalm. We confess our heart leaps more at this endurance and sustainance of the simple-minded

clergyman than at any of the incidents of the trial of the bishops. These were some of the amusing exhibitions James provided for his admiring people—these were some of the modes by which he attempted to conciliate public opinion to his favour—but they were not all.

He equalled himself when he elevated to the bench, and made Lord Chief Justice, a man whose name has never, in any English court of judicature, had its parallel for brutality and shameless infamy. His court was the den of a wild beast. Charles II. said of him:—"That man has no learning, no sense, no manners, and more impudence than ten carted street-walkers." He was fond of harrowing the feelings of his victims. 'The dear and glorious Richard Baxter, that chosen ornament of the piety and holy wisdom of our nation, narrowly escaped flogging at the cart's tail. Think of that, and then think what those times must have been. He loved to sentence women to be flogged in public. "Hangman," he would say, "I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly, man; scourge her till the blood runs down! It is Christmas—a cold time for madam to strip in: see that you warm her shoulders thoroughly." In this way his humorous and facetious spirit showed itself. One cannot but feel interested in the courtship and married life of this English Haynau. We said the nation was wrought to madness—and yet how many blows of cruel tyranny had to be struck before the mild and merciful English people determined that the judgment should fall! The reader remembers the days of the Battle of Sedgemoor—the rebellion of Monmouth. He remembers that Bloody Assize—that clot of gore on the memory of James. Those were the days in which the beautiful Lady Alice Lisle was sentenced by the butcher to be burnt "that very afternoon," for affording only food and shelter to two runagate rebels from Sedgemoor, and who was actually for that crime beheaded—beheaded only because they were strangers and taken in, hungry and fed! Elizabeth Gaunt had given bread and shelter, too, to a villain; he informed against her, and she was burnt at Tyburn. In the Bloody Assize, Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than all his predecessors since the Conquest. In the west of England, on every spot where two roads met, on every village green, a gallows and gibbet were erected; "before every church some blameless neighbour grinned in iron." The bloody passion of the Lord Chief Justice had been shown by his causing the court of Taunton be hung with red cloth. Lord Stowell ventured to remonstrate on the remorseless manner in which his poor neighbours had been butchered: so he was favoured by having a corpse suspended in chains at his park gates. The

Lord Chief Justice and the King were worthy of each other. We know what Jeffreys was ; we know what the King was, too. He could not forgive ; he could not spare ; he could not conciliate. After his calm and peaceful sleep in his cell, the great and holy Duke of Argyle stepped forth from his prison to lay his grey hairs on the scaffold. For Monmouth we do not feel so much sympathy. We perhaps should feel none if the King had not contrived to give to his execution those circumstances tending to create detestation to him and sympathy for the duke. " You had better be frank with me," said James to Mr. Ayloff, one of the rebels, when before the Council ; " you know it is in my power to pardon you." " I know it is in your power, but it is not in your nature," replied the sturdy and undaunted man. Then came the Trial of the Bishops—a very light affair, as it seems to us, compared with other transactions, but exhibiting a determined disposition on the part of the King to crush all law and to reign paramount—especially to bring back and to exalt Romanism ; to violate coronation oaths and every principle of faith and duty. *It was time that James should go—it was time that William should come.* It is impossible to refrain from indignation at our position in those days—this great and mighty land a pensionary on the will of France and Louis. Every principle of justice invaded and inverted. All things, all national affairs, adrift. *It was time that William should come.* The bustle of preparation had been going on for some time on the Hague. Louis knew it, and longed to save James from disgrace ; but he was blind as well as mad. He rushed, all his life long, upon his doom, as if impelled by a fate ; and something like a Grecian fatalism does seem to run through all that family. James fled—left London without a monarch and a head—*fled like himself*—dared to fling the great seals into the Thames—left his metropolis to the wild horrors of the Irish night ;—but not before William had been received by the people of the West. By this great revolution no law had been suspended—no cruelty characterized the transition of power. James had abdicated, and was virtually dead. William succeeded by popular acclamation to the throne. The answer of old Maynard, who had accused Stafford in Westminster Hall, and was now ninety years of age, when, on the lawyers paying their homage to William, the King said—" Why, Mr. Serjeant, you have survived all the lawyers of your standing." " Yes, Sir," said the old man ; " and, but for your Highness, I should have survived the laws too." How this happy, witty, and most elegant answer illustrates that revolution ! These are the times—these are the events—on which our historian has expended his happiest powers.

For one thing we may be especially grateful to our writer, among others: he has done justice to William III.,—a tardy justice is done to the memories of men, and in our age especially dead heroes seem to be perpetually starting from their tombs, to be reniched in history. The insolence with which by many writers the memory of William has been treated is intolerable. That gross partizan, Miss Strickland, usually calls him "the Dutchman," and other writers are similarly loyal and courteous to his memory. Macaulay has done for him what Carlyle has done for Cromwell—throughout the volumes William's name stands forward, commanding our homage by his bearing, and true, and unmistakeable royalty. Of the three men, Cromwell, Charles II., and William, the last, says Macaulay, seems to have fared the worst; Cromwell was hated, but he was strong, no one could doubt, and he had many of those popular traits which compel history to speak reverently of a man: he had a grand and daring enthusiasm, and he swept to and fro, fierce, mighty, and terribly powerful; he effectually quelled all faction in his day, and as Landor has admirably said, "In his dealings with the sovereigns of Europe, he entered their courts as into a den of tigers, and scourged them out howling." Charles II. was a man very unlike to James II., a bad man, a very bad prince, but he had all the qualifications of a great favourite; he could lounge in the park, or on the Mall, chat with Dryden, saunter with his favourite courtiers, and even affect a graceful unbending to men not belonging to the court; he could always slap Buckingham or Rochester on the back, and everlastingly had some good and smart thing on his tongue. William was the reverse of all this; he was unlike both of these men—he had not the mingled power, majesty, and enthusiasm of the first; he had none of the good humour and affability of the last; but he was a great man and a great king. "He could not adorn a court—he could save a nation;" he had no winning vices, he could not chatter about actresses or race cups; he had no chivalrous feelings for women; and when he asked the Princess Anne to dine with him, he devoured the whole dish of the first green peas without offering her a spoonful! This was dreadful, and proved him to be a low Dutch boor. Even you and I, reader, could not have sat quietly by and beheld that; and who could? Moreover, his pronunciation was quite German, or Dutch, when he spoke at all, but he usually preserved a chilling silence. But, although he had few courtly manners at his command, he had a great deal of honesty. He was able to cope with France, he made England independent again; "he served our nation well," although surrounded by men who were, as he well knew, traitors to his government and his interest. He was a free man himself, and had, we believe, what is

often found behind rugged and ill-fashioned behaviour, a gentleman's soul. When they tendered him the oaths and crown of Scotland, he spoke out publicly, for he knew the factions there, "I will not," he said, "lay myself under any obligations to be a persecutor." "Neither the words of that oath," said one of the commissioners, "nor the laws of Scotland, lay any such obligation on your majesty." "In that sense, then, I swear," said he, "but I desire you all, my lords and gentlemen, to witness that I do so."

Who does not feel the witchery of Macaulay's *interesting* power. One of the slightest and most insignificant sources of his popular strength, is not merely his power of narration in the whole, but his power of telling a short story. He is a master of anecdote; he has a fund and variety of illustrative incident at his command; he makes a little story to do the work of a happy image. Thus King William had very little faith in touching for the king's evil, as his ancestors through immemorial ages had done. William had too much sense to be duped, and too much honesty to bear a part in what he knew to be an imposture. "It is a silly superstition," he exclaimed, when he heard that, at the close of Lent, his palace was besieged by a crowd of the sick; "give the poor creatures some money, and send them away." On one single occasion, he was importuned into laying his hands on a patient—"God give you better health," he said, "and more sense!"

At the siege of Namur, "while the conflict was raging, William, who was giving his orders under a shower of bullets, saw, with surprise and anger, among the officers of his staff, Michael Godfrey, the deputy-governor of the Bank of England. This gentleman had come to the king's head quarters, in order to make some arrangement for the speedy and safe remittance of money from England to the army in the Netherlands, and was curious to see real war. Such curiosity William could not endure. 'Mr. Godfrey,' he said, 'you ought not to run such hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use here.' 'Sir,' answered Godfrey, 'I run no more hazard than your Majesty.' 'Not so,' said William, 'I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without hesitation commit my life to God's keeping. But you—' while they were talking, a cannon ball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the king's feet. It was not found, however, that the fear of being Godfreyed—such was during some time the cant phrase—sufficed to keep idle gazers from coming to the trenches. Though William forbade his coachmen, footmen, and cooks to expose themselves, he repeatedly saw them skulking near the most dangerous spots, and trying to get a peep at the fighting. He

was sometimes, it is said, provoked into horse-whipping them out of the range of the French guns; and the story, whether true or false, is very characteristic."

We all know how Macaulay delights in painting the portraits of statesmen—we think we must say, of corrupt statesmen. The age he has undertaken to paint was eminently the age of corruption; never before nor since has England had a race of men so wholly, and shamelessly, and shamefully bad in her Council Chambers. The men Macaulay has painted are many of them those whom Pope satirized; and in the measured march of our author's pages, in the terrible energy with which he lays his dreadful scourge of the half narrative, half satiric essay on their memory, we are reminded greatly of the manner of Pope. Our historian seems to love to

"Bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star."

Had he lived in Pope's day, we believe he would have said with him

"I own I'm proud; I must be proud to see
Those not afraid of God afraid of me."

Perhaps there is too much of the concentrated venom of his satires in these characterizations—he groups so bitterly, so intensely and remorsefully, all the worst particulars of a lifetime, and of a character. You see the black shadow so haunting the man, that you are often reminded of an anecdote of Lord Chesterfield. Mr. Hannay has used with some skill, in his very interesting lectures on satire and satirists. The servant of Lord Chesterfield was once scolded by his master for bringing in a dirty plate; the fellow replied rather impudently, that everybody must eat a peck of dirt in this life. "Yes!" replied his lordship, "but not all at one meal, you dirty dog, not all at one meal." Lord Macaulay does gather all the little dirty particulars about a man together, on a single page all the dirt of a lifetime is there; one cannot but exclaim, "Not all the dirt at once, my lord, not all at once." We think, indeed, the race of statesmen was so thoroughly bad, that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the vice and villany of most of those great actors. Many readers may possibly be surprised to find the disgraceful and debased depravity of some men, who have been the darlings of many generations; among others, the great Duke of Marlborough is made to sneak to and fro through these pages, with the stealthy step and the soiled garments of a double traitor, guilty of treason to James and blacker treason to William. His moral character is summed in a few sentences: "The loss of half-a-guinea would have done more to spoil his appetite and his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil conscience." Sunderland was another of

those State renegades, perpetually in the auction mart, waiting for the highest bidder—King James, or King William, or King Louis. Have you not his whole character, the character of that arch plotter, that engaging and apparent frankness, those courtly and most undissembling manners, when you are told, “His talents were not those of a public speaker, the art by which he surpassed all men was *the art of whispering?*”

There is one personage in his history, on whom Macaulay lingers with great affection, Halifax the Trimmer. We have little to urge against that illustrious nobleman; but we believe he reflects in a very eminent manner the character of the historian himself; it is very true, the man who conscientiously maintains his place in the temperate zone of politics and morals may be a most conscientious upright man in most of the relations of life and in his relations to government. It is not to be doubted that Halifax was perfectly conscientious; he adopted the epithet, the Trimmer, and published a tract in defence of the term full of beautiful and felicitous writing. Halifax occupied a very prominent and foremost position among the statesmen of his age, and his character stands among the highest; he was an eminently wary and cautious nobleman, he had more purpose in his character, and a greater disposition to a political career than Horace Walpole, but he belonged to the same order of mind also as that represented by Chesterfield, the mind that leans to epicurean indulgence. Such men have no conceptions of inflexible and eternal justice—they are exceedingly like Fielding's celebrated hero, the philosopher Square—captivated and led by the “eternal fitness of things,” which eternal fitness usually signifies the comfortable side of life. There is a goodness of humour, and equanimity of temper, which compels them frequently to take part with the true; the beautiful and the good in them struggles against tyranny and oppression; but they are far removed from the grandeur of Roman virtue, and still farther from the sublimity of Christian principle; they have no passions to impel them, and their principles are measured by fitness and expediency, hence, you will seldom be far wrong in following them, if you measure your success by worldly considerations. These men step forward upon state occasions, and their known caution of character surrounds them with an immense *prestige*, there is no vulgar taint among them, there is no vulgar contact—earnestness they never felt, yet they absolutely mean well—they are not mere time-servers, although they allow their characters to be rounded and modified by the time; you may on the whole rely upon them, but never if you advance to the neighbourhood of extremes. You must not indeed expect a consistency shaped from the loftiest model, such a consistency would be *incon-*

sistent indeed with that character; they do not deal in convictions, but opinions, which are a very different thing, nor are they guided by conscientious scruples, for they cannot understand them, and they will sneer at yours; but unable morally to appreciate them, intellectually and civilly they will make an allowance for them. You find this character most in the parlours and drawing-rooms of easy country gentlemen; a large library in a shady park has a mighty tendency to produce this state of feeling; it is intense action, and a life passed in the neighbourhood of it, that arouses to strong and passionate emotion, and to high-hearted and high-minded resolve and principle, to sail upon a delightful stream of reading, to walk round the ancestral farms and halls, may widen the vision of the intellectual eye, they do not usually intensify the moral nature.

These were the men of all men, and men far worse than this type, by whom the great Revolution of 1688 was achieved—is it not amazing that such men should have achieved such a work? This Revolution was one of the most safe, remarkable, and important the history of the world has recorded. Macaulay's History is a peal of applause in its praise. That Revolution has been little understood. But we have approached more nearly to the comprehension of it lately. Charles James Fox, Sir James Macintosh, Amand Carrel, had left little for us to receive of actual impression from these pages. We know that that Revolution had reality in it—that it took place in harmony with prescription and law—that it was inevitable—that our fathers, who had achieved it, were thrown upon the first initial letters and principles of government. We know that that Revolution was founded on moral wants, and in the invasion of moral rights. We know that it settled and consolidated the power of the Commons, and limited and fenced in by the sacred bonds of law the prerogative of the Prince. We know that that Revolution was essentially Protestant, and that it was not only a magnificent stand for Civil Liberty, but a protest and an endorsement of Religious Freedom. We know that it chartered the power of the people. That it was very defective we know. That the men who accomplished it neither regarded it as perfect, nor aimed to make it so; but that it contained an elasticity and spring by which ever since that auspicious day when William landed at Torbay, and that other, when he received the crown from the hands of Halifax, our country has been increasing in freedom and intelligence, and in moral and material power,—this we know. But we marvel how it happened that these great and glorious things should be achieved by men among the most degraded and corrupt our country has ever known.

There are grave charges to be preferred against Macaulay, but we take one of the gravest to be, that he is in a most eminent degree the historian of success. Great men and successful men, these are the subjects of his history. It seems very plain that with him the dignity of history must not stoop from its lofty place to give any lengthened details of other characters than statesmen. He loves ever to look at literary men best in their relation to the State. It seems as though he could not look at a literary work or a literary man by the light of his own or its own character and genius; it is his political associations which make him interesting; none of his papers are literary alone; if he begins with literature he soon diverges into politics; in that field he is eminently at home, and he does not wish to return.

Lord Macaulay has passed away, leaving several matters of alleged injustice unchanged in his history. The Bishop of Exeter has one ground of quarrel with him, and Robert Chambers and all Scotchmen have another. We fear his prejudices, as a Whig of 1688, were bitter and partial in the extreme, and they will not serve the trustworthiness and the higher fame of his brilliant history. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with some justice, tells against him the old anecdote of the juror in a court of law, who, when the counsel for the prosecution had finished his statement, said, "Now, I will call for the witnesses," exclaimed, "Look you; please you, we believe every word that you have said, and we do not want any witnesses." And Lord Macaulay seems to "believe every word he writes, and he don't want any witnesses."

Thus, we believe, his greatest historical heresy is, his treatment of William Penn. It is not only a literary peccadillo, it almost amounts to a moral crime. And when we read his pertinacious estimate of the great man, and remember the whole facts to which he refers, the reflection is forced upon us—this, then, is history! Against the clearest light, against facts most incontestable, he still persists in treating with contempt, which is not dignity, not only the memory of the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, but the indisputable evidences to the veracity and honesty of his character. Penn's is a venerable name; it stands among the most beloved in the heroic records of our country. Well, he was a Quaker, which, with Lord Macaulay, since the Quakers defeated him in the Edinburgh election, was a crime; but he sacrificed a fortune and position in life, in order that he might faithfully fulfil his conceptions of duty. It is very true, as Macaulay says, he is a mythic character. And, for a long time in the New World, the children of Onas regarded him as their Apollo or Numa. His goodness, indeed, was the true complement of his greatness. Penn was so unfortunate as to be the

creditor and the ward of a bad and tyrannical king. Yet Penn's friendships were with Algernon Sydney and other noble, patriotic spirits of that stamp and build. He advised the king to steps which might have saved him from exile, and preserved to him his throne. The most serious charge preferred against Penn is one in which clearly, by a reference to the papers in the State Paper Office, should be preferred against a *Mr. George Penn*. But this, especially, leads to the suggestion whether the less noticeable facts in the history have been allowed to bear the colour of the same bitter, party prejudice.

We have, in this slight paper, perhaps renewed a few of the impressions which have frequently pressed and crowded through the reader's mind in the course of the perusal of the fascinating volumes. Certainly they occupy their own very distinct place in the galleries of our literature. We have no writing exactly like it. What an immense monarchy of books it represents! What an acquaintance with the details of things and events! These volumes are the poetry of the library—certainly their author was no man to live without books. He devoured them greedily, voraciously—not perhaps with the voracity, the omnivorousness of Southey, who was a literary Dragon of Wantley; but fastening on a book, and seeming to get the very one trifling fact for which the fates had preserved it to that hour. Some men read books as easily as an experienced hand shells oysters; and to continue the image, the truth is there are very few books whose shell does not outweigh their oyster; but your experienced book-worm easily gets his knife into them, quite as amazing to the uninitiated as the rapid work of experienced oyster opening. And so our author often seems instinctively to have noted the *one* fact the knowledge of which made the reading of the book at all desirable. And, to our writer, every book he read was a kind of bridge, over which he passed into the realms of enlarged and vividly realised fact. He was a "*helluo librorum*." This plainly we see. But it were better for us were he less *merely* this. We cannot say he adds to the stock of our ideas; he does not enlarge our conceptions; and indeed it is very necessary to remind the reader that he is not to expect any evidences of religious knowledge in this writer. The great religious actors of the world are regarded simply from their relation to the great painting in hand; they were there, and it was necessary that they should occupy their place on the canvas, and in the group, the historical *tableaux* would be incomplete without them; but for all the great rhapsodies of stormy passion, for the voices—unheard by others—which call, and for the shapes which—unseen by others—mysteriously beckon, we can very well feel that our writer had a

great contempt. When a man like Cromwell has so subjected his passions, although commanded by them, that they have elevated him to a place from whence he rules the canvas, he deserves a different mode of treatment. He is now to be spoken of as becomes the dignity of history; but for a George Fox, or St. Francis, he has neither sympathy nor honour. Macaulay's mind was so constituted that if you did not compel his attachment and sympathy as an artist, you were sure not to have it as a man. And in religion—we for our part are unable to perceive that there is anything more than a graceful and accommodating Deism; the special Providence which raises up great men, watches over them, gives them their commission, makes them heralds and missionaries, there is nothing of this in any line that our author has ever written. No awful worlds, no contending passions and powers beheld in their tempest and storm, are in these pages. Here is no prophecy—none of that poetry winged by magnificent impulse and emotion. How charming—how admirable—how well expressed—how happily put—how fine that diction—how graceful that compliment—how delightful that delineation—how bitter that paragraph—these are your criticisms. There is no blazing red-hot curse on the evil; there is no lofty and cheering hymn of rapture to encourage the good; we think these books are very Erastitian; they are epicurean and indifferent; whoever the writer may portray, whatever event he may describe, he never seems to rise above an interested spectator; he never loses himself in the scene; he is not one of the actors. But I must close. It would be interesting to compare our writer with that pillar of fiery cloud, Thomas Carlyle—with Michelet and Thierry, the great historians of the French school; with Schlegel and the great historians of the German school; with Prescott and Hallam, the historians of exact and balanced taste and judgment. But the mention of these names assure us how far he is *from* all, and how independent *of* all—removed equally from those who write history like a fanciful novel and those who write it like a psychological philosophy.

III.

A PART-VIEW OF SCOTTISH CLERICAL LIFE.*

AMONG much else, good and bad, there has lately dropped from the press a true gem of biography, beautiful, as a tribute of filial piety, and charming, as a piece of literary workmanship—the supplementary chapter to the life of John Brown, D.D., by his son John Brown, M.D. The author of the ‘*Horne Subsecivæ*,’ has wrought out of pure golden ore a setting of exquisite finish, in which to preserve and hand down to posterity the veritable *χαρακτηρ* (the exact impress and counterpart) of his honoured father.

The larger life by Dr. Cairns is every way worthy of his pen, admirably lucid, and full of interest to those whose sympathy lies within the circle of the events and the times; valuable for what it puts forth, and hardly less so for what it holds back. The faculty of wise reticence—latent power—is often as true a sign of inward strength as the faculty of construction and expression. Both are exercised to admirable purpose by Dr. Cairns. We shall make free use of the product of his labour, in the hasty and rude sketch which follows, only taking care not to endanger the philosophic repose of our readers, by plunging them head and ears into the mysteries of Scottish Calvinism, or into the smaller but as puzzling mysteries of Presbyterian schisms and sects.

And yet, the schisms and sects cannot be ignored, with justice to the task which we purpose to execute, in however imperfect a manner. They are difficult even of enumeration, they, at all events, defy *appreciation* by the Anglican type of mind—so minute are they, so fine and, sometimes, to all but the parties themselves, so utterly unimportant. But they are not without interest of a certain kind to the thoughtful student of history. They contain their lesson, not at all to be slighted by those who would understand the tendencies and laws, the normal and abnormal possibilities of their race. Were we to determine, in the light of Scottish religious history, the place which the human animal holds in the gradations of the species to which he belongs, one would be forced to put him in tribus “*pugnax*,” classis “*pugnacissimus*.” A talking, walking, somnolent, bibulant animal he has been called, but, of all things, he is a pugnacious animal. The bump of com-

* I. Memoir of John Brown, D.D., Edinburgh. By John Cairns, D.D., Berwick-on-Tweed.

II. Supplementary Chapter to the Life of John Brown, D.D. By John Brown, M.D., Edinburgh.

bativeness is found of extraordinary size on every human scull. It has sometimes been surmised—we hope without sufficient ground—that, in the head of a Scotsman, it reaches its largest development, and beyond all question, in the sphere of religion, the organ is excited to a clamorous, insatiable, restless, vexing, fretting, carking, cruel intensity of energy.

The lesson of the many, minute, Presbyterian schisms, among two or two-and-a-half millions of people, with unusually small scope for division, is a very significant one. Narrow the field as you may, let there be ever so wide and entire an agreement, and only the minutest space left where diversity of opinion can arise, it *shall* arise, nevertheless. The same spirit of contradiction shall break out, within the most contracted as within the most extended boundaries. There shall be the same lust of singularity, the same impatience of control, the same disposition to oppose authority and custom, the same proud self-assertion, almost self-isolation, the same excessive (miscalled) conscientiousness, which on the one side is superstition, and on the other side rises to the fury of fanaticism, the same tendency to question, and doubt, and analyse, and dispute, and dissect, and argue, for ever and over, without end.

It is especially noteworthy, that the “*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*” becomes “*ter-perfervidum*,” in theology. The Scotch disputant, with his Bible and his Confession of Faith and his Shorter Catechism under his arm, the fore-finger and thumb of one hand brought to a point on the palm of the other, will say, with a provoking look of fixed, dogged, pertinacity, “My friend, there is *one* point, you’ll observe, you have left out. It must not, cannot be left out. The whole argument turns on that very circumstance.” Thus will he go on, with his pointed fore-finger and thumb and his clear, keen, obstinate, perhaps conceited look, arguing and re-arguing, splitting very hairs, with an earnestness and a passion which could scarcely be greater, were the foundations of the universe endangered by another foul confederacy of devils. All the while, the matter in dispute may be of no sort of importance to man or God, so small as scarcely to be within the reach of human perception, or when with difficulty perceived, found to be no bigger than a pin-point.

An example may be taken from a very sacred region. In the record of the institution of the Lord’s Supper, it is given that “Jesus *took* bread, and *took* the cup, and blessed them.” Some Scottish clergymen in the dispensation of the Sacrament, adhering to the exact letter of the words in the New Testament, took up, *lifted* the bread in their hands, *lifted* also the cup, and replaced them on the table before offering the Consecration prayer. Others, imagining that as the bread and the cup were already before them,

it would be a mere idle formality to *lift* them, omitted this act, and simply offered the customary prayer. In this case, the disputants did not actually separate into distinct sects, but the conflict was a standing and a stern one for many years, and the parties were familiarly pointed out, with great favour or with deep dislike, as *lifters* and *anti-lifters*.

Another ludicrous instance may be cited. In the free Presbyterian Churches, the clergyman is chosen, or in the language of Scotland, is *called* by the members of the Church. Even under the law of patronage in the Church of Scotland, the form, though it can be only mere form, of a *call* by the heritors of the parish, or the heads of families is kept up. On a set day, one of the ministers of the Presbytery, within the bounds of which the vacant church is situated, presides at a meeting of the Church members, held for the election of a clergyman. The accepted phrase is, he *moderates* in a call to be given to so and so. The day of the meeting is styled the day of *moderation*; and on that day, the *moderation* is said to have taken place, and to have turned out in favour of so and so.

A question arose as to the propriety of announcing these *moderations* and their results in the public newspapers. It was carried on with passionate earnestness on both sides. It did not lead to an actual schism; it did not create two permanent separate sects; but the one party vehemently denounced the other as all but children of the wicked one, sons of Belial, who were mixing up sacred with secular things, and destroying the purity of the Christian Church. At length the weary quarrel was terminated by the authority of Scripture. A sage elder announced the important discovery that the Apostle Paul had decisively settled the disputed point. These were his words:—"Let *your moderation* be known unto all men." "How," the good man argued, triumphantly—"how could that be, unless it were put in the newspapers?"

It would be grossly in the face of the most serious facts, to assert that Scottish ecclesiastical separations have uniformly originated in distinctions of no importance. Far, very far is this from being the case. At the same time, it cannot be denied that the history of the country *does* leave the impression of excessive combativeness and pugnacity. There is an undoubted strong tendency in Scottish Presbyterians to make much of very little, to fly off, even with the violence of passion, from one another to the extent of handing each other over to the official custody of the devil, for reasons which, to ordinary apprehension, scarcely justify so frightful an extreme.

Episcopacy and Presbytery are so widely, if not irreconcilably, apart that it is not wonderful they should be entrenched,

each within a separate Church organisation. It is not surprising that Puritan Nonconformity should stand aloof from the Established Church of England. One might almost vindicate the schism between Pædo-baptists and Anti-pædo-baptists. But in Scotland, the ground is so exceedingly narrowed that separation, especially in the extent to which it has been carried, becomes something marvellous. With no very important exception, the country, including the great mass of the people and of the clergy, is Presbyterian. The Westminster Confession of Faith is the common creed. The ecclesiastical polity is the same. The Psalmody, the mode of worship, and the simple ritualism are the same. The Scotch Presbyterians seem to have almost everything in common—doctrine, discipline, worship, and rites. But the astounding fact, nevertheless, is that they have split and split again and again, and many times over.

How is it to be explained? Does it admit of reasonable interpretation? Let us look at the thing in an actual instance, perhaps it may uncoil itself, if we watch it narrowly.

No Englishman can be expected to understand the words Burgher and Anti-burgher, as the designation of two separate religious parties. On this side the Tweed, the words would inevitably connect themselves with *civil*, not *sacred* distinctions. But it fell out thus: About 130 years ago, a *secession* from the Established Church of Scotland took place. The Erskines and one or two other clergymen *seceded* from the National Establishment on the ground of error in doctrine, laxity of discipline, and the growing mischiefs of lay patronage, and commenced to form a separate Church, long distinguished as *The Secession*. But the seceders found that their new position was, or seemed to be, unpleasantly affected by the civil institutions of the country. The citizens of burgh towns were required to take an oath, of which *this* was among the obligations, "To support the Church of Scotland by law established." Some at once concluded that it would be perjury in them to take this oath, and that they could not become *burghers* on such terms. Others argued that the oath bound them to support the Church of Scotland, as *by law established*, but not as *then administered* by the ruling party in the Church courts. The latter believed that in perfect good faith the burgess-oath might be taken by them, and that therefore they could conscientiously continue or become burghers. Hence the peculiar distinctive designation of the two parties.

But how could such a point as this rend a Church into two conflicting sects? It was a mere difference of opinion as to the right interpretation of certain words, and might surely have been left to individual conscience and judgment. But no; neither party

would tolerate a different construction of an English sentence—involving no doctrine of theology and no law of morality—from that which they pronounced to be the correct one. They *must* divide, and they *did* divide within a few years of the first secession, and formed themselves into two distinct and bitterly-opposed Churches—Burghers and Anti-burghers. And only a few years later, these two Churches were again each subdivided upon a question, certainly of deeper importance, but of great subtlety, and so unlikely, at that time, ever to create any practical difficulty that it might well have been left as a matter of mutual forbearance—a question touching the power of the civil magistrates in the sphere of religion. It is most grateful to be able to record that, in the last generation, the tide has manifestly turned, and the spirit of division has been overborne by a deep-seated desire to unite. On the one hand, the Free Church has drawn unto itself several of the ministers and congregations belonging to the minor Presbyterian sects. On the other hand, for several years, the three larger and more influential bodies of separatists from the National Establishment have been amalgamated, and now form the United Presbyterian Church.

Of this United Church, the late Rev. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, was a minister, and long held besides the office of one of its Professors of Theology—the exegesis of the New Testament being his special department. Few will be told for the first time that the Rev. Dr. Brown was a remarkable man, noteworthy anywhere and all wheres. He was distinguished by hereditary connexion with one of the most important religious movements in Scottish history; by a rare combination of powers, and rare industry in their cultivation; by personal influence, while he lived, unusually extended and of the highest kind; and by the production of works which, while of the greatest authority in the department to which they belong, are themselves a singular literary curiosity, having been issued to the number of eleven or twelve large octavo volumes, after he had passed the sixty-fifth year of his age. The death of such a man merits some reverent and admiring words, on this side the Tweed, as assuredly it will call forth similar utterances throughout the New World and in Germany, where Dr. Brown was well known to many of the masters of philology and of Biblical exegesis.

The public have lately been charmed, and with great good reason on many accounts, with the memoirs of a Scottish clergyman of the last century, dubbed by Sir Walter Scott Jupiter Carlyle, on account of his great stature and the massive symmetry of his person. Quite another type of character, a contrast in almost all respects, we have in the Scottish Professor of

Theology. Physically, mentally, and morally, personally and officially, the contrast is wide and striking. To descend even to the soubriquet, if the one was distinguished as Jupiter Carlyle, the other, with no less justice, might have been called Apollo Brown. He was a beautiful man. His stature, his form, his face, indicated anything but weakness; on the contrary, they gave the distinct impression of intellectual and moral energy. But he was a beautiful being. The present writer, for himself, never beheld so singularly, exquisitely beautiful an *old man*. And his life was like himself, a beautiful life. But it was strong as beautiful, full of sturdy, hardy, brave deeds, persistent and patient, sustained and braced from within, by faith in itself, in its own aims, and ends, and destiny. Withal, it was mellowed and beautified by quiet, steady, uniform consistency; by fidelity alike to its human and its divine relations, and by a certain pensive softness, difficult to describe. It was a *trusted* life. You could depend upon it, knew where it was, and where it certainly would be found, under any given circumstances. It was an honour to humanity, and to the great, undying principles on which it was based, and out of which it had grown. It was fully recognized during its course; yet more was it recognized when that course had terminated. Edinburgh is not London; but Edinburgh is the capital of the north, large and populous even among capital cities. On the day of Dr. Brown's funeral, in the entire line of streets through which the cortége passed, from the southern to the northern extremity, the shops were closed, and business in part suspended.

Dr. Brown, like all whose lives have been good for much, except preaching savoury sermons to sentimental spinsters and comforting gouty old gentlemen in easy chairs, or in softly-cushioned carriages, was early a sufferer. The discipline may be varied endlessly. It may be chiefly or wholly the horror and agony of great mental darkness, perpetuated through years of inward conflict, and doubt, and fear. Or it may be the sudden fall, and the long crushing burden of outward calamity; but the sore discipline is ever *a necessity* of real greatness. No true, brave life on earth, no life of high daring and of heroic victories, ever yet escaped the severe and sharp ordeal of suffering. Dr. Brown was early a sufferer, a great sufferer, and his whole life was touched and deeply tinged throughout by a great, early sorrow. The delight of his eyes was torn from him, after but a few short years of wedded peace and joy; even before this, as a child of eleven years of age, his soul had been *prepared* to be toned to pensiveness and silent musing. He lost his mother; he was constantly with her in her last illness, and seems to have been her favourite child.

“There must have been,” says his son, “something very delicate, and close, and exquisite, in the relation between the ailing, silent, beautiful mother, and that dark-eyed, dark-haired, bright and silent son—a sort of communion it is not easy to express. You can think of him sitting by the bedside, while the rest were out and shouting, playing at hide-and-seek round the little church, with the winds from Ben Lomond, or the wild uplands of Ayrshire, blowing through their hair. He played seldom with them, but when he did run out, he jumped higher and farther, and ran faster than any of them. His peculiar beauty must have come from his mother. . . . His time with his mother, and the necessary confinement and bodily depression caused by it, I doubt not, deepened his native thoughtful turn, and his tendency to meditative melancholy.”*

But the death of his youthful wife was the blow which struck him utterly down, and changed his whole life; so that ever after he was a totally different being. “The manse became silent,” to quote again the son’s words, “we lived, and slept, and played under the shadow of death, and we saw or rather felt that he was another father than before. No more happy laughter from the two in the parlour, as he was reading Larry, the Irish post-boy’s letter, in Miss Edgeworth’s tale, or the last Waverly novel; no more visitings in a cart with her, he riding beside us on his white thorough-bred pony. He went among his people as usual, when they were ill; he preached better than ever—they were sometimes frightened to think how wonderfully he preached—but the sunshine was over, the joy of young life and mutual love. He was little with us, and the house was still.”†

For long, long years, the young widower’s heart was in the grave of his youthful wife; and his was a *genuine* widowhood, so true and holy. The writer can well remember, after ten or twelve years had elapsed, how in the minds of the common people it was hedged round with a sanctity, a divinity of its own. No one dared to profane it; and on account of it, Dr. Brown was loved with a very reverent love by multitudes who had never spoken to him. Like all human things, this great sorrow, in effect, had its evil as well as its good side. The sufferer turned away, in a sort, from human companionship and sympathy. “His entire nature had got a shock, and his blood was drawn inwards, but fuel was heaped all the more on the inner fires.” He became, and ever afterwards continued, a comparatively retired, reserved, self-contained, self-sufficing man; occasional beamings of genealogy and

* Supplementary Chapter, pp. 26. 27. † *Ibid.* p. 12.

of brilliancy might flash out, but they were rare ; genuine kindness lay deep underneath, but it rarely came up in expression.

It was *the* fault of his life, though so well accounted for by its sacred cause. It was a real and cruel injury to his own nature, which wanted, *must* have often longed and clamoured for, this relief. And it was a heavy loss to those with whom he associated. Rarely, if ever, could he thoroughly unbosom and abandon himself, and let out freely, heedlessly, trustingly, all that was in him. He was not communicative, not talkative, save in a didactic colloquy, when he had it all, or chiefly, to himself. He *could* talk and *did*, clearly, admirably, to his students, for example, or to any who sought his opinion ; but it was as a hen breaking down a large piece in her beak into little morsels, and scattering them to her chickens whom she was feeding ; this done, there was an end of it. On his part, conversation consisted of formal, correct, very lucid sentences, expressing his judgment, always well weighed, on some book, or subject, but these uttered, there often followed an awkward, painful pause. The uninterrupted, spontaneous, hearty, easy, free flow of thought and feeling, of sense or nonsense, of seriousness or of humour, and fun and glee, just at it might happen, was not for him at all. He could not, or rarely, in this way unbend. A generous, loving human heart beat in his bosom, but it had been early checked, and stunned, and chilled, and rarely afterwards was ever let out. He was not cold—the very opposite—his face ever bespoke a pensive warmth, but his manner was formal and too conscious. Even to his own children, Dr. Brown, except at rare intervals, was guarded and hedged round, held back and shut up within himself. Referring to a special occasion, when, owing to circumstances, the father's whole heart and soul were beautifully opened, his son says,—“ Such a thing only occurred to me once or twice all my life ; and then when we were home, he was silent, shut up, self-contained as before. He was himself conscious of this habit of reticence, and what may be called *selfism* to us, his children, and lamented it. I remember his saying, in a sort of mournful joke, ‘ I have a well of love, I know I have, but it is a *well*, and a *draw*-well, to your sorrow and *mine*, and it seldom overflows ; but’—looking with that strange power of tenderness, as if he put his voice and his heart into his eyes,—‘ you may always come hither to draw.’ He used to say, he might take to himself Wordsworth's lines :—

‘ I am not one who much or oft delights
To season my fireside with personal talk.’

And changing ‘ *though* ’ into ‘ *if* ’—

'A well of love, it may be deep—
 I trust it is—and never dry;
 What matter, though its waters sleep
 In silence and obscurity.'

The expression of his affection was more like the shock of a Leyden jar than the continuous current of a galvanic circle."[•]

In such a life, and just on this account, there must have been less than usual of the social, common, human element. Carlyle, the Jupiter Carlyle of Sir Walter Scott, was a cultivated man of the world—a parish clergyman, it is true, but this was rather an accident of his earthly lot, than the centre around which his whole being revolved, and which was the grand formative force within that being. To get to know *him*, we must follow him into the most various society, sit with him at the dinner table, pass into the drawing-room, drop occasionally into the theatre, or the opera, accompany him in his journeys to London or to the continent, look into his connexion with political or ecclesiastical parties, examine his large and various correspondence, and overhear his conversations with Hume, and Adam Smith, and Smollett, and Robertson, and Blair.

Quite on the other hand, Dr. Brown was *the* clergyman, a cultivated, accomplished, well-bred gentleman, it is true, but *the* clergyman, only or chiefly the clergyman—withal unusually retired and self-contained. In order to be really acquainted with *him*, to know *his* inner self, the *real* life, with its aims and purposes, and accomplishments, which he lived among men, we must see him, not in society, not even in his family, but chiefly in his study, with his books and his work. Much as he loved and relished occasional society, his chosen delight was to be alone, where, undisturbed, he could meditate and frame short, pithy, lucid sentences, which were his peculiar luxury, and where he got, as he wanted, no reply. In *his study*, we repeat, we must see him, if we would really know him, or, if elsewhere, then in his church, and in his pulpit, or at the farthest, in his pastoral visitations, at the meetings of Presbytery and of Synod, and in the Professorial chair of the Theological Hall, among his students.

Nevertheless, there are some delicious openings *from the human side*, into this so often shut-up nature. Dr. Brown was naturally exceedingly excitable, needed and relished excitement, and the more intense the better. He found it in, amongst other things, his son says, "imaginative literature, and in fiction. In the highest kind of poetry he enjoyed the sweet pain of tears, and all his life

[•] Supplementary Chapter, pp. 40, 41.

he had a steady liking, even a hunger, for a good novel. This refreshed, lightened, and diverted his mind from the strain of his excessive exegesis." It may not be without happy effect, in certain quarters, to know that a man of so great learning, and of fervent, evangelical piety, used always to say, "that Sir Walter Scott and Goldsmith, and even Fielding, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, and Miss Ferrier, were true benefactors to the race, by giving such genuine, such secure, and innocent pleasure, and he often repeated with admiration Lord Jeffery's words on Scott, inscribed on his monument." "But the exercise and the excitement he most of all others delighted in, was riding, and had he been a country gentleman, and not a clergyman, I don't think he could have resisted fox-hunting. With the exception of that great genius in more than horsemanship, Andrew Ducrow, I never saw a man sit a horse as he did. He seemed inspired, gay, erect, full of the joy of life, fearless, and secure." "He was known all over the Upper Ward, and down Tweeddale, for his riding." "He had generally well-bred horses, or, as I would now call them, ponies; if he had not, his sufferings from a dull, hard-mouthed, heavy hearted and footed plebeian horse, were almost comic. On his grey mare, or his little blood bay horse, to see him setting off and indulging it and himself in some alarming gambols, made one think of 'young Harry with his beaver up.' " "The grey mare he had for many years. I can remember her small head and large eyes, her neat, compact body, round as a barrel—her finely, flea-bitten skin, and her thoroughbred legs. I have no doubt she had Arabian blood. My father's pride in her was quite curious. Many a wild ride to and from the Presbytery at Lanark, and across flooded and shifting fords, he had on her. She was as sweet-tempered and enduring as she was swift and sure, and her powers of running were appreciated and applied in a way which made him both angry and amused, but which he never discovered till it was too late." "It was whispered she had once won a whip at Lanark races. They still tell of his feats on this fine creature, one of which he himself never alluded to without a feeling of shame. He had an engagement to preach somewhere beyond the Clyde, on a Sabbath evening, and his excellent and attached friend and elder, Mr. Kello, of Lindsay-lands, accompanied him on his big plough-horse. The service was to be in the open air, on the river side. When they got to the Clyde, they found it in full flood, heavy and sudden rains at the head of the water having brought it down in a wild *spate*. On the opposite side were the gathered people and the tent. Before Mr. Kello knew where he was, the minister on the earth was swimming across, and carried down in a long diagonal

line, the people looking on in terror. He landed, shook himself, and preached with his usual fervour.”*

Certainly this was as informal, almost uncivilized, a mode of conducting sacred functions as can well be imagined. The utter absence of *the clerical proprieties*, at least in outward seeming, if we may so speak, will perhaps jar harshly on those whose experience belongs to the present day, and to the large cities or towns of England. Perhaps, for their sakes, another fact of the same order, but still more revolting to notional sensibilities, ought not to be introduced. But, be it remembered, it dates back nearly sixty years ago, to the very commencement of Dr. Brown’s ministry, and it belongs to *Scotland* sixty years ago, and to the secluded country districts of Scotland, then almost completely shut out from communication with the great world. Referring to Dr. Brown’s first public appearances as a clergyman, an eye-witness writes: “He was tall, too tall for the pulpit, and in singular contrast to the clerical costume of the present day, he was dressed in light-coloured corded knee-breeches and Hessian boots, the Geneva gown and bands being unknown in *the Secession* and even the black coat not universal. His appearance was prepossessing; he was in the bloom of youth; his locks bushy and black as a raven, and I need not say that his eye was intelligent and lively. When he began the service his manner and tone were striking and solemn, and though at that time he stood as still as a statue, yet from the depth and appropriateness of his illustrations, he was very impressive.”*

In what *now* seems so strange to us, Dr. Brown was only conforming to his age, not offending it. The age changed, and with it Dr. Brown, for the last thirty or forty years of his life was more obedient than most men to all the becoming conventionalisms, as these are now universally understood. But we do not say that in thought and in heart he did not often go back—we believe he *did*, and with great delight—to the less refined and more freshening experiences of his early ministry. Especially did he recall some of the hallowed scenes—the sacramental occasions amongst others—of his boyhood, in connection with his father’s church at Longridge, a wild and lonely spot, but very sacred by association to him. Burns’ “Holy Fair” is a wicked and vile burlesque of the Scottish communion Sabbath. Unhappily there *was* truth in it, too much truth indeed, but there was another side of the picture, a truer and a better side.

Amongst the holiest recollections of Dr. Brown’s youth was

* Supplementary Chapter, pp. 31—36.

* Dr. Cairns’ Memoir, p. 53.

“the excitement connected in those days with the observance of the Lord’s Supper. The moorland solitude was then enlivened by immense crowds of worshippers, flocking under the summer’s sun from all quarters, and ascending the *ridge* where the sanctuary stood, as on Mount Zion, while within its walls, or beneath a tent erected outside, some of the saintly men of a former generation addressed the multitude. From scenes like these John Brown of Haddington (the grandfather) had disappeared, but the blank was filled up by his second son, the Rev. Ebenezer Brown of Inverkeithing, a man whose natural eloquence, loveliness of character, and heavenliness of mind are still fondly remembered by a wide circle. His open-air discourses fell on the ear, in the stillness of a communion eve, like the finest music; and his conversation in private, which had an equal charm, must have left deep traces for good on the youthful Longridge family.”*

Dr. Brown’s first ministerial charge was in Biggar, “a small town in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, on the high road from Edinburgh to Moffat and Dumfries, being distant from the capital about twenty-eight miles. The traveller who pursues this route gradually rises, through a succession of valleys and moors, till he finds himself face to face with the central chain of hills which guard the sources of the Clyde and Tweed, and send down their outposts to the plain. The most conspicuous of these is Tinto, on the west, rising with ruddy summit to the height of more than 2,000 feet, and washed by the infant Clyde; while the chain, throwing up other peaks as it stretches eastward, joins at last the greener slopes that overhang the Tweed. It is the dividing ridge of Scotland in that part, for the waters of the Clyde, when swollen, find a passage near Biggar to the Tweed; and the eye takes in from the summit of Tinto, on a clear day, the crag of Ailsa in the western firth, and the Bass rock in the German Ocean. In the long and narrow strath or valley, stretching from east to west, which the traveller crosses to enter the gorge of the hills, but nearer its eastern extremity, lies the town of Biggar. It consists chiefly of one wide street, with something of a grey and ancient look, which harmonizes well with its retired situation. The gigantic mass of Tinto rises on its western side; and, though five miles distant, seems almost to bound the street and to cover the place with its shadow. The little town is a picturesque feature in the midst of moorland, and meadow, and stream, and of the silent hills which enclose it on every side. The population is now upwards of 2,000; and modern improvements have somewhat changed the face of the town, as well as of the surrounding

* Dr. Cairns’ Memoir, p. 20.

country. But neither the increase of cultivated fields and thriving plantations, nor the stir and movement connected with the proximity of a railway, have effaced the pastoral wildness and seclusion impressed by the hand of nature. The place has only the resources of a small agricultural capital, formerly increased by weaving for houses in Glasgow; but a look of quiet comfort pervades it not always found in more fertile and opulent districts. If we suppose the country unclothed of the richer features given by draining, by planting, and by the preponderance of the agricultural over the pastoral element, and the population not only somewhat diminished in numbers but cut off almost entirely from the great world, and thrown upon their own solitary reading and reflection, we shall have a picture of Biggar and the surrounding locality as it was more than fifty years ago, when Mr. Brown began his labours.*

Such was the place where Dr. Brown commenced his public course, and where he had his share of life, and labour, and *suffering*, for sixteen years. The suffering through which he passed had no little to do with the patient labour to which he devoted himself. We shall, by-and-bye, have the testimony of his son, that the methodical and continuous pursuit of his exegetical studies dates from the dark hour of his early bereavement. Overwhelmed by the desolating blow, driven in on himself, wounded permanently in his social affections, pensive, and reserved, he deliberately chose the course of hard, solitary study—but study in the line of his profession, to which the piety of his heart attracted him almost more than the structure and tendencies of his mental constitution.

These years of sorrow and of hard toil were full of blessing, to an indefinite amount, for his whole future life. In them, the foundations were laid of all that he afterwards became. In them, the preliminary processes were gone through, the many tedious preparatory labours were conducted, on the basis of which were to rest—as they did firmly rest—his power and wide usefulness as a preacher of Christian truth; his influence on the rising ministry, as a theological professor; and his acceptance with the general public, through his writings, as an expositor of holy Scripture. In these years, as through life, Dr. Brown was not forgetful of the claims of general literature; but the bent of his mind, and the call of his profession, alike impelled him to select, as his chief study, the interpretation, critical and exact, of the sacred writings. To this high purpose, his time, his powers, and his deepest sympathies and solitudes, were consecrated. Under

* Dr. Cairns' Memoir, pp. 56—58.

a profound sense of duty to his master, and from a lofty aim to serve his generation, he gave himself laboriously and perseveringly to the study and the practice of biblical exegesis. All on which he could lay his hand that bore upon his chosen purpose, whether ancient or modern, Greek, Latin, French, or English, was eagerly and faithfully examined. Year by year, he was storing, enriching, and strengthening his mind, deepening a sacred taste, and disciplining his powers for efforts which he was designed ere long to put forth.

There was very much to favour, in certain aspects, the studious tastes and habits of the young minister. The seclusion, and yet wildness and beauty of the place, the exceeding quiet of a country village, and the complete immunity from interruption, save from the proper calls of his pastoral office, easily met in a small and peaceful charge, these and others were rare and great advantages.

Young ministers stationed for a few years in retired country charges enjoy an opportunity hardly to be over-estimated for furnishing, training, and bracing their minds, which it is not only a crime against God, but the cruellest injury to themselves to let slip. Young ministers, wherever situated, in country or town, cannot be warned too often or too urgently that incalculable importance attaches to the manner in which they use their first few years. The loss of these, for higher ends, is ill compensated by a mere fatal facility in extemporaneous speaking, by premature influence on committees, or at public meetings, or by desultory and hap-hazard reading, however extended. These years are the *special*, almost the only available season for gathering and laying in stores of solid knowledge, for opening wide, yet regulating and wisely supplying the mental appetites, for creating or confirming the taste for hard study, and for forming habits of patient inquiry and of lofty and severe thinking. These years are the true spring-time of their lives, when *the spring work* must be done, if it is ever done at all; the time for ploughing, and harrowing, and cleaning, and preparing the ground, and casting with a free hand the imperishable seed, if a harvest is ever to be reaped that shall be worth anything to themselves, or to the world. Dr. Brown was not an exception, but an example. In his case (as in most cases) it was in quiet retirement, in the conscientious and laborious studies of the first few years of his course, that he laid securely the foundations of an enviable fame and of a widely-extended usefulness.

From Biggar Dr. Brown was transferred to Edinburgh, and in Edinburgh the last thirty-six years of his life were spent, as the minister first of Rose Street and then of Broughton Place, and, for a quarter of a century, as one of the Professors of Theology of the United Presbyterian Church.

When he entered upon his new charge, "his ministry underwent little change in its features, except for the impulse which came from a large and eager congregation. His train of exposition hardly grew more elaborate, nor did his exhibitions of the Gospel take more of a philosophical colouring than they had possessed from the beginning. The only aspect of novelty was the preponderance of discourses of a stern and awakening character, addressed with passionate earnestness, and delivered in the highest style of physical energy. His vehemence was hardly less than that of Dr. Chalmers himself in these moments of excitement; and his appeals, seconded by the glance of the eye and the stamp of the foot, seemed to shake not only the auditory but the very building in which they were uttered. The elements of instruction and discussion, however, maintained their place; and some of his most valued courses of sermons and lectures partook most of these qualities. In particular, a monthly course of Lord's-day evening lectures on the history of the Jews was attended by such crowds that the preacher could hardly find his way to the pulpit. Men of letters, such as Henry Mackenzie, author of the 'Man of Feeling,' were found amongst his occasional hearers; and, amongst the ranks of military and professional men, not a few gathered around him, as they found *his* manner of handling the Bible, and deducing its lessons, solve their doubts and open the path to spiritual Christianity. At the same time, the common people heard him not less gladly; and touching instances have come to light of serious impressions being made on the minds of domestic servants and others in the humblest stations who waited on his ministry."*

It would extend unreasonably this hasty sketch, were we to survey Dr. Brown's course, as a public man and a citizen of Edinburgh, during six-and-thirty years. On all occasions he showed the deepest attachment to advanced liberal views, as well on the political as on the ecclesiastical side; a man, also, of great decision, who would not shrink from stern sacrifice, when he deemed the sacrifice essential to fidelity to his principles. At the same time, he was distinguished by a very wide and free catholicity of spirit—eager to promote the union of at least all the orthodox sections of Christianity. The Voluntary Controversy, the Annuity Tax, the Atonement Controversy, including the direct charge against himself, the Union of Burghers and Anti-burghers, and of both with the Relief Synod, the Evangelical Alliance, are the symbols of events and agencies with which his name was deeply and always honourably and consistently connected.

* Dr. Cairns' Memoirs, pp. 102—103.

In the character of a professor of biblical exegesis, and as the author of some of the most valuable expository works of their kind which have yet appeared, we are able to reach the very centre of his mind—what Dr. Cairns fitly calls, the *key-note* of his whole system and method of interpretation. It is supplied by two quotations which he very often repeated to his students and appropriated as expressing his most settled conviction. The one is from Melancthon, “Scriptura not potest intelligi theologicæ, nisi antea intellecta sit, grammaticæ.” The other is from Ernesti, “Interpretationem librorum sacrarum esse summum idemque difficillimum Theologi munus, ipsa res, et ratio et usus et omnium meliorum seculorum consensus docet. Nam omnes certa veritatis divinæ et scientia et defensio, e sacrarum literarum intelligentia et accurata interpretatione ducitur: et cum interpretandarum literarum sacrarum studio, et lapsa, et restituta est, religionis Christianæ puritas.”*

With great diffidence, we presume to differ from Dr. Brown in his estimate of these weighty sentences, and, indeed, to a certain extent, from the exegetical school which he may be said to have founded in Scotland. The application of scientific criticism to the sacred writings is not the question. Without doubt the principles of a true philology, the laws of language and of thought, the legitimate canons of interpretation, have as much to do with the Old and New Testaments, as with any other writings whatsoever. But it may be questioned whether they *only*, whether even they *chiefly* have to do with the interpretation of language, inspired or uninspired, as the symbol of thought and feeling. Grammar and its cognate subjects are well in their own place, are, first of all, *essential*, but they are not every thing. Dr. Ullman, of Carlsruhe, in his “*Historic or Mythic*,”† introduces an illustration, entirely applicable, we imagine, to the present case, though by no means so applied by him. The illustration amounts to this: A botanist shall dissect a flower, and when the process is completed, he shall have vegetable sap, woody fibre, &c., &c., but a flower no longer. To appreciate *this*, to understand the organic unity, is very different from being able to analyse the parts. There is needed a power which can grasp *the whole*, and take in *the idea* and *the feeling* of it. In like manner, you shall take a sentence to pieces, shall understand each word, shall comprehend the structure and construction, shall thoroughly see through the grammar and the syntax; but *the idea*, as a whole, may escape; by the very process which has been adopted it shall the more

* Dr. Cairns' Memoirs, p. 279.

† Not having the book at hand, we quote from memory.

readily escape. The critical, the logical faculty, in this view, is not the highest, but the lowest, though essential. There is needed an eye within for discerning what no grammatical or exegetical skill can lay hold of. Life can be perceived and felt only by life—that which is spiritual and divine does not come into us only through grammar, but needs insight from assimilation. Like to like is the law here, as elsewhere. The interpreter, of all things, needs an awakened and quickened power *of soul*, a strong faculty of mental insight; this is liable to be endangered by the study of exegetics.

All honour, nevertheless, to the honesty, the laboriousness, and the lofty enthusiasm of Dr. Brown, and to his extraordinary learning, in the department to which he had consecrated himself!

Dr. Cairns thus writes, in terms which, though he applies them to his academical prelections and labours, bear as truly and in all their force, upon his published expository works. “These qualifications,” he says, “were of the highest order. As he had recognized the fundamental importance of this study (exegesis) when it was almost universally neglected in Scotland, and was the first to revive it from the chair, so he at once lifted it to an elevation which recalled the best times and productions of sacred literature. His learning was great and varied. He had bestowed deep attention on the sacred tongues in which Scripture is written. He modestly disclaimed, especially in regard to Hebrew, the title of learning in the sense in which a lexicographer or a minute grammarian is learned; but in that language he was much at home, and he read Greek quite familiarly, being particularly conversant with the idiom of the New Testament. His learning more than sufficed for the decision of all critical questions, on the ground of independent and original investigation, and more especially by the comparison of Scripture with Scripture, while he had studied much the writers who illustrate the New Testament, from the Septuagint, from Josephus, Plato, and the classics. He had the principal editions of the Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament in his library, the latter of which he had begun to collect from the time he was fourteen years of age, till ultimately the series embraced about a hundred—from Erasmus to Tischendorf—including some of the very rarest, and not less than fourteen before the received or Elzevir text of 1624. With versions ancient and modern he was also largely supplied; and had a most accurate acquaintance with the English Bible. It was, however, in the department of annotations, scholia, and commentaries of the original Scriptures that his learning was vast and even boundless. The exegetical treatises of the Greek and Latin fathers, and of the schoolmen and later Romish authors, he knew as well as any

one who has not made them a special study ; while he had completely mastered the great commentaries of the Reformation-period, with those produced by all the succeeding diversities of Protestantism, from Cocceius and Owen to Grotius and the Polish brethren. He had looked into most works of interpretation that had appeared either in the Church of England or among Non-conformists ; and probably no Scottish work of the least note had escaped him, his knowledge of this region, descending even to the worthless and the inane. His thorough acquaintance with German commentary, much to his regret, was limited by his imperfect mastery of that language ; but he was intimately conversant with its elder results, as contained in the Latin works of Ernesti, Morus, Knapp, Storr, and others. He also collected and studied all its recent productions, whether in volumes or fugitive academic theses, that still appear in Latin, and not less the master-pieces that have been made into English : so that he probably knew more of German exegesis than many who have had full access to its sources. His familiarity with works of exposition was assisted by a study only less copious and extensive of systematic theology, history of doctrines, church history, and classical and miscellaneous literature, all of which was made to revolve around Scripture interpretation, and to supply it with helps and illustrations. Dr. Brown's library contained several thousand volumes ; and its value was above all proportion to its size, not only in rare books, but in carefully-selected series and classes of authors. With all its contents, however, he declared himself, on inquiry, to be so well acquainted, that he could give some account of every work, in particular ; and when, on one occasion, a friend seeing a somewhat formidable list of expository works referred to in one of his publications, said, "All these I suppose you have occasionally consulted ?" his reply was, "Sir, I have read every word of them that has the least leading on the issue of Scripture."

"This mass of learning Dr. Brown had not only digested, but used with entire subordination to an independent and penetrating judgment, in all matters of criticism and interpretation. He illustrated by contrast the quaint saying of Robert Hall : 'Some men put so many books on their heads, that their brains cannot move ;' for all that he read supplied impulse to the analytical processes of reflection on the sense of Scripture which were perpetually going on in the inner chamber of his mind." "His one great principle was to abide by the true sense of Scripture, and by that alone. The strenuous and incessant reiteration of this, and the tenacity of purpose with which, in all his prelections (as in his published works), the very sense of Scripture was searched out, tended

powerfully to develop in his students (1,000 passed under his teaching during his professorship) an exegetical conscience, and to give a more simple and biblical cast to the theology of the denominations."* This long quotation has been introduced *with a purpose*—that our readers may distinctly know it is no mere average man, no soul of common mould, to whose course and work they have been directed. He was, all in all, an extraordinary man—a man of rare learning, rare power, rare success, and rare worth, within the sphere of his profession.

But enough! save as relates to the "Supplementary Chapter," by Dr. John Brown. Without exception, short as it is, this is one of the most striking and touching pieces of biography ever written—so simple, so honest, so thoroughly downright, and so curiously, keenly graphic. No one who has read the "*Horræ Subsecivæ*," no one who knows the story of "Rab and his Friends," need be told that *this* is true to nature. It is livingly, thrillingly, almost painfully true to nature. It ~~is~~ itself life. It literally quivers and throbs with vitality. It is a true little gem of its kind—a model in conception and in execution. Indeed, it seems hardly allowable to speak either of its conception or its execution in the ordinary sense. It is almost degrading it to call it a literary creation. It is *no* literary creation. It is *soul* all over—a pure, unmixed, spontaneous efflux from the soul. Not a bit of pretence is there in it, not a bit of affectation, not a bit, almost, of conscious construction. It is rather a free, native, as if unpremeditated, product, bursting forth from within, which the profane hand of art has not been suffered to touch and spoil. The writer has not so much pre-designed anything, as simply put down what he could not help putting down. But it is beautiful and beautifully touching, going straight to the quick of one's heart. It is short, too short—you think it *might* have been, you feel it *ought* to have been, ever so much longer; but, as it is, it is a lovely and living transparency.

I know not if John Brown be at all a Swedenborgian; but it seems to me as if, with his exquisite anatomical skill, he had been able to descend and dissect through the series of grosser bodies which Swedenborgians maintain we have—the fleshy, the osseous, the vascular, the nerve-bodies—till he had reached the very spirit-body itself; the last, mystic, imperceptible, spiritual *form*, in which the soul hides itself, and through which, as a thin gauzy veil, it is seen, almost unclothed. And the marvel is, that all the while, in doing this, he as thoroughly reveals his own deepest secrets, as those of the direct subject of his analysis. Not only are his words

* Dr. Cairns' Memoir, pp. 153—156.

a pure transparency, through which you see his thought, but his thought or his feeling is itself a transparency, behind and through which you see himself—the thinking, feeling soul of him.

Take that first, heart-breaking record of his mother's death. Those who are familiar with Scotland know that among the Free Presbyterian churches, even in *small* country towns, the minister's manse is, for the most part, a large, comfortable, respectable house. But *one* servant suffices, if the family be small, unless the minister has other means than his stipend. *The* servant's bed is always *in*, or rather *off*, the kitchen—a large recess, with room enough for a large-sized bed. As a rule, one or it may be two of the children sleep with *the* servant, that they may be cared for in the night, till they are seven or eight years of age, and can have a bed and a room to themselves. Here is a life-picture:—"On the morning of the 28th of May, 1816, my eldest sister Janet and I"—they were under five years old—"were sleeping in the kitchen-bed with Tibbie Meck, our only servant. We were all three awakened by a cry of pain—sharp, insufferable, as if one were stung. Years after we two confided to each other, sitting by the burn-side, that we thought that 'great cry,' which arose at midnight in Egypt, must have been like it. We all knew whose voice it was, and in our night-clothes we ran into the passage and into the little parlour, to the left-hand, in which was a closet-bed. We found my father standing before us, erect, his hands clenched in his black hair, his eyes full of misery and amazement, his face as white as that of the dead. He frightened us. He saw this, or else his intense will had mastered his agony, for, taking his hands from his head, he said, *slowly and gently*, 'Let us give thanks,' and turned to a little sofa in the room. There lay our mother, dead."*

In reference to *this* scene the writer says:—"My first recollection of my father, my first impression, not only of his character, but of his eyes and face and presence, strange as it may seem, dates from my fifth year. Doubtless I had looked at him often enough before that, and had my own childish thoughts about him. But this was the time when I got my fixed, compact idea of him, and the first look of him, which I felt could never be forgotten. I saw him, as it were, by a flash of lightning, sudden and complete."† The marvel is not that a child under five years of age, having seen that scene and heard that cry at midnight, recollected it long afterwards; but that such a child should have thought of it and reasoned on it, and *at the time* should have built

* Supplementary Chapter, p. 6. † *Ibid*, p. 7.

up out of it an idea—such an idea—of his father enduring the keenest mental anguish, yet, by an effort of will, sinking down humbly to give God thanks because “*her* warfare was accomplished, *her* iniquities were pardoned.” That early, keen, profound *insight*, is the marvel—not the faculty of mere observation, but the premature power of *seeing into* a thing; *discerning*, quick and sure, what it involves, and how it bears, and what it is all worth.

That sofa, on which the dead mother lay! “This sofa,” he says, “which was henceforward sacred in the house, my father had always beside him; he used to tell us he set *her* down on it, when he first brought her home to the manse.”* Another little touch of nature; in the room which was his father’s study, “on a low chest of drawers, there lay for many years my mother’s parasol, by his orders.”† Yet another; at country funerals in Scotland, while the immediate family may be in mourning coaches, many who follow the coffin, coming from a distance, are on horseback. The funeral procession is on its way to the church-yard; “when we got to the village, all the people were at their doors. One woman, the blacksmith, Thomas Spence’s wife, had a nursing baby in her arms, and he leapt and crowed with joy at the strange sight, the crowding horsemen, the coaches and the nodding plumes of the hearse. It was my brother William,”—the now motherless babe—“Margaret Spence was his foster-mother. Those with me were overcome at the sight; he, of all the world, whose, in some ways, was the greatest loss, the least conscious, turning it to his own childish glee.”‡ And this was *seen into*, felt, and never forgotten by a child under five years of age. Yet another; “I had been since the death in a sort of stupid musing and wonder, not making out what it all meant. I knew that my mother was said to be dead. I saw she was still, laid out, and then shut up and didn’t move, but I did not know that when she was carried out in that long, black box, and we all went with her, she alone was never to return. . . . To my surprise and alarm”—the procession had reached the grave—“the coffin resting on its bearers, was placed over that dark hole, and I watched with curious eye the unrolling of those neat black bunches of cords, which I have often enough seen since.”—This is peculiar to Scotland; the relatives take hold of these cords to let down the coffin into the grave. “My father took the one at the head, and also one much smaller springing from the same point as his, which he had caused to be put there, and unrolling it, put it into my hand. I twisted it firmly round my fingers and awaited the result. The burial men

* Supplementary Chapter, p. 5. † *Ibid.* p. 7. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 9.

with their real ropes lowered the coffin, and when it rested at the bottom, it was far too deep for me to see it; the grave was made very deep, as he used afterwards to tell us, that it might hold us all—my father first, and abruptly let his cord drop, followed by the rest. This was too much. I now saw what was meant, and held on and fixed my fist and my feet, and I believe my father had some difficulty in forcing open my small fingers. He let the little black cord drop, and I remember in my misery and anger, seeing its open end disappearing in the gloom.”*

He is little to be envied, whose soul is blind to the beauty, the pathos, the piercing keenness of these flashing glints from the very heart of nature. And then the effect on the desolate father, now turned in upon himself, and away from all human companionship, and from this time directing all the pent-up energy of his brain upon intense, unremitting, solitary study! This is all told so truthfully, so sorrowfully, yet so reverently, that one knows not which most to admire, the unconscious genius or the beautiful, humble love of the son. “From this time,” he says, “dates my father’s possession and use of the German Exegetica. After my mother’s death I slept with him and I remember well his getting those fat, spongy, shapeless German books, as if one would sink in them and be bogged in their bibulous, unsized paper, and watching him, as he impatiently cut them up, and dived into them, in his rapid, eclectic way, tasting them and dropping, for my play, such a lot of soft, large, curled bits from the paper-cutter, leaving the edges all shaggy. He never came to bed when I was awake, which was not to be wondered at. But I can remember often awaking far on in the night or morning, and seeing that keen, beautiful, intense face bending over these Rosenmüllers, and Ernestis, and Storrs, and Kuinoels—the fire out, and the grey dawn peering through the window. And when he heard me move, he would speak to me in the foolish words of endearment my mother was wont to use, and come to the bed and take me, warm as I was, into his cold bosom.”†

The change in Dr. Brown’s public ministrations after the death of his wife is thus put in a homely but striking way. In the early period of his clerical life, he had been strongly addicted to literature, and his sermons then showed no little of ambition, perhaps inflation of style. During this period, it is related, after preaching in a country town, two of his hearers, elderly women, were returning from church, and the one asked her ‘neebor’ what she thought of the sermon. “Its maist o’t tinsel-wark,” was the reply. After his great sorrow, he preached in the same place,

* Supplementary Chapter, pp. 8—10. † *Ibid*, p. 15.

and the 'neebor,' not waiting to be asked, said eagerly, "It's aw gowd noo."

By the way, the reading of this supplementary chapter might help to modify the tone of the Saturday Reviewer. It contains such choice and racy bits of humour, as might persuade him that Scotch *cut* is not always *deed cut*. Take an example. Dr. Brown was not addicted to boating, and perhaps scarcely ever had an oar in his hand. Being on one occasion with a boating party, he took an oar, and wishing to do something decided, missed the water and went back, head over heels, to the great enjoyment of an elderly lady present, who was famed for quick and severe repartee. "Less pith," said she, "and mair to the purpose, my man." In the time of the coaches, when, especially in cold or wet weather, it was of some consequence to secure an inside place, a big, perspiring countryman, fearing he was too late, rushed into "the Black Bull" coach-office and shouted forth, "Are yir insides a' oot?"

The writer of the supplementary chapter, depicting chiefly his father, twines a beautiful garland of respectful and admiring love and gratitude, around the memory of some of his father's departed friends, and of the more remarkable progenitors of his family. We have space but for one extract, relating to the first John Brown—the Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, author of the "Self-interpreting Bible," and of a "Dictionary to the Bible:"—

"For the 'heroic' old man of Haddington, my father had peculiar reverence, as, indeed, we all have, as well we may. He was our king, the founder of our dynasty; and we dated from him, and he was 'hedged' accordingly with a certain sacredness or 'divinity.' I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked by a blacksmith's wife in a remote hamlet, among the hop-gardens of Kent, if I were 'the son of the Self-interpreting Bible.' I possess, as an heir-loom, the New Testament which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd laddie, got from the Professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it, if he could read a verse; and he has, in his small beautiful hand, written in it what follows:—
'He (John Brown, of Haddington) had now acquired so much of Greek as encouraged him to hope that he might at length be prepared to reap the richest of all rewards which classical learning could confer on him—the capacity of reading, in the original tongue, the blessed New Testament of our Lord and Saviour. Full of this hope, he became anxious to possess a copy of the invaluable volume. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles. He reached his destination ere the morning, and went to the book-

seller's shop, asking for a copy of the Greek Testament. The master of the shop was disposed to make game of him. Some of the professors coming into the shop, questioned the lad about his employment and studies. After hearing his tale, one of them desired the bookseller to bring the volume. He did so, and drawing down, said, 'Boy, read this, and you shall have it for nothing.' The boy did so; acquitted himself to the admiration of his judges, and carried off his testament; and, when the evening arrived, was studying it in the midst of his flock, on the braes of Abernethy.'" *

Of all the beauties that lie thick in this biographical morceau, perhaps there is not one of its kind more beautiful, more delicate, more graceful, more becoming, than the sweet tribute paid to the second Mrs. Brown. After nearly twenty years of widowhood, Dr. Brown married again; and, like the first, this was a true marriage, inspired by true mutual affection, esteem, and respect. The son, by the first marriage, writes thus of the second wife—"The two wives had much alike in nature—only, one could see the divine wisdom of his first wife being his first, and the second his second—each did best in her own place. His second marriage was a source of great happiness and good, not only to himself but to us, his first children. She had been intimately known to us for many years, and was endeared to us long before we saw her, by having been, as a child and a girl, a great favourite of our own mother. . . . My father's union with his second wife was not only one of the best blessings of his life, it made him more a blessing to others than it is likely he would otherwise have been. By her cheerful, gracious ways, her love for society, as distinguished from company, her gift of making every one happy and at ease with her, and her compassion for all suffering, she, in a measure, wore my father from himself and his books, to his own great good, and to the delight and benefit of us all. It was like sunshine, and a glad sound in the house."†

These imperfect reproductions must be brought to a close. Through life, increasingly, Dr. Brown was marked by enlightened and profound piety. *His* religion was not professional, but personal, not occasional and fitful, but pervading and permanent. It was seen in the pulpit, in the academic chair, in his daily intercourse with men, and in his family, and his home. He was personally and thoroughly, a godly, Christian man. "I never knew *any* man," says his son, "who lived more truly under the power and sometimes under the shadow of the world to come."‡

He died as he lived. His was a calm, composed, collected end,

* Supplementary Chapter, pp 72, 73. † *Ibid*, pp. 57—59. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 51.

in which also one of his great, *living* peculiarities, was most touchingly betrayed. "That morning, when he knew us and that was all, and when he followed us with his dying, loving eyes, but could not speak, the end came; and then, as through life, his will asserted itself supreme in death. With that love of order and decency, which was a law of his life, he deliberately composed himself, placing his body at rest, as if setting his house in order before leaving it, and then closed his eyes and mouth, so that his last look—the look his body carried to the grave, and faced dissolution in—was that of sweet, dignified, self-possession.†

So he passed away, up to the great spirit-world! Upward, to God and His Christ—to truth, and right, and peace! Ever upward!

IV.

LA FRANCE PROTESTANTE. †

No church has deserved better of the truth than the Reformed Church of France, being from its first emergence out of the corrupt Church of Rome, an ark amid a stormy sea, which no violence of the elements has been able to drown. In the sixteenth century God lighted a candle in the midst of the French people, which, like its kindred one lighted at Latimer's stake in England, no craft of man has been able to put out. No church has been more tried than that of our brethren across the Straits of Dover; and none has proved more faithful under the crucial experiment of ceaseless and cruel persecution. Every device which cunning, aided by power, could employ to extinguish the fire of Protestantism in the land has been tried, from schemes of comprehension down to attempts at massacre and annihilation, but all in vain, for the zeal-cherished flame still defies extinction, and after three hundred years of ruthless proscription, it burns on more hills, and sheds a brighter, further light than ever, across the decreasing Popish gloom. Popery is waning in France, and the religion of the Reformation increasing. "The light shineth in darkness, and

* Supplementary Chapter, p. 120.

† I. *La France Protestante*, par Eugene Haag. Paris, 1847.

II. *Memoires pour servir a l'histoire du reveil religieux des Eglises Protestantes de Suisse et de France*. Par J. Bost. Paris, 1854—56.

III. *Synodicon in Gallia Reformata*. By John Quick. London. 1692.

the darkness comprehended it not," and, we may add, loved it not, but yielded, nevertheless, before it. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." The churches were never so strong, its pastorates never so influential, the gospel never so acceptable, the conversions never so numerous, as now. Peace is within its walls, and prosperity within the palaces of our Presbyterian sister in France, and well has she deserved the laurels that deck her brow. They are the guerdon of conflict—the reward of suffering—the crown of fidelity—the testimony of divine approval.

We commend, and justly, our Scottish Covenanters; many, it is true, were ignorant, many were fanatics, many blind enthusiasts, but, take them as a body, they were worthy of admiration as a much-enduring class of upholders of truth; yet, for every martyr which a Covenanting Caledonia shows, modern Gaul, since the Reformation, can show its hundred. We hesitate not to say that the most painfully-interesting church history of modern times is that of France; it is the Madagascar of our European churches; its countless martyrdoms throw all contemporary "damnifications" for Christ into the shade. Every French Protestant of ancient family represents generations of men who counted neither life nor goods dear to them, so that they might bear testimony to the crown rights of the Lord Jesus, as Head of the Church and Supreme Ruler of His people. The Protestants of the French kingdom have been decimated over and over again by the axe of extermination; and yet, like an often-pruned tree, although in this very day of comparative security, the action and progress of the church are still partially checked, they strike their roots downward, and bear fruit upward, to the dismay of their enemies and the glory of God. Every vexation and hindrance that petty *maires* and *préfets* can put in the way of the opening of Protestant schools, the observance of Protestant rites, the preaching of Protestant truth, and the burial of Protestant dead, are freely employed by sectarian spite and malice to degrade, where they cannot injure, the Protestant cause; but in the face of all this paltry opposition, the tide of evangelism flows in upon the darkest spots in the land, and threatens to carry everything before it. What Cardinal Lorraine could not accomplish with his Inquisition—what the Guises with their cruel craft could not achieve—what Charles IX. failed to effect by the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day—what Louis with his *dragonnades*, burnings, and banishment, proved to be impracticable, is not to be brought about by contemptible slights, that irritate, but cannot constrain. Protestant France can now afford to despise that paltry official or other opposition which in days of sterner en-

durance it had the grace to defy. The burning bush is its aptest device—and its motto most appropriate—*comburo non consumo*.

We are led to this train of reflection by witnessing the wonderful production in modern France of a reformed historical literature—valuable, trustworthy, erudite—largely ecclesiastical, and decidedly Protestant. It seems to indicate that times are come in which good men are not ashamed of those slandered and ill-used ancestors of theirs; and that public opinion will tolerate the vindication of the faith and virtue of the persecuted dead. We see in the names and works of Haag, and Weiss, Vincent, and Bost, something more than the results of so many hours of study, and the publication of such and such books. They are rather like the flowers of spring, indicating that summer is coming, with its sunny victories for truth, with its harvest of glory to God and good-will to man. The facts on which we build are pleasant facts, but we regard them as indexes of much more than they express. They are the first fruits: they lead the van.

Did time or our purpose allow, we should like to go over certain incidents of French history that prove the ancestors of the existing race of Protestants, men worthy of reverential remembrance. Fewer Christians perished, probably, in all the provinces of the Roman Empire during the ten great persecutions, than perished in France alone since the beginning of the sixteenth century for the sake of a Scriptural Christianity. We are prone to condemn the levity of the French character, but that character has two sides, and no nation since the world began has signalized its earnestness by more heroic, daring, and unflinching steadfastness in the cause of religion. Death was the least of their pains, and martyrdom the lowest of their achievements—that they might but “testify the Gospel of the Grace of God.”

It has occurred to us, in connection with the works at the head of this article, that a few extracts from the domestic legislation of the Reformed Church of France would give a pleasant insight into its character and history, and would more truly show the spirit of its early working than a more elaborate historical picture. Their doctrine, discipline, and church order, the questions submitted to them in their corporate capacity, and their decisions on these, the incidental notices of their particular ecclesiastical status, exhibit themselves in a most interesting and clear way in the acts of their councils, and the decrees of their assemblies. Of these we shall bring forward a few specimens, seeking rather to present their peculiarities—the odd incidents of experience or phrase which the times gave rise to—than to adduce those which, under more ordinary circumstances, we might surmise and expect. It must be obvious to any reflecting person, that a period in which

all the pastors of the Reformed Church were those who had once been Papists, and all their members the same—while the entire state of things within and around them was abnormal, exceptional—harassing persecution without, and inexperience within—must have been the parent of many strange acts, questions, and resolves. By the citation of these, we shall endeavour to render our paper amusing, at the same time assuring our readers that anything more worthy of an enlightened Christian community could not well remain on record than the minutes of the meetings of the early Reformed Church of France. Piety, purity, solemnity, and common sense, govern the proceedings to a remarkable degree, and any Christian on earth might be proud to belong to a communion that boasted of the guidance in early days of a Calvin and Beza, a Du Moulin and a Basnage, a Daillé and a Bochart. If the Roman admired the assembled busts of his ancestors, and found their chiselled likenesses a stimulant to worthy deeds, how much rather may the descendants of the French confessors and martyrs, read in the lines of their legislation, the wisdom of their counsels, the bent of their spirit, the triumph of their faith. Abundant evidence remains to prove that the Fathers of the French Church were everything we could have wished them to have been, along with those oddities, national or periodical, which bespoke the soil of their birth, or the age in which their ministry was exercised. They shine, we venture to say, by comparison with any Patristic Council or Popish Synod that ever blazoned its folly by minute definition of the undefinable, or by intolerant dogma that fettered freedom and extinguished thought.

In a paper published some three years ago, we gave a summary of the acts of the English councils—our present essay will do the same, in a desultory and eclectic way, of those of France. Should opportunity admit of our carrying out our designs, we may pursue the theme by a selection of a kindred kind from Popish sources. The very contrast cannot be otherwise than creditable to the Protestantism which is so dear to our heart. To meet for conference and counsel is one of the most natural resources of a community, whether in political or ecclesiastical affairs; and a very competent authority has recorded a testimony in its favour: “In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.” So obvious has been this resource, that in the earliest age of Christianity, we find the people assembling together, with their heads, to resolve knotty questions of policy and practice. What apostles sanctioned, and necessity enforced, has been observed in all religious communities for the space of 1800 years; and councils, synods, general assemblies, convocations and conferences, bespeak the presumed value and the virtue of mutual consultation.

As nothing but matters of general moment are reserved for discussion in general meetings, the acts and proceedings of these may be expected to throw light upon the condition of the Church, in the various ages embraced in these records; and as, further, these meetings were those of a corporation existing apart from the community around them, they will exhibit all the peculiarities we may expect to find in a sect or esoteric class. The disclosures made by many of these peculiar statements are thus authentic and contemporary revelations of the state of the Christian Church at the sundry periods of its conciliar existence. If toward the close we provoke a smile at one of the peculiarities of these documents, it must not for a moment be supposed that we fail in sympathy for the sorely-tried fathers—never to be mentioned without respect—of the existing French Protestant Church. They did their work nobly in their day, and shall be held in everlasting remembrance. They laboured, and we enter into their labours. It is very interesting to find, so far back as the first National Synod of the French Churches, held in Paris in A.D. 1559 (so very near the date of the Reformation), that by that time the national Presbyterianism was indelibly fixed in the first line of its first canon: "No Church, or church-officer, be he minister, elder, or deacon, shall claim or exercise any jurisdiction or authority over another;" and that the constitution of its annual assemblies, as it still prevails over the Presbyterian world, was there laid down. Each minister was to be accompanied to the Synods by one elder and one deacon.

Caution is to be exercised in the probation of ministers: "Novices received of late into the Church, especially monks and priests, shall not be chosen into the ministry without a long and diligent inquiry into, and approbation had of, their lives and doctrine." How needful this precaution, the most painful cases of discipline disturbing future synods, and marring the peace and purity of the Church, will show.

A kind of censorship of their religious press was established: "Ministers, nor any other members of the Church, may not print their own or others' works concerning religion, nor in any wise publish them, till they have first communicated them unto two or more [ministers] of the Gospel of unspeakable reputation."

Marriage was to be only by banns published on three successive Sundays, a fortnight of full publicity being thus given to the intended union.

In the registers of baptisms the names of fathers, mothers, and sureties (sponsors) of the child were to be kept.

The Synod surely sustained a point, and asserted an undue claim for the Consistory, when they enacted that "promises of marriage

once made cannot be dissolved ; *no, not by the mutual consent of the parties.*" To the Consistory the right was reserved of pronouncing whether the affianced should marry or not.

By far the most curious matters mooted in these synods are the cases of conscience, propounded from various quarters of the country, for the guidance of the separate Churches and pastors—the strangely dislocated and immoral state of society at large, and the inexperience of an infant Church, presenting a thousand hitches of great difficulty and doubt.

The very first case proposed at this first Synod was, Is it lawful to marry persons whose license is obtained from a Popish priest ? And the answer is, No. The document is to be torn in pieces, and the sin of procuring it confessed, before the marriage service by a Protestant pastor can be performed.

Is a marriage promise annulled by one of the parties becoming a Protestant before their union ? No.

We are reminded by another of the questions that the Protestant Churches of France were within thirteen years of Bartholomew's Day ; it being asked whether an oath should be taken of imprisoned members not to denounce their brethren when questioned as to their associates before the magistrates.

They were not to go to law before Popish bishops ; nevertheless, when compelled for justice' sake to do so, the members may address themselves " unto them, as we would unto a thief that robs upon the highway, to obtain some kindness from him."

Many other questions of great but no-wise peculiar interest occur in this assembly, and they are answered in general with a dignity, propriety, and truth, that give a most favourable opinion of the governing capacity of these early French Churches.

In the Synod of Poitiers, held next year, 1560, we first meet with a denunciation of " dancing, mummeries, and tricks of jugglers."

The grievance early begins of insufficient maintenance of pastors ; it becomes a standing complaint in the Church, because, as the Synod alleges, " foreign countries have been exceedingly scandalised at the neglect and ingratitude of divers Churches in this particular."

The names of members of Churches are to be set down by each minister, " who are to be owned as sheep of that flock ; that so all may not be received higly-pigly, without distinction, unto the Lord's table."

The question is asked, one of some moment now-a-days, " May a man lawfully espouse the sister of his deceased wife, who hath left him children begotten of her body by him ? " To which was answered, " That this is in no wise lawful nor expedient, and the

Church must see to it that no such marriage be solemnized in it." To which judgment we give our hearty assent, so far as to say that there may be no sin in such unions, but that they are on every ground inexpedient.

Baptism by private persons is utterly ignored : a child so baptized must, notwithstanding, be afterwards baptized by the minister. "Ought those to be rebaptized who were baptized by monks?" "Certainly, for these have no commission to baptize."

The Churches of Paris, Orleans, and Rouen are deputed to protest against the Popish Council of Trent now a-holding, by printed books, or in some other approved way.

Communion in one kind was suffered, not approved, as thus : "May he be admitted to communicate in the bread only at the Lord's table, who hath an antipathy against wine?" "Yes, he may, provided that he do his utmost to drink of the cup; but in case he cannot, he shall make a protestation of his antipathy:" thus, of course, taking the burden of a mutilated rite on his own shoulders off that of the Church or its minister. This leave was afterwards revoked.

The Synod of Orleans was held in the year 1562.

That all superstitions may be avoided, ministers shall not use any prayers at the interment of the dead.

Concerning names of children, ministers shall reject those which yet remain of old Paganism; nor shall they give unto infants such as are attributed to God in Holy Scripture; nor names of office, as *Baptist, Angel, Archangel*; moreover, parents and sureties shall be admonished as much as in them lieth, to take those which are approved by God's Sacred Word.

Booksellers, or hawkers of books, may not sell scandalous books; nor may they, in the sale of their books, "*take unto themselves immoderate gains.*" (!)

Monthly communion was disapproved and condemned as an innovation on the prevailing order.

The Churches are advertised to take notice of a fellow called *Frederick Thierry*, formerly an Augustine friar; as also of another called *Mornonde*, as being vagrants.

A minister employed in the Church, and receiving wages for it, may not exercise any other calling, nor receive wages for it.

A marriage was pronounced incestuous, because the man was formerly married to the sister of his present wife.

LYONS, 1563. A man having left his wife because of leprosy, and married another, his first being still alive, his second marriage is null before God.

It belongs only unto ministers to give the cup at the Lord's table, and not to elders or deacons.

May a man marry his cousin-german? We know nothing to the contrary, but that such persons may marry, for they do not sin against any prohibition of God.

It having been proposed whether maids above ten years old should answer the public catechism, this matter is left to the prudence of consistories, who shall act herein as will make most for edification.

Forasmuch as the minister of *Château Neuf* hath of his own accord forsaken his ministry, induced thereunto by the persuasions of his wife, as he protested before the Conference at Dieppe, it is resolved that the Brethren, ministers of the Conference, shall censure him according to his deservings, and put him in the catalogue of deserters.

A man may not marry his brother's widow.

In this Synod the assembled pastors had the good sense to crush an incipient Plymouth Brethrenism. Mark their sentence:—"In some places and temples where the Word of God is preached, the bells being rung to give notice of it, is it expedient that men and women meeting together for that purpose in a certain chamber of those temples, should answer questions propounded to them from the books, chapters, and verses of the Holy Bible by the minister, and give each of them their sense and interpretation of those texts of Scripture? It was answered, that this course was evil, and of dangerous consequence, and that the minister of Croissil did very well to oppose himself against it."

A gentleman troubles the Church, and wills that his wife come up immediately after him to the Lord's table, before any of the men. This Assembly orders a letter to be sent to him in their name, ordering him to walk with more humility.

An abbess, although she hath renounced idolatry, but yet retains the revenues of her abbey, may not be received to the Lord's table.

Two persons promise to marry, but the lady retracts, alleging that the other "party's breath is stinking." Resolved, that the engagement is indissoluble.

Master *Damian Jaubert*, complaining that his Church of *Dombes* neglected to maintain him; the Church of *Issoire*, upon examination of the matter, finding it true, is ordered to declare and set him free from their service.

In the Synod of Orleans, 1562, a "Treatise of Christian Discipline and Polity," by a certain pastor, *John Morelly*, is condemned, and the grounds of the censure explained in the Synod of Paris, 1565. Morelly seems to have been a kind of Independent, for he is charged with advocating the "delivering up the government of the Church unto the people," whereby "he would bring in a new tumultuous conduct and full of confusions," "from

whence would follow many great and dangerous inconveniences." *Morelly*, on recantation, was to remain in communion with the Church.

Imposition of hands at ordination is not considered imperative, only decent and usual.

Students for the ministry may be present at church councils (but not vote), at the discretion of the pastors.

Sponsors at baptism are an ancient and seemly ordinance, and ought to be observed in the Church, though not essential to the rite. "Such as are not willing to conform to this practice, are exhorted not to be conceited, but to conform to this ancient and accustomed order, which we find both good and very beneficial."

All clandestine promises of marriage, "made even by persons of full age," are null. "All Churches shall be desired to shun ingratitude to their ministers (a sin too rife among us); and to take special care that they be more respected, and their labours better rewarded; not to enrich and fatten them, but to give them a becoming and sufficient maintenance."

Ministers of churches are advised not to receive the members of any other churches unto the Lord's Supper, without attestation under the hand of their own ministers.

Because there is everywhere a visible decay and a great want of ministers, the churches shall be admonished that such as are rich, should maintain some hopeful scholars at the Universities, who being educated in liberal arts and sciences, and other good learning, may be fitted for and employed in the sacred ministry.

Ministers shall exhort their people to be modest in their habits, and that they themselves, in this and in all other matters, give them the best example, forbearing all gaudery in their own persons, and in their wives and children.

The same kind of roguery that *Latimer* inveighs against, and that young *Adam Clarke's* honest soul revolted from, is condemned in the Synod of Vertueil, 1567. "Such who according to the custom of the country do falsify, disguise, or corrupt their merchandise, as stretchers, drawers of cloth in Poitou,—shall be laid under censures."

This Synod revokes the permission given seven years before to communicate only in one kind, erecting now, that "the Synod judgeth it not advisable that those should receive the bread at the Lord's table who cannot the cup."

If a minister die in the service of his church, it shall take care about the maintenance of his widow and children, and, in case of the church's inability, the province shall be obliged.

Let all promises of marriage be made decently and in the fear of God, not in dissoluteness, or over a glass of wine.

The accomplishment of marriage shall not be deferred above six weeks after the promise of it.

A woman whose husband forsook her, furnishing no tidings of himself, was to be licensed by the Consistory to marry again at the end of one year.

In the Synod of Rochelle, 1571, Beza moved a condemnation of the errors of Socinus, and the Polish heretics.

The English Bishops are desired to suppress the books of the said heretics, which began to be in vogue among them.

Marriages are not to be solemnized on ~~communion~~ days or days of fasting.

Revolters in times of persecution are to be dealt with indulgently, as, in the words of Augustine, "*it were much better to have a vicious church than no church at all.*" Prudence will direct a different kind of treatment for different cases. The relapsed who continue impenitent are *ipso facto* excommunicate.

The Synod being informed that the churches of Languedoc do practise divers things contrary to our discipline, as in the mission and loan of ministers they gather the people's votes one after another—it doth disapprove and condemn all those usages and customs.

There were present at this Synod of Rochelle, Joan, by the grace of God, Queen of Navarre; the high and mighty Prince Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Condé; the most illustrious Prince Lewis, Count of Nassau; and Sir Gaspar, Count of Coligny, Admiral of France, and divers other lords and gentlemen, who were members of the church of God. Theodore de Beze was moderator, and subscribed the proceedings.

In the Synod of Nismes, held in 1572, it was enacted—"It shall not be lawful for the faithful to be present at stage-plays—comedies, tragedies, or farces—whether they be acted publicly or privately; because they have been ever condemned by God's ancient churches for corrupting of good manners, especially when the Holy Scripture shall be profaned by them. But if a college judge it meet for youth [this meets the case of the Westminster Latin play] to represent any history not comprised in the sacred Scripture (which was never given to us for sport and pastime, but to be preached for our conversion and comfort), and provided this be done but very seldom, and by the advice of the ecclesiastical colloquy, which shall first peruse the composition, it shall be tolerated.

A pastor must part with an adulterous wife, a mere professor of divinity need not: "Professors of divinity are not to correct and reprove as pastors are; so that they may, if they please, pass by the wickedness of their wives, and, notwithstanding their

adultery, enjoy their professor's place amongst us, and not be deposed from it."

In case the children of believers will contract marriage with unbelievers, against their parents' will, their parents shall withhold consent, and assign no dowry.

At St. Foy, 1578, ministers are exhorted to catechise and preach: "In preaching and handling the Scriptures, the said ministers shall be exhorted not to dwell long upon a text, but to expound and treat of as many as they can, fleeing all ostentation and long digressions, and heaping up of parallel places and quotations; nor ought they to propound divers senses and expositions, nor to allege, unless very rarely and prudently, any passages of the Fathers, nor shall they cite profane authors and stories; that so the Scriptures may be left in their full and sovereign authority."

Churches refusing to defray the expenses of their ministers in going to classes and synods, shall be admonished of their duty.

Godmothers shall be equally bound to the religious education of those children for whom they are sureties as godfathers.

Persons that put into verse or poems Scripture stories, are admonished not to mingle poetical fables with them, nor to ascribe unto God the names of false gods.

Parents are exhorted to be exceedingly careful in instructing their children, which are the seed and nursery of the Church; and they shall be most bitterly censured, who send them to the schools of priests, Jesuits, and nuns.

"This Assembly will take especial care of Monsieur Christian's subsistence. But in the meanwhile the Church of Poitiers shall be severely censured for their default of duty, baseness, and ingratitude to this reverend man of God, who was one of their first and most ancient pastors, and who laid the very foundations of their flourishing Church. The said Church shall be summoned to the next Synod, and enjoined to give him full contentment and satisfaction, to pay him all arrearages owing to him for time past, and to relieve him now in his old age."

The Brethren of the French Church in London, in the kingdom of England, sent letters to this assembly, petitioning that *Messieurs de Villiers*, minister of the church at Rouen, and *de la Fontaine*, of Orleans, might be given them for their pastors. The request was granted.

At Figeac, 1579, it was ordained that persons suspended from the Lord's table shall not be admitted to present children for baptism as their sureties, so long as their suspension lasts.

"Churches that in singing psalms do first cause each verse to be read, shall be advised to forbear that childish custom; and such as have used themselves unto it shall be censured." (!)

“Whereas divers persons during public and family prayers, do neither uncover their heads nor bow their knees, expressing thereby the great pride of their hearts, and scandalising such as fear the Lord, that this their irreverence may be amended and reformed, all pastors, elders, and governors of families, are advised and required to see carefully to it that, during prayer, every one in their churches and families, without exception, be they high or low, noble or base, do testify the humbleness of their heart by those forementioned outward marks of humility.”

That the ingratitude of divers Churches toward their minister may be hereafter prevented, this Assembly doth ordain that every Church shall advance a quarter's stipend beforehand unto their pastor.

At Rochelle, 1581, it was proposed that the fifth penny of all charity monies should be set apart for the support of students for the ministry at the colleges and schools.

Such professors as range abroad to hear the Word in one church and receive the Sacrament in another, shall be admonished of their duty, and fix themselves to some particular Church of Christ; and in case of neglect they shall be censured.

All those who by unlawful means, as by Papal Bulls or ready money, shall purchase or hold Popish benefices, and cause idolatry to be upheld directly or indirectly, shall be excluded communion at the Lord's table.

This Synod declareth that “such habits [clothes] are not to be allowed in common wearing as carry with them evident marks of lasciviousness, dissoluteness, and excessive new-fangled fashions, such as painting, slashing, cutting in pieces, trimming with locks and tassels, or any other that may discover our nakedness, or naked breasts, or fardingales, or the like sorts of garments, with which both men and women do wickedly clothe themselves.”

None of our members in communion with us shall assist at the weddings or wedding-feasts of those who, that they may marry a Popish wife, do revolt from the Reformed religion.

At Vitré, 1583, Popish brides are not to be accompanied to the Popish church, nor Popish corpses to burial, if there be any kind of idolatry or superstition connected with the services.

It was decreed at Montauban, 1594, that in every province there should be chosen some fit person to answer the writings of the adversaries.

Reserving liberty unto the Church for a more exact translation of the Holy Bible, our Churches, imitating the primitive Church, are exhorted to receive and use in their public assemblies the last translation revised by the pastors and professors of the Church of Geneva.

A resolution having been taken at the last Synod at Vitré, that they should consider whether Mr. Calvin's Catechism ought to be changed; it was now decreed that it should be retained, and the ministers should not be permitted to expound any other.

It will be observed here that the Genevese theologian has, by the year 1861, got beyond the stage of being called *Mister* Calvin, which sounds about as odd as *Mister* Homer, or *Mister* Milton. There is a grand simplicity about the natural name (leaving its adoption by Fame out of the question), which no title can equal. *John* Calvin, *John* Milton, *John* Wesley, are worth a cartload of your *Misters*.

The Churches are advised to see to it that their deacons, or readers, do not read publicly the Apocrypha, but the canonical books of Holy Scripture.

"All ministers are exhorted to be earnest with God in their public prayers for the conversion, preservation, prosperity of the King; and whenever they be at Court, and have access unto his Majesty, they shall do their duty in reminding him seriously of the great concerns of his soul's salvation; and the pastors ordinarily residing at Court, or in its neighbourhood, shall be writ unto by this Synod, more especially to put this, our counsel, into practice."

There is a fine vein of faithfulness running through this minute.

One pastor Gardesi, is noted for being a stern Nathan to the French king.

At Saumur, 1596, the book of one *L'Escale* being submitted to the assembly, was found to contain erroneous points of doctrine, contrary to the view of justification. The author was asked would he receive instruction on those points, but he answered in the negative. Persisting in his "errors and self-conceitedness," the churches were cautioned against his views.

Chaplains are to be sent to the army, two from a single province at one time, each of whom shall serve six months, and retire home, to be succeeded by other two from another province.

The churches blessed by God with ability are exhorted to erect public libraries for the service of the ministers and *proposants* of their faith.

The Church of Paris is entreated to note and collect the passages in the sacred canonical writings, and those of the Fathers, which have been falsified and maimed by writers of the Romish Church.

It was asked whether a judge or magistrate of the Reformed religion could tender an oath on the crucifix, relics, altar, pices, and such-like appurtenances of idolatry? and the answer was, that no Protestant functionary could act in such a manner.

There seems a quiet touch of humour in the supplement of these good divines to a minute of Montauban. "The article of the Synod about registering the names of persons newly-admitted into church-fellowship with us shall be observed ; and as touching the subscribing of their own names, this shall be added : *if it may be done.*"

The deputies of Poitou demanded whether two names might be given in baptism ? to which is replied that "the thing was indifferent ;" however, parents were advised to observe herein Christian simplicity.

"When divers persons in our churches are afflicted with the plague of impotency by those who tie the point, the pastors shall show them in their sermons that the cause of this evil is unbelief in some, and weakness of faith in others ; but the charms used to untie them are detestable, whereas fasting and prayer, and reformation of life, through the blessing of God, would effect the cure."

No lotteries can be approved, even although they were allowed by the civil magistrates. Magistrates professing the Reformed religion are exhorted to restrain them.

Our further notices must be more succinct. The Synod of Montpellier, 1598, decreed that license to marry away from their own church was not to be given to those who feared at home "bewitching and impotency by tying the point." Widows were not to marry till seven months and fourteen days after their husband's death. No reconciliation was to be had with Popery. They founded two universities, at Montauban and at Saumur ; and two theological academies, at Montpellier and Nismes. At Gergeau, 1601, patrons were forbidden to repair church or chapel wherein mass was sung, even though they should lose their property by non-compliance. Gap, 1603, bids depose all ministers who deny the imputation of Christ's active and passive righteousness : *Piscator* condemned for preaching it. The Pope is Antichrist, the son of perdition. No sins confessed to a minister shall be revealed to the magistrate, saving treason alone. Students are not to be sent out to preach before ordination. The Antwerp Polyglot to be provided for their universities. One of the clergy of Fonzar was a Scotchman named *Welch*, who spent eight hours daily in prayer.

A sum of 45,000 livres was assigned by the crown for the maintenance of their Universities and pastors.

Rochelle, 1607. Baptism by midwives repudiated. Courses of divinity lectures are to be completed in three years. *Primrose*, a Scotchman, able and useful pastor at Bourdeaux. *Duncan*, Regent of Montauban. The pastors much annoyed by challenges to discussion from sundry Romanist friars.

Maixant, 1609. Children certified as about to die are to be baptized. The several provinces of the whole kingdom are to devote themselves to the study of different questions of controversial divinity; as, for instance—*Anjou*, that the Pope is Antichrist; *Saintonge*, the Councils; *Orleans*, the Power of the Keys; the *Isle of France*, the Monastic Institutions, &c., &c. At the Synod of Tonneins, 1614, the Rev. David Hume, returning to exercise his ministry in France, delivered letters from his Britannic Majesty, exhorting the Churches to concord.

At the Second Synod of Vitré, 1617, it was ordained that persons choosing Romish sponsors for their children, should be subject to Church censures. *Moors*, banished from Spain, were not to be received into communion without careful instruction in the Christian religion. All ministers are forbidden to vent in the pulpit their sentiments about public affairs.

1620.—At Aléz it was recommended that moderators should be chosen with a low rather than a loud voice, “for the avoiding of many inconveniences.” The Canons of Dort were incorporated with those of the Synod of France. Mons. Martin’s book, “*Le Capuchin Reformé*,” being a source of heavy cost to him, “a great number of copies being left upon his hand through the craft and knavery of the booksellers,” is ordered to be reimbursed his expences. (Most indulgent Synod!) Jerome Quevedo, a Spaniard, escaped out of the prison of the Inquisition, had a sum of money granted him for his subsistence. Mons. Ferrier, a quondam Carthusian monk, is to have a pension of eightpence a day, and a new suit of clothes yearly. Quarrels in the Church of St. John de Gardonengues about pews—that standing grievance of all Churches. *Craig* and *Cameron*, professors of divinity at *Saumur*. *Galland*, king’s deputy at Charenton, 1623. All the respective pastors and deputies at this assembly did for themselves and their provinces, with hands uplifted to Heaven, swear that they would observe their Canons of Discipline. The Church of Geneva assented to use common bread at communion, instead of unleavened bread, in order to conform to the usage of the French Churches. King Louis XIII. objected to foreign pastors, and the acceptance of the decrees of the Synod of Dort. Pastors were exhorted to visit the families of their flocks at least once a year. The Greek professorship abolished in their universities, on the plea of “the poverty of our Churches,” and “as being superfluous and of small profit.” (!) This resolution was revoked at the next Synod.

As noble a body of Calvinistic divinity as anywhere existed in so brief a space, is condensed in the canons and decrees of the Council of Charenton.

Peter de Launay, one of the lay deputies to this Synod, was

reputed a Millennarian. One of the clergy, *de l'Angle*, was father of one of the prebendaries of Westminster.

At the Synod of Castres, 1626, a thousand livres were voted as a present to pastor *Blondel*, in order to buy books, "as a token of our great esteem and value for him;" "and because his great excellency lieth in Church-history and antiquity," he is earnestly desired to follow his genius.

Several hundred livres were ordered to be paid over to the children of the deceased Mr. Cameron, formerly professor and pastor at Montauban, out of respect to his memory.

The Second Synod of Charenton, 1631, decreed an earnest request to Mons. *de Sommaise* (Salmasius), that he would devote his studies and pains to the service of God's Church, and that he would travail in the examination and confutation of the Annals of Cardinal Baronius.

This Synod condemned "the deplorable weakness" and "inexcusable cowardice" of those professors of the faith who, in obedience to orders from the magistrates, did "hang their houses, and light out candles, on the festival that goes by the name of the Holy Sacrament."

Lutherans are to be admitted to communion, and to stand surety for children, "without a precedaneous abjuration of those opinions held by them, contrary to the belief of our Churches."

Sharp and *Martin*, foreign pastors, are ordered out of the kingdom by the king's decree, contrary to the remonstrance of the Synod.

A Mr. Robertson at this time was principal of the college at Rochefoucauld.

In the Synod of Alençon, 1637, it is laid down by the royal commissioner, as the price of the king's favour, that "when, as you shall have occasion to speak of the Pope, and of those of the Roman Catholic religion, of its sacraments and ceremonies, you are not to call him Antichrist, nor them idolators, nor to use any unbecoming words that may offend or scandalize them, upon pain of interdiction; *i.e.*, of silencing the ministers and dissolving the church-meetings, and of greater punishments." They are further prohibited publishing polemical works without submitting them to his Majesty's censors. Apostates must not be called apostates; and persons divorced by the civil magistrates, wishing to be married again, must be married by the pastors, even against the wish of the clergyman. His Majesty also enjoins them to abstain from re-baptizing those who had been baptized by monks or unauthorized persons, on the ground that the Roman Catholic Church acknowledged such baptisms to be valid. The Church must now

have begun to feel the weight of its golden chains, but not without protest.

M. Fourneaux and his wife suspended from communion for marrying his daughter to a Papist; and only restored on repentance, and confession of his fault. A decree is passed against the sale of slaves, and in favour of their religious instruction.

Persons becoming bankrupts are to be dealt with by the Consistories.

At Charenton, 1645, a man is to be allowed to marry his wife's mother, if the civil magistrate permits it. Collections were to be made to redeem Christian captives in the Barbary States.

"Upon report made by certain deputies of the maritime provinces, that there do arrive unto them from other countries some persons going by the name of *Independents* . . . and judging the said sect of *Independence* not only prejudicial to the Church of God . . . but also is very dangerous to the civil state . . . all the provinces are therefore enjoined, but especially those which border upon the sea, to be exceeding careful that this evil do not get footing in the Churches of this kingdom."

Members of the Church are forbidden to take off their hats in salutation of the Romish Host borne through the streets.

At the Synod of Loudun, 1639, his Majesty's commissioners forbade them admitting to orders any student who had studied in Switzerland, England, or Holland; as also, in the pulpit, to refrain from using the words *scourges*, *persecutions*, &c. Nor may they make public complaint of breach of faith by the violation of edicts in their favour; nor apply the fifth of their poor's money to support students; nor set up preachings again in Languedoc, where they had been suppressed; and, finally, the king forbids *National Councils* to be held any more.

This was a pretty serious lesson to the poor Protestants not to put their trust in princes. Their noble reply to one part of the king's repeated request is worthy of quotation:—

"As for those words, *Antichrist*, in our liturgy, and *Idolatry*, and *Decrets of Satan*, which are found in our confession, they be words declaring the reasons and grounds of our separation from the Romish Church and doctrine, which our fathers maintained in the worst of times, and *which we are fully resolved as they, through the aids of Divine Grace, never to abandon, but to keep faithfully and inviolably to the last gasp.*"

We do not wonder that kings cannot understand persons of such principles as these. They are certainly very hard to manage by court measures, although amenable to justice and kindness.

Duels are denounced, "that so this hellish sin may be banished from out the hearts and societies of the faithful."

In the celebration of the Lord's Supper, those portions of the Holy Scriptures were to be read, and those hymns sung "which are the most suitable to the nature of that ordinance, that so the devotion of our communicants may be raised and inflamed, and not flattered and diverted.

"Mademoiselle (*sic*) Charles, widow of the deceased Monsieur Charles, late Pastor and Professor of Divinity in the University of Montauban, petitioned this Assembly that it would cause her to be paid the arrears of salaries due unto her husband." Granted.

Here our graver extracts must close, with the last National Synod, held in France. We regret the undeniable fact that the tyranny and intolerance of the king debarred his Protestant subjects the privilege of meeting in their combined representative way; but do not grievously bewail the incident itself. The larger ecclesiastical combinations are not much to our taste, and still less to our convictions. To our mind the provincial councils would do the work of counsel and action better than the more comprehensive organization. The chief occupation of the latter Synods had come to be the allotment of the Government Grant to its sundry recipients. We are profoundly of the belief of Gregory the Nazianzene, that the Councils never did real good. *Μηδεμίας συνοδου τελοζείδον χρηστον*. Some are sanguine that a revived Convocation in the Church of England will effect a world of benefit: our wish, father to our thought, consigns the Convocation beyond the *hope of resurrection* "to the tomb of all the Capulets."

Thus far for the grave tragedy of our topic: now turn we to the farcical side of the French Synods—for these, like most other things, are capable of being viewed in a two-fold light.

Many of the ministers of those days were themselves direct converts from Romanism—monks, friars, &c.—and carried with them their priestly pretensions, ignorance, vulgarity, sloth, and still worse habits and practices, into their new communion. Several of them were, besides, persons of the most slender education, and utterly unfitted to lead the devotions of an enlightened Protestant community; and, to the honour of French Protestantism, like that of all countries, the intelligence, the spirituality, the thrift, the cleanliness, the self-respect, and the education, were eminently theirs. All the wretched incompetent converts, rejected by their various charges, became a burden upon the churches, and often by their crimes, a civil nuisance. Wandering from church to church, they lived on alms, and spread the pestilence of their evil example everywhere. Against divers and sundry of these, the churches are warned by name and personal description.

One cannot but admire the unction wherewith the ghostly men,

in Synod assembled, characterise the shortcomings, physically, of the wretches they brand with their ecclesiastical stigma as deposed and excommunicated. They seem to gloat with a kind of humorous delight on blot or blemish of stature, complexion, or hair, as if to be able to call a man an ugly fellow was some compensation for his naughtiness. It comforts the soul of the Synod, to fancy that some outside mark of reprobation exists upon the skin of the loathed individual—the devil's broad arrow—that points him out as an enemy of God and his Church, by an infallible token of deformity.

For his moral faults the party denounced is sure to be damned; but to be a dwarf, or a big hulking fellow, or to have a cast in his eye, or a straggle in his gait, is double damnation. The following are samples of the Synodal *Hue and Cry* of Vertueil, in the year of grace, 1567:—

“One *Chartir* or *Charles*, who says of himself that he was a counsellor of Grenoble, and that he solicited at court for the profits of his office. A man of mean (in the sense of middle) stature, his beard waxing grey, deposed from the ministry at Usanchez by the Brethren of Limoges, for lying, cheatings, forgeries, roguish tricks, drunkenness, unchaste kissings, and at Pamier, dancing and contumacy against the Church. This fellow intrudes himself into all places where he can get admittance to preach.

Another *mauvais sujet* is cautioned against, in the same roll, “as quitting and retaking at pleasure his Fryer's weeds.” Accused also of being “a confederate of robbers, a fellow of great stature, yellow beard, and hath lost two of his fore-teeth.”

“*John Clost*,” comes in also for his buffet, “alias *Child*, a wretch full of heresies, a champion for the mass, asserting its goodness—in two points only excepted, viz., prayers unto the saints, and for the dead—maintaining that the good and bad have equal privilege to communicate in the body of Christ, as also celibacy, and praying towards the east; and that commentaries upon Scripture are needless; and that Calvin did very ill in writing of Protestantism; and that man may keep perfectly all the commands of God. He is a fellow of mean stature, a yellowish beard, and speaks somewhat thick, plain in his looks, and tawny face, aged five-and-twenty.”

The Synod of Privas, 1612, with equal gusto dwells upon the unsavoury features of the reprobates, denouncing one as “shaking his head, and spitting at his first approaches, stammering in his ordinary discourses, black teeth, and very slovenly in his apparel;” while another is “of a bowering countenance,” and “has returned again with the dog unto his vomit of Popery.”

To mate with the gentleman of the "great red nose," the Synod of Tonneins, 1619, presents with a deposed minister, "eagle-nosed, wide-mouthed, with little or no beard."

With a degree of picturesqueness that the clerks of other Synods might envy, the scribe of Tonneins proceeds to daguerreotype two other delinquents in the ensuing style:—One, "*Jeremy Terrier*, is a tall fellow, black and curled hair, of an olive-greenish complexion, wide, open nostrils, and great lips;" while his comrade in misfortune, if not in crime, is "*Josias Montagne*, a middle-sized fellow, having a black and tufted beard, mixed hair, open and roving eyes, about 40 years old."

The pen that laid on these graphic touches could have painted portraits.

A clergyman coming under the lash of the Second Synod of *Vitré*, 1617, is described as having "a little black beard, black-haired, and looking down towards the earth." Another must have been *nuts* to his caricaturist, from his peculiarities, being "hook-nosed and club-footed." One *Andrew Bassett* is not complimented on his good looks, for although he is credited with "a fine clear red head," he is called "a sullen, ill-looking fellow, frowning when he speaks, roving with his eyes, and louring with his head towards the ground."

The whole of this *Vitré* lot were unfortunate in their physiognomy, or their describer dipped his pen in gall when he sat down to his task, for the apostate that follows is "a squinting, purblind fellow, short-sighted, tall of stature, glib of tongue;" while he who follows is as bad—"Short of stature, square-shouldered, broad-faced, a dim-sighted fellow." To the scribe before us we are not quite sure, but "dim-sightedness" was the mark of the beast.

Who will not relish this touch of humour of the scribe of the assembly at Alez, 1620? A person herein described as deposed three years before, was "about forty years old, red-favoured, copper-nosed, of a laughing countenance, a little, stooping, gorbelled fellow."

Another has "little eyes, sunk deep into his head, and purblind . . . pale visaged, great nose, rash and haughty in speaking." Another charge is rung upon these same "little eyes," in the following:—"He is a fellow about two-and-thirty years of age, of a flaxen-coloured hair, red beard, a long and ghastly visage, great nose, ferret's eyes, sunk deep into his head, and yet poring upon the earth, and short of stature." Another is "tall enough, and great necked, red beard, a bald, uplifted head, wide open nostrils, lame of his right hand." This last was only deposed for "divers natural infirmities, by the Synod of Dauphine;" but is "now a vagabond."

These portraits grow in raciness of epithet as time proceeds. At Charenton, 1623, one of the deposed is "crump-shouldered;" another is "a thin, slender fellow, with small crane legs;" another is "a melancholy fellow, thin and meagre, his head stooping downwards, with blubber lips, deposed for *Arminianism*." Another has "a wandering look, his eyes sunk into his head, and shaking it upon all occasions;" another has "a long visage, and great nose;" while yet another is "of a low dwarfish stature, with coal-black thin hair, small crane-legs and purblind." One more has "red hair," and is "copper-nosed, deposed for deserting his church."

The Synod of Castrés, 1626, forms an exception to its predecessors, inasmuch as it allows some of the offenders to appear a little more human and attractive than the pictorial tablet of the Church has presented the unfrocked clergy hitherto. Of one, for instance, it is characteristic, that he has "both eyes alike, and is high eagle-nosed." The having "both eyes alike," seems to imply a belief in the common superstition that Judas Iscariot certainly squinted. The following, however, does not picture a handsome man:—"A dwarfish brown fellow. . . great eyes, and great lips, short neck, and somewhat crook-backed;" nor yet this—"Red-favoured and frowning, holding his head a little sideways, red hair, his eyes very deep-sunk into their holes, very rude in his discourse and carriage, quarrelsome, conceited hugely of himself, and totally incorrigible." But more follows:—"A middle-statured black and dead-looking fellow, high eyebrows, wide open nostrils, flat nose, and sharp-picked beard;" another is "tall of stature, with a little small head and bald, and red weeping eyes;" another has "eyes deep-sunk into his head, and is lame of his left arm;" while "*Bonitons*, heretofore pastor of St. Affric," caps the climax, as "a red-haired fellow, half gray, his face and hands spotted all over with black morpew, a big out-bending belly, and low of stature."

The second Synod of Charenton, 1631, is not behind its predecessors in its notation of deformities:—"Joseph Aubrey," is "a fellow of low stature, long visage, deep-sunk eyes, of fierce look, great nose, chestnut hair, his legs and feet crooked in, halting on both sides, deposed by the province for forgeries, perjuries, and other scandals." "*Anthony Demoot*," formerly an Augustine friar, is "of low stature, hair almost white, roving eyes, high eagle-nosed, short neck, shrub-shouldered, haggardly, froward, and unsociable in his discourses." Another has "a flat nose and great fat tongue;" another, "formerly a monk," is "a middle-sized, olive-coloured fellow, disfigured with the small-pox, having a pearl in one of his eyes." *Jacob Chastier* is "short of stature,

but well-compacted, with chestnut-coloured hair, staring up like hog's bristles, high forehead, large shoulders ;" while *David Bourgade*, who trips up his heels, is "low of stature, gray-haired, with great eyes, a purblind, squinting fellow, with a great nose that is somewhat high ; very violent, covetous, voluptuous, and undisciplinable." *John Durant* had a wretched physique, yet was "ready to laugh upon any occasion;" "a middle-sized fellow, having a plain, long, bald head, pale of colour, a staggering, trembling voice, rotten teeth, ready to laugh upon any occasion." In the same assembly, *Francis Langelob* is described "low of stature, flat and bald-headed, high forehead, great flat nose, a little beard and that mixt, white teeth, voice and hands trembling, roving, wandering eyes, and high looked, a great neck, and hunch-backed on one side." His comrade in disgrace is no better:—*Theophilus Casamajor*, "mean of stature, little head, few teeth, hoarse voice, and effeminate, his beard red and mingled, sad of countenance, and ready on any occasion to laugh : he is now an apostate."

The Synod of Alençon, 1637, gives us an inventory of its deposed ministers with many of the same features as before, but one has "a tawny, meagre face;" another is "a small, taper fellow;" another, "a short, fat, crook-back fellow, with a great mouth and lips turned in."

The third Synod of Charenton is scarcely so picturesque in its terms as the other, at least so elaborate, yet is it equally plain-spoken and downright; for instance, the black roll records—"Abel D'Argent, of middle stature, black hair, a melancholy man." Another, a poor old sinner of seventy, as "of middle stature, red visage, sore, weeping eyes." Another is said to be, "a little bald, and rude in his gait; and *Daniel Martin*, about sixty-two years old, is given as "a tall, square fellow, full visage, swarthy colour, with great black eyes, and black hair on his head and beard." The comment on his apostasy is pithy: "an impious protestant will make a very goodly papist."

But the Synod of Loudun, 1659, yields to none other in its elaborate and uncomplimentary limning. "*John Cordeil*, is a fellow low of stature, great head, and bald before, his hair mixed with gray, great uplifted eyes, high, red-coloured visage, a great short neck, grave in his going, but inclining to stupidity, a loud and clear voice and dull laughter." "*Sebastian Daubuz*, has his face marked with little black spots, his hair black and curled, even to the crown of his head, a fellow of clever judgment." A third is "a frowning, ill-looking fellow, slow of speech, dull and heavy in his gait, gross and tall of stature;" a fourth has "the moustache of his beard thick and trussed up, low of stature and somewhat fat, a very red-favoured fellow." "*William Martin*,"

has "his hair flaxen, a wide mouth, and is a middle stature fellow." "This wretch, like Judas, sold his Christ and Gospel for a sorry sum of silver, and turned papist at Tours;" while, in fine, one *La Motte* is dismissed with, "a great, lubberly Franciscan Friar, who quitted his frock in the house of the Lord *De La Martinicre*."

Every species of immorality was the occasion of these depositions, but more frequently than any other apostasy to the Romish faith. Popery and Arminianism were the two snakes which the Synodal Hercules was ordained to strangle: Arminianism was its especial *bête noire*. Free will was the red rag to the Calvinistic turkey-cock of prevenient grace. Arminianism was in a rare degree mal-odorous. How it stunk in their nostrils may be gathered from an item of the Synod of Charenton, 1623:—

"The province of the Isle of France demanded what course should be taken with professed Arminians, and such as spread abroad in discourse their dogmas and tenets. This Synod decreeth that all dogmatizers be prosecuted with Church Censures; and as for such as are known Arminians, but do not disperse their opinions, our pastors and consistories shall deal with them for three months time in order to reclaim them unto sound doctrine; but in case they continue obstinate after that time, they shall be debarred communion with us at the Lord's table."

The good men that jotted down these facial particularities were evidently physiognomists—every one of these Synods of the 16th and 17th centuries. They believed in Lavater—*per prolepsin*. They read the proverb backwards—*Fronti nulla fides*. They would have hanged any man on no stronger evidence than a villainous countenance. They were suspicious as Cæsar; they would have traced Cæssius' treason in Cæssius' "lean and hungry look." They had no *Bene*s in their numeration; all their *Notes* were *Nota Male*. They were followers of Dr. Adam Clarke's inhuman superstition—"I always mark them that God marks." To them Cain must have been a predestinated vagabond, for he bore the brand of reprobation; and Polyphemus the monocular was an inevitable carnifal—was he not a Kuklops? How could Cicero be other than tortuous and feeble in his policy, with his crooked neck and feeble body? or the great Alexander illustrate other than the brevity of life, who was himself so short? Could any good thing come out of the Nazareth of a shabby organization, goggle eyes, or rickety limbs? How could a "crump-shouldered" man bear anything but a burden of iniquity? or a "gorbelled fellow" be other than full of ravening and wickedness? or a loafer with a "great red nose" find it of any use save to light him into the paths of evil? The Synod were temperament doctors; and the

ruby snout, the wry mouth, and the bat's eyes, were the pulse that told the temperament. The outwards was counterpart and index to the inwards; the disfigured frontispiece a Theseus' clue to the labyrinth of the heart.

We wonder if these good men, who made just one application of the fable of Beauty and the Beast—*Beauty* their Synodal infallibilities, and *Beast* their ugly *dénoncés*—were all model men—Apollons, Antinouses, unfallen Adams, “the goodliest man of men since born”—and their wives the fairest of the daughters of Eve? But what if the “copper-nosed” or “crane-legged” gentleman had taken their portraits? The likeness had then been as little flattering, perhaps, as their own. Once upon a time the monkeys took to portrait-painting, and the subjects that sate to them were men. But Ovid's *Metamorphoses* were never more complete than that wrought on canvas and easel of the artistic quadrumana; for, in the picture, the monkeys all became men, and all the men monkeys—and thereby “hangs a tale.”

These matter-of-fact notes of the unattractive *morale* and *physique* of defaulting ministers and monks reminds us of nothing so much as the corresponding frankness of the British *Flagellum Parliamentarium* of 1671-2. For instance:—

“JOHN BIRCH—An old Rumper, who formerly bought nails at Bristol, where they were cheap, and carried them into the west to sell, at Exeter and other places; but, marrying a rich widow, got into the House, and is now Commissioner in all Excises, and is one of the Council of Trade.

“ANTHONY ASHLEY—Son to the Lord that looks on both sides (squints?), and one *Wry*, who is a great bribe-taker, and has got and cheated £150,000.

“VISCOUNT LORD MANDEVILLE—A bed-chamber pimp: has great boons that way.

“SIR STEPHEN FOX—Once a link-boy; then a singing-boy at Salisbury; then a serving-man; and, permitting his wife to be common beyond sea, at the Restoration was made Paymaster to the Guards, where he has cheated £100,000, and is one of the green cloth.”

These, it must be owned, are equally plain-spoken, but want the artistic *passe-port* delineations of the French Consistories.

Brief Notices.

ENGLISH PURITANISM AND ITS LEADERS
—CROMWELL, MILTON, BAXTER, AND
BUNYAN. By John Tulloch, D.D.,
Author of the "Leaders of the Reforma-
tion." William Blackwood & Sons.

WE had intended to have devoted to this book more than a brief notice. It is a most excellent attempt to comprehend the spirit of the Puritans, through the exhibition of the minds of four of its greatest representative men. It is a book which, from its style—firm and interesting, dispassionate and impartial, but yet warm with admiration—will be hailed for fireside reading in the families of the descendants of those Puritan men and their times; but, from the care and the conscience the writer has brought to his task, will make it a desirable book, too, for ministers and students, and those more especially concerned in piercing into the spirit of that great period. The writer truly says, the history of English Puritanism has to be written. A greater and more singular series of phenomena than its rise and appearance in England the nation, perhaps the world, never saw. It has left its stamp upon the land unto this day. The sharpness, the hard distinctness of feature, has necessarily, to a great extent, gone; but we trust the great creed of the Puritan heart and faith, are still mighty and alive amongst us. This work does not aim to present a history of English Puritanism, but it portrays the features and the deeds of its most distinguished men—Cromwell, its soldier, and every way its greatest statesman; Milton, its poet; Baxter, its theologian; and Bunyan, its prophet. The reader who has believed that Puritanism has no history, or that the "Leaders of the Reformation" would be of little use in tracing it to its origin, will find in this volume. It can only fill the mind with the great impres-

sions of the majesty and magnitude of the characters of the mighty men whose deeds it narrates and adorns. Compelled for the present to relinquish the pleasure of a more lengthy and comprehensive digest of the volume, we must content ourselves with putting before our readers two or three quotations illustrative of its style, and the breadth of the author's views. The following is a picture of the Puritan mind of Milton:—

"Yet while Milton rose above the hardening forms of Puritanism, its spirit never left him. He never outlived the dream of moulding both the Church and society around him into an authoritative model of the divine. In all his works he is aiming at this. He is seeking to bring down heaven to earth in some arbitrary and definite shape. If there is anything more than another that marks his mode of thought, it is this lofty theorising, which applies its own generalisations with a confident hand to all the circumstances of life, and, holding forth its own conceptions, seeks everywhere in history and Scripture for arguments to support them, and to crush out of sight everything opposed to them. Even when he is least Puritan, in the limited doctrinal sense of the word—as in his writings on divorce—he is eminently Puritan in spirit. Whatever may be his special opinions, he is everywhere a dogmatic idealist—not merely an interpreter and learner of the divine—but one who, believing himself confidently to be in possession of it, does not hesitate to carry out his ideas into action, and square life according to them. The varying and expansive character of his opinions does not in the least affect the unity of his plan."

"The epithet of the 'quintessence of Puritanism,' which some have applied to Milton, is more misleading

than in any sense characteristic. 'He was not a Puritan,' Macaulay says; 'he was not a free-thinker; he was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union.' So far as this is true at all, it is true merely of the superficial qualities of his nature. If by a Puritan he meant one who wore long hair, who disliked music, who despised poetry, then Milton certainly was no Puritan. But it is only to a very material fancy that such qualities could be supposed to constitute Puritanism. It would never for a moment have struck our poet himself that his love of music, or of poetry, or even his wearing his hair long, separated him in any degree from his own party, or assimilated him to that of the Court. With the latter party he had not a single element of intellectual affinity. He and the Royalist writers of the time stood at entirely opposite poles. The whole circle of his ideas, political, poetical, and theological, was absolutely opposed to theirs. He would have abhorred Hobbes, as he despised and ridiculed Charles I. His intellect was as little eclectic as any great intellect can be. It sought nurture at every source of cultivation, and fed itself on the most varied literary repasts; but after all it remained unchanged, if not uncoloured, by any admixtures. He was direct, dogmatic, and aspiring, but never broad, genial, or dramatic. 'His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' He outshone all others. But while elevated in his grandeur, he was not comprehensive in his spirit. Even when he soared farthest beyond the confines of contemporary opinion, he carried with him the intense, concentrated, and Hebraic temper which characterised it. Puritanism was in many, perhaps in most, a very limited, while, at the same time, a very confident and unyielding, phase of thought. In Milton it loses its limits, but it retains all its confidence and stubbornness. It soars, but it does not widen; and even in its highest flights it remains as ever

essentially unsympathetic, scornful, and affirmative. It lays down the law and the commandments. It is positive, legislative, and authoritative. This is the temper of our author everywhere, and this was the Puritanical temper in its innermost expression."

And in many particulars the following realization of the *dramatis personæ* of Bunyan is very noteworthy:—

"There was nothing more characteristic of Puritanism than the conflict and distress of emotion which it associated with religion. All religious life and excellence sprang out of the darkness of some great crisis of spiritual feeling. 'I live you know where,' Cromwell wrote to his cousin, 'in Kedar—which signifies darkness.' It is remarkable how prominently Bunyan has seized and expressed this idea. Considering his own experience, it would indeed have been strange if he had not. The Slough of Despond awaits every inquiring pilgrim—the pure-minded Mercy no less than the sinful Christiana. And even after many pilgrims have got far on in their journey—after Vanity Fair has been passed, and the River of Life, and the Pleasant Meadow—there is Doubting Castle and Giant Despair. Mr. Feeble-mind, Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid, Mr. Little-faith, and Mr. Fearing, who 'lay roaring at the Slough of Despond for above a month,' are all true but anxious and distressed pilgrims. It is impossible not to see the impress of a prominent feature of popular Puritanism in such characters. The burden of their spiritual weakness oppresses and prostrates them. It is only when Greatheart delivers them from Giant Despair that they have any relief. 'Now when Feeble-mind and Ready-to-Halt saw that it was the head of Giant Despair indeed, they were very jocund and merry. Now, Christiana, if need was, could play upon the viol, and her daughter Mercy upon the lute; so, since they were so

merry disposed, she played them a lesson, and Ready-to-Halt would dance. So he took Despondency's daughter Much-afraid by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand, but I promise you he footed it well; also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely. As for Mr. Despondency, the music was not so much to him: he was for feeding rather than dancing, for that he was almost starved.' There is queer grim humour in this picture of Puritan mirth. It is but a rare gleam, and a very grotesque one. Mr. Despondency had evidently the truer appreciation of his position. The most devoted saint could not live without eating; but no combination of lute and viol and handsome footing can make the dancing congruous.

"While Bunyan has preserved such various types of the Puritan Christian, he has not forgotten their opposites in the Royal Anglicanism, or false religion of the day, as it appeared to him. By-ends is one of his most graphic pictures. He and his friends and companions, Lord Time-server, Lord Fair-speech, Mr. Smoothman, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything, and the parson of the parish, Mr. Two-tongues, all make a group of which Bunyan knew too many specimens. In Puritan times they had been zealous for religion; while it sat in high places they had admired and respected it, and seemed to be among its most forward followers; but they had arrived at such 'a pitch of breeding,' that they knew how to carry it to all. From the stricter sect they differed in two small points. '1st. They never strove against wind and tide;' and, 2nd, 'They were always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers.' 'They loved much to talk with him in the street when the sun shines and the people applaud him.' 'They had a luck to jump in their judgment with the present times.'

"Talkative is a specimen of an-

other phase of pseudo-religious life. It was his great business and delight 'to talk of the history or the mystery of things,' of 'miracles, wonders, and signs sweetly penned in Holy Scripture.' He is a capital, if somewhat overdone, picture of the empty religious professor, who learns by rote the 'great promises and consolations of the Gospel,' who can give a 'hundred Scripture texts for confirmation of the truth—that all is of grace and not of works;' who can talk by the hour, of 'things heavenly or things earthly, things moral or things evangelical, things sacred or things profane, things past or things to come, things essential or things circumstantial,' but who, notwithstanding all his 'fair tongue, is but a sorry fellow.' He is the son of one Say-well, and dwells in Prating Row. He can discourse as well on the 'ale-bench' as on the way to Zion. 'The more drink he hath in his crown,' the more of such things he hath in his head. He is 'the very stain, and reproach, and shame of religion.'—'A saint abroad, a devil at home.' 'It is better to deal with a Turk than with him.' How many Talkatives must have made their appearance in the wake of the great Puritan movement—the spawn of its earnest and grave professions! Bedford and its neighbourhood had, no doubt, many of them; and Bunyan knew and despised them in life, as he has fixed them in immemorial disgrace in his pages.

"The most complete scene from life probably in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is the trial of Faithful at Vanity Fair. The mob that shouted against Faithful and Christian, and 'beat them, and besmeared them with dirt,' and called them 'Beggars and mad,' is the picture of a Restoration mob hooting the persecuted saints. Lord Hategood, the judge, is the impersonation of the odious arrogance and ready cruelty of the justices, as they appeared to Bunyan; the jury and the witnesses are all more or less portraits; not a feature is filled in which does not represent some fact or circumstance

well known to him. The indictment is almost his own, under which his long imprisonment was sealed. 'They were enemies to, and disturbers of, their trade; they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince.' Jeffreys himself might be supposed speaking in the words of the judge. 'Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee?' Faithful: 'May I speak a few words in my own defence?' Judge: 'Sirrah, sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our goodness toward thee, let us hear what thou hast to say.'

"The idea and forms of a trial had strongly impressed themselves on Bunyan's mind. It had been one of the familiar and imposing scenes of his own life, and so had become fixed upon his memory, and a part of his imaginative furniture. It is depicted at great length in the 'Holy War,' as well as in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' This shows the homely limits, but at the same time the strength and vivacity, of his fancy. He drew from his own narrow experience—but his art made the dim pictures of his memory all alive with the fitting touches of reality.

"This realistic character of Bunyan's allegories is of special interest to us now. We are carried back to Bedford and the Midland Counties in the seventeenth century, and we mingle with the men and women that lived and did their work there. It is in many respects a beautiful and affecting picture that we contemplate. A religion which could produce men like Greatheart, and old Honest, and Christian himself, and Faithful, and Hopeful—and of which the gentle and tender-hearted Mercy was a fair expression—had certainly features both of magnanimity and of beauty. There is a simple earnestness and a pure-minded loveliness in Bunyan's

highest creations that are very touching. Puritanism lives in his pages—spiritually and socially—in forms and in colouring which must ever command the sympathy and enlist the love of all good Christians.

"But his pages no less show its narrowness and deficiencies. Life—even spiritual life—is broader than Bunyan saw it and painted it. It is not so easily and sharply defined—it cannot be so superficially sorted and classified. It is more deep, complex, and subtle—more involved, more mixed. There may have been good in Talkative, with all his emptiness and love for the ale-bench—and Mrs. Timorous, and even By-ends, might have something said for them. Nowhere, in reality, is the good so good, or the bad so bad, as Puritan evangelical piety is apt to conceive and represent them. There is work to be done in the city of Destruction as well as in fleeing from it. The Meadow with the sparkling river, and the Enchanted Ground, are not mere snares to lure and hurt us. There is room for leisure and literature, and poetry and art even, as we travel to Mount Zion. There is a meeting-point for all these elements of human culture, and the 'one thing needful'—without which all culture is dead—though Bunyan and Puritanism failed to see it."

We warmly commend this volume to the attentive perusal and study of our readers. It very nobly illustrates the faith, the fervour, and the deeds of the great masters in the world of thought and action in a period of which we can never speak too proudly.

THE BISHOP'S WALK AND THE BISHOP'S TIMES. By Orwell. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

A VOLUME of poems containing many words and sweetly-turned reflections, looking not only to the bishop's times, but ours. The bishop, the reader will be pleased to learn, is the good, great, and seraphic Bishop of Dun-

blane, the Scottish Fenelon, Archbishop Leighton. The author says :—

"The Bishop's Walk" is the name of a shady avenue at the west end of Dunblane Cathedral, leading from the ruins of the Episcopal palace to nowhere in particular. It is a pleasant walk, just long enough for a sedentary student, because he can think from end to end of it quite as well as if he were pacing to and fro in his study, and at the same time get all the ben fit of those horrid *constitut onals*, whose grand object is to walk away from thought into an appetite. We do not wonder therefore, at the tradition which ascribes to Archbishop Leighton a great fondness for this spot. It is a special favourite of our own, and we had often sauntered there musing about the good bishop and his times, and trying to imagine what his thoughts and feelings must have been as he looked away through the green ash-leaves to the troubled and stormy age in which he found himself so lamentably out of place. Thus the substance of this book gradually rose into form and clearness before the mind's eye, and at length urgently demanded some kind of utterance."

The reader will find, should he obtain and peruse this very quiet and pleasant little volume, much that will surely be very soothing to read. It is saying much for the author that his appreciation and admiration of such a man as Leighton is great. Here is a descriptive portrait of him in the walk :—

"A frail, slight form—no tangle he,
Grand, for a shade of Duty;
Rather a bush, infused with grace,
And trembling in a deer's place,
And unconsumed with fire,
Though burning higher and higher.

"A frail, slight form, and pale with care,
And jet from the raven hair
That folded from a forest tree,
Godlike of breadth and majesty—
A brow of thought supreme
And mystic, glorious dream.

"And over all that noble face
Lay somewhat of soft pensiveness
In a fine golden haze of thought,
That seemed to waver light, and float
This way and that way still,
With no firm bent of will.

"God made him beautiful, so he
Drawn to all beauty tenderly,
And conscious of all beauty, whether
In things of earth or heaven or neither;
So to rude men he seemed
Often as one that dreamed.

"Beautiful spirit! fallen, alas,
On times when little beauty was;
Still seeking peace amid the strife,
Still working, weary of thy life,
Toiling in holy love,
Panting for heaven above.

"I mark thee, in an evil day,
Alone upon a lonely way;
More sad-companionless thy fate,
Thy heart more truly desolate,
Than even the misty glen
Of persecuted men.

"Far none so lone on earth as he
If lone way of thought is high and free,
Beyond the mist, beyond the cloud,
Beyond the clamour of the crowd,
Moving, where Jesus trod,
In the lone walk with God."

"The Bishop's Walk" shows, as might be expected from what we have said already, a tender perception of the beauties of nature, and they are conveyed in very sensitive and delicate verse: Is it not so in the following description of evening :—

"And knee-deep lilies in the stream
Where the red lights of evening gleam,
And whispering winds were tripping free
Down the high-palmed gallery,
Or sighing as they pass
Over the churchyard grass.

"And in the calm of such an hour
Old memories have a witching power,
Old times come back, old faces look
Up to us from the sacred book,
The very grave seems made
To yield us back our dead.

"Alas! if you look back and see
Friendship's old pictured gallery,
Where some are gone, and some are
changed,
And some undotted and estranged,
And some you wronged, perchance,
I'll lead you with a glance."

"The Bishop's Times" is a collection of legendary verses commemorating the men of the period. Our thanks are due to the unknown author for the pleasure he has afforded us by this amiable and pious offering, especially to a good and noble man's memory, and for the quiet and unaffected devotion and Catholic feeling glowing over the Bishop's Walk, which certainly is our favourite of the volume. With one more extract, we close our notice :—

"Nor can I say but vesper hymn,
And the old chaunt in chapel dim,
Sound to me as an infant's voice
When Faith is young, and doth rejoice,
And goeth all day long
Singing a quiet song.

"But yet they wrong me much who say
That I have erred, and gone astray
From Christ, the Way, the Truth, the
Life,
Because I shrink from civil strife,
And schoolmen's quirks, and faint
Cobwebs of argument.

"I love the kirk, with ages hoar;
I love old ways, but Christ far more;
I love the fold, I love the flock,
But more my Shepherd and my Rock,
And the great Book of grace
That mirrors His dear face.

"O sweet the story and the psalm,
And prophecy is healing balm,
Like virgin-comb apostle's lips,
Like fate the grand Apocalypse;
But sweet, above all other,
Thou, Saviour, Friend, and Brother."

ANNO DOMINI SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND
SIXTY TWO: ITS MARTYRS AND
MONITIONS. A Lecture, by Edward
Swaine. Judd and Glass.

A VERY excellent and instructive lecture by a very excellent man, it was delivered before the members of a Mutual Improvement Society at Craven Chapel; and, by those who heard it, its publication was requested. It presents, in a rapid, comprehensive glance, a view of Nonconformity's most eventful year. Mr. Swaine says :—

"Imagination, aided by history,

might easily invoke touching pictures of that autumn day's experience, when so many messengers of Christ witnessed for His name,—of pleasant homesteads, endeared by the joys and sorrows of many a year, softening into more than usual beauty in the eyes of weeping wives and children, and of pastors and their flocks in silent agony, or last communings, taking their farewells; but it may be more wholesome, if less pathetic, to draw your attention to the lessons left to us by the noble-minded men who were then practically saying—

'We all on earth forsake,
Its pleasure, pomp, and power,
And Him our only portion make,
Our Strength and Tower.'

But permit, first, a brief retrospect. I see the dreary age of mediæval ignorance,—the people gross, the rulers self-seeking and oppressive, and those who should be shepherds of the flock, for the most part, ravening wolves—tyranny on the throne, superstition at the altar, Heaven set at auction, and Hell defrauded (at least in theory) by papal indulgences sold in the market-place, and priests and friary fattening on the spoil. But I see, also, a mighty wave approaching; it is the century of the Reformation, with its precious freight of Gospel truth, and the seeds it shall deposit of rightful liberty and Christian love. I see attempts to founder that goodly cargo and choke that good deposit, and Queen Mary, of horrid memory, kindles her Romish fires, and martyrs to the faith of Christ are offered up in hecatombs; and Queen Elizabeth, if not so "bloody," yet more inconsistent, because professing to be Protestant, harrying to prison and ignominious death some of the purest and most enlightened subjects of her realm, in vain and cruel efforts to secure agreement by force of law; and I see the Stuarts following in her steps, and rejoicing in what appeared to be the realization of their aim at uniformity, when in Anno Domini 1662, the

2,000 ejected ministers became the examples and pioneers of Nonconformity throughout the land. But I see, also, another mighty wave advancing—it is the century of the Revolution, bearing the ark of civil and religious liberty, with its inseparable attendants—social progress and improving morals; and now there comes another and yet another century, each more richly laden with the elements of widening liberty and national growth than its precursor; and again, there is a Queen, a glorious Queen, but so gentle is her sway that religious liberty, still partially unbound, is almost in danger of slumbering in its bonds and dreaming it is free. Not only are the fires of persecution out, but, except now and then for the rumble of a cart with chattels seized for Church-rates; or the click of a lock, noting the lodgment of a Scotch recusant for Church-tax; or the fall of an auctioneer's hammer at the sale of a "cure of souls," without consulting the souls in question; or a mother's wail from some "*National*" churchyard, where her child, being unbaptized, is being buried, as the law directs, with the burial of a beast; or some other little shock to the nerves of Christianity, charity, and justice, we should have almost nothing to remind us that we have yet to work and wait for the coming wave that shall sweep compulsion to its tomb."

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SCORESBY, M.A., D.D., etc., etc. By his Nephew, R. E. Scoresby Jackson, M.D. T. Nelson and Sons.

THE life of Dr. Scoresby, as most of our readers know, was a most singular one. An active voyager, and a clergyman of the Church of England, as remarkable for his devotion as his intense interest in, and affection for, all the discoveries of modern science, his life is a study for a boy and for a philosopher; and the volume before us is very interesting. It wants a little more agility, perhaps it is a little too big, and some of the quotations from

the sermons of the great Greenland explorer might have been curtailed. Dr. Scoresby was, if not a great man, yet a singularly patient and earnest one. He devoted himself with energy and great zeal to every labour undertook; and, from the record of this volume, he seems to have been as anxious and interested in the success of his Sabbath schools, and in the exhibition of Christ as a Saviour, as he was in those occupations to which, from the bent of his mind, he seemed to be more especially called. This life of him is a handsome book; but the memory of Dr. Scoresby, and its usefulness, would have been served, and the sale greatly increased, we believe, had it been smaller.

LIFE AT BETHANY; or, The Words and Tears of Jesus. By the Rev. Edwin Davies. London: Alexander Heylin.

A PLEASANT little book for quiet Sabbath afternoon reading to or by world-wearyed and worn-out people. The thought is not stretched; the feelings are gently quickened and urged by holy impulses.

THE BIBLE OF EVERY LAND: A History of the Sacred Scriptures in every Language and Dialect into which Translations have been made. Illustrated by Specimen Portions in Native Characters, Series of Alphabets, Coloured Ethnographical Maps, Tables, Indexes, &c. New Edition, Enlarged and Enriched. London: Samuel Baxter and Sons.

WE know not in what terms of sufficient commendation to express our admiration of this most beautiful book. We have delayed a notice of it in the hope to have devoted some pages to the interesting problem of the relation of the Bible to race. To the Christian ethnologist this will be a very precious volume, exhibiting, as it does, the travels and the conquests of the Word of God. In its getting-up it seems most fitted for a drawing-room table; but, in itself, it is worthy of a most honourable place in the library of every ardent Biblical student.

THE ECLECTIC.

MAY, 1861.

I.

ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.*

THE name of Mr. Robertson, of Brighton, has already acquired what we venture to regard as a lasting reputation. Several circumstances conspire to render this fact remarkable. Among them perhaps the most striking is the manner in which Mr. Robertson has emerged into general notice. During his lifetime he scarcely appeared in print. He published little, if anything, besides a few discourses for local circulation. He was known as a rising preacher among the Episcopalian body. At one time, as he himself remarked in a letter to a friend, he was in danger of being mistaken "by gods and men for the popular preacher of a fashionable watering place." He undoubtedly became possessed of unusual influence in his town. He taught with authority, and masses of earnest and thoughtful people—poor and rich—felt that his word had life in it; meantime whispers went abroad that the young clergyman was going sadly astray; that he consulted strange books; that he was known certainly to study the condemned literature of Germany, and therefore he was branded as a "neologian." Fearful word! What does it mean? Has it a meaning at all, or is it one of those scarecrow words which because they mean nothing, and sound formidable, are of service to keep timid souls in awe? Many caught up the word, and as often as

* I. Sermons by the late Rev. Fred. W. Robertson, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. First Series. Seventh Edition. Smith and Elder.

II. Sermons by Rev. Fred. W. Robertson. Second Series. Seventh Edition. Smith and Elder.

III. Sermons by Rev. Fred. W. Robertson, Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. Smith and Elder.

IV. Lectures and Addresses, by the Rev. F. W. Robertson. Smith and Elder.

Mr. Robertson was mentioned, repeated it with solemn shaking of the head. Were they altogether wrong in suspecting the soundness of the great preacher of Brighton? Would it be just to dismiss their fears and their bigotry with a mere passing notice? Mr. Robertson repelled and attracted. If we want to grasp the series of the magnetic force, we must take into our estimate both classes of phenomena. It becomes us then to notice, and to ponder the fact, that while to many restless and inquiring spirits Mr. Robertson's doctrine furnished a firm standing-place, he was regarded on the other hand by large numbers as unsound in theology, and dangerous in politics; that he was denounced from the Law-Church pulpit, and assailed by its press. Meanwhile he pursued his work without manifesting asperity or bitterness. He continued to speak his words of conviction—to be a fearless censor of the rich—an impartial, yet faithful and beloved friend of the working classes. But not for long. He speedily wore down his fragile constitution, and before he had passed the prime of his powers, and without having even prepared anything for the press, he died. The volumes that bear his name are posthumous. Of his sermons we learn that they are simply "recollections sometimes dictated by the preacher himself to the younger members of a family in which he was interested, upon their urgent entreaty; sometimes written out by himself for them when they were at a distance, and unable to attend his ministry." How few discourses thrown off in so easy a manner would bear the light! A great soul is "great when it plays." Mr. Robertson has been submitted to the severest test, and has triumphed over it. The publication of the sermons was attended by a wide and immediate recognition of their extraordinary qualities, together with a proportionate increase of the admiration and dislike which the living labours of their author has excited. Such a man as Mr. Robertson has the strongest claims upon our attention and study, and especially so when we bear in mind that he lived among the conventionalities of a "fashionable watering place"—that he was no hermit and the crowd, but that he busied himself with current affairs—and that, moreover, he occupied the constrained and cramping position of priest in the English Establishment. We have read his volumes carefully. We honestly and heartily admire the man. We owe him a tribute of thanks for many a suggestive thought—for many a starting point, of what, to us, has been a valuable meditation. We offer our tribute with a tender and affectionate reverence, reserving to ourselves, as we do so, a large privilege of dissidence from much that he believed and taught.

Perhaps no qualities of Mr. Robertson's are more likely to strike the attention than his boldness—his determination to be himself—

to examine, and to think for himself. No shadows appal him ; however venerable they may be, he walks straight up to them. He may not always discriminate shadow from substance, but he sees and examines for himself. He is wholly incapable either of receiving or presenting truth in its hard, sapless, fossilized forms ; and though to the majority of men such forms are so sacred and awful as to prevent their being handled or touched—upon him there seems to have been laid a necessity of submitting them all to actual manipulation. We do not call him an independent thinker, or teacher ; the *idola tribus* are too powerful with him for that, but he is eminently individual. Whether we are able to approve of his teachings or not, we cannot but feel that a life and vigour, peculiarly his own, is transferred through them. Every sentence shows it. The very words throb. A mind of this description, especially if it choose a theological field, is open to suspicion. It is not the nature of the truth presented by it that first excites it, but the method of presentation. The old truth may be there, but the drapery is new, and so are the combination of light and shade that are thrown upon it. And besides it is exhibited in such manifold and unexpected connections and inter-connections, as utterly to perplex and confound. Individualism is dangerous. It is cousin-german to heresy. The great fathers of the Church, Athanasius, Augustine, Calvin, and others, have long ago rendered it unnecessary. Have they not investigated, defined, explained, systematized ? Surely by this time all the problems of life and thought are worked out. To the present and succeeding generations there remains only the simple and comfortable task of conning over and transmitting the records of the past. Virtually, this is a widely disseminated creed. Hence, if any soul of high and impulsive organization assumes that Protestantism means the right to handle the dark and difficult mysteries of which life consists, why, let him bear the penalty. Already a burden to himself, and dangerous to others, is it not just and necessary to look with pitiful disdain upon his pale and worn cheek, and scowl upon the forehead that shows the unauthorized wave-marks of tossed and agitated thought ?

Mr. Robertson was a thinker ; solemn, earnest, and severe. He was capable of prolonged thought. He scrupulously exerted his faculty. We may be assured that no opinion of his was lightly taken or lightly expressed. He does not appear to have known what “light reading” meant. Of poetry he says:—“The best poetry demands study as severe as mathematics require.” Again, “Macbeth, all action, swift and hurried in its progress towards dénouement, is intelligible at once. But I spent, myself, many weeks upon it, and only began at last to feel that it was simple

because deep." Such was his method, and, in adopting it, he but conformed to the known example of the greatest names. Under a cultivation of this kind, even an impoverished mind will bear fruit. Without it the richest is impoverished. Of late years thought has been sceptical; the greatest thinkers have been doubters. If assurance has come, it has come late, and after much toil. We gaze upon ourselves with inverted eye, and when we look outwards again, we see nothing but shadow; or, reversing the process, we touch and analyse all that is without us, and when we throw a furtive glance within, discern nothing but the unsubstantial. Faith is often a mere refuge from the overwhelming pressure of doubt. Was it not so with Foeter—great thinker, great doubter—and with the greater Pascal? They rested in the quiet haven of faith; but the darkness and the storm was all around—everywhere, except just in the quiet anchorage in which they reposed for awhile in expectation of the coming day.

In reading Mr. Robertson's volumes, we remark the entire absence of this characteristic. Upon whatever topic he speaks, his tone is that of decision. There is no wavering. He has thought round about, and right through the matter—there is the positive and well defined result. Difficulties meet him. He has always an explanation at hand. If it be not logical and exact, at any rate it is there—an analogy—many analogies—a flood of illustrative side lights. We miss in his writings the under tone of pensive music, which in the works of the greatest masters is the suggestion and index of deeper things than any they can find words to express. Unquestionably, however, he was the better adapted for his position and work in consequence. We require of our religious guides, that into whatever region they may lead us, their step must be of all things firm—reverent, if possible—but firm, as of men well acquainted with the road, and with the objects on either hand, and assuredly conscious of the actual presence of the Divine.

It is not difficult to speak in an unhesitating manner, and honestly, too, if we are content to limit the range of our knowledge, and the excursions of thought—a common practice, we fear. "Let me find a foothold of rock, and there I'll plant myself immovable, content to be ignorant of all the regions round about, or even of the existence of any." It is not a lofty aspiration, but very safe, and, what is more, exceedingly easy. We do not blame those who adopt it. They are timid, and narrow, and positive, and much given to bray out their disapproval of their superiors; but doubtless they are of service. We cannot, however, rate their tone of decision at a high value. To move from the little foothold, and in a wider region, still to maintain the affirmative character of

their views, this were to evince a real strength, and to make the world their debtors. Mr. Robertson was a wide and venturesome student. He is not the mere theologian to whom every other region of inquiry is dark. He takes his position in philosophy, in social science, in literature, and always in the same resolute and unhesitating manner. An accomplished scholar, and moving with unusual serenity and power throughout the diversified domains of thought, he does not fail to render all his attainments subservient to his sacred office. It may perhaps be a question whether the sermon is the vehicle of all others the best adapted to admit the results of so wide a culture. Many would emphatically say, "no." This, we imagine, would be the prevalent reply. We do not enter upon the discussion. Such an opinion is in part the cause, and more especially the excuse of much emptiness and stale repetition in the pulpit discourse. We mark the requirements of our day; it is plain that a more liberal culture is increasingly demanded as part of the qualification of those who shall exert any power from the pulpit. It is equally true that when it is possessed by a preacher—if his soul be alive—it necessarily moulds the form, and lends tone and expression to his discourses.

Upon opening the first of Mr. Robertson's volumes, we meet with a characteristic sermon. It affords a fine specimen of his philosophic method. It is a vivid unfolding of Christian spiritualism. As the principles inserted in it are fundamental to the teachings of its author, we will glance at them in passing. The whole train of thought will be indicated by the quotations, as well as the suggestiveness of his style. "Eternal truth is not perceived by sensation." The eye can only reach the finite beautiful. "The eye did not behold, even in Christ, the things which God had prepared." "Never yet hath the eye seen the truths of God, but then never shall it see them. In heaven this shall be as true as now—shape and colour give them not. God will never be visible, nor will His blessedness. He has no form. The pure in heart will see Him, but never with the eye—only in the same way, but in a different degree, that they see Him now." "No scientific analysis can discover the truths of God." "Science proceeds upon observation. It submits everything to the experience of the senses." "You cannot by searching find out the Almighty to perfection, nor a single one of the blessed truths He has to communicate." These few sentences suffice to make us feel that the speaker is one who refuses to worship an age of mechanics and invention. He has ranged himself with all the greater teachers on the side of what is truly Divine in nature and in man. Materialism, sensationalism, are confronted as best they should be, by distinct assertion and profounder truth. May we not say that

he occupies the only ground in philosophy which is compatible with an honest belief in Christianity? He proceeds:—"Eternal truth is not reached by hearsay." "For all such revelation must be made through words, and words are but counters—the coins of intellectual exchange. There is as little resemblance between the silver coin and the bread it purchases, as between the word and the thing it stands for." "What does Ignorance mean to a being who has never stirred from infancy beyond a cell—never seen the sky, or the sea, or any of those phenomena of the world which, leaving vagueness on the mind, suggest the idea of the illimitable." "Neither is truth discoverable by the heart," there is "by the power of imagining or the power of loving." But "revelation is made by a Spirit to a spirit." "Christ is the voice of God without the man; the Spirit the voice of God within the man." "The condition upon which this self-revelation of the Spirit is made to man is love." "Love to God can be of one thing. God is a character. To love God is to love His character." "This love is manifested in obedience." "Love God, and He will dwell with you." "Obey God, and He will reveal the truths of the deepest teaching to your soul—no part of as surely as the laws of the spiritual world are inviolable and there thus prepared for obedient love."

This is a true "positive" teaching. The trumpet gives no uncertain sound. We may note the oracular character of the style. For the most part so repellent, it is here fitted to a part of an exquisite harmony. Nor is it hard to perceive why it should be so. The preacher speaks from the deep places of his being, and these are the true oracular areas. The language is simple, the truths profound. We are reminded of the Divine utterances of St. John. It is the preaching of the Spirit and of Love, and let our humble apprehensions be well calculated to sustain the truth and and veering moods of Christ in life.

The quotations we have made will serve to indicate one of the leading characteristics of Mr. Robertson's mind—it is peculiarly, to divide and discriminate. He has a most subtle appreciation of the new shades of thought. What to the common view is homogenous, is seen by him in its constitution. But he never "kills to dissect." His mind is not a scalpel, but an eye. He is eminently successful, in consequence, in characterizing the most subtle nuances of Scripture. Take the following instances from the sermon entitled "Does We Obey?"—

"Out of our frail and yet admissible humanity the demand that rises in the earther hours of our religion may be this. 'Say thy name,' but in the most unworldly moment it is this. 'Tell me thy name.'"

We move through a world of mystery, and the deepest question is, What is the Being that is ever near—sometimes felt, never seen?—that which has haunted us from childhood with a dream of something surpassingly fair, which has never yet been realised—that which sweeps through the soul at times as a desolation like the blast from the wings of the Angel of Death, leaving us stricken and silent in our loneliness—that which has touched us in our tenderest point, and the flesh has quivered with agony, and our mortal affections have shrivelled up with pain—that which comes to us in aspirations of nobleness and conceptions of superhuman excellence. Shall we say it is It, or He? What is It? What is He? Those anticipations of Immortality and God, what are they? Are they the mere throbbings of my own heart heard and mistaken for a living something beside me? Are they the sound of my own wishes echoing through the vast void of nothingness; or shall I call them God, Father, Spirit, Love; a Living Being within one or outside one? Tell me thy name, Thou awful mystery of Loveliness!—This is the struggle of all earnest life.”*

As might be expected, Mr. Robertson is versed in the secrets of the human heart. He seems to follow with instinctive accuracy all its windings—to enter its darkest recesses—to seize its secrets whether of light or darkness. But in tracing out the symptoms of corruption, his touch is full of delicacy, his tone is that of sympathy. We have sometimes to deplore the manner in which sin and the sinful heart is laid bare. It is done with coarseness—with an excellent brutality—as with the hand of a butcher, not of a physician. The result is to repel, to harden, or to produce despair. It is not sufficient that a Christian teacher should know the pathology of a sinful heart, that he should be able to describe it in detail, but he should also feel and exhibit a Divine compassion and hopefulness in the discharge of his duty. The following may serve as an example of Mr. Robertson’s method:—

“Some here know the weight of an uncommunicated sin. They know how it lies like ice upon the heart. They know how dreadful a thing the sense of hypocrisy is—the knowledge of inward depravity, while all without looks pure as snow to men. How heavy this weight must be, we gather from these indications:—First, from this strange psychological fact, a man with a guilty secret will tell out the tale of his crimes as under the personality of another. A mysterious necessity seems to force him to give it utterance, as in the old fable of him who breathed out his weighty secret to the reeds. A remarkable instance of this is afforded in the case of that murderer who, from the richness of his gifts and the enormity of his crime is almost an historical personage; who, having become a

* First Series, p. 51.

teacher of youth, was in the habit of narrating to his pupils the anecdote of his crime with all the circumstantial particulars of fact—but all the while under the guise of a pretended dream. Some men stand for ever on the verge of a confession. They seem to take a fearful pleasure in talking of the guilt, as if the heart could not bear its own burden, but must give it outwards.*

"To two states of soul it is given to detect the presence of evil—states the opposite of each other—innocence and guilt. It was predicted of the Saviour while yet a child that by Him the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed. The fulfilment of this was the history of His life. He went through the world by His innate purity detecting the presence of evil as He detected the touch of her who touched His garment in the crowd.

"Very marvellous is the test-power of guilt. It is vain to think of eluding its fine capacity of penetration. Intimations of evil are perceived and noted when to other eyes all seems pure. The dropping of an eye—the shunning of a subject—the timidity of a tone—the peculiarity of a subterfuge—will tell the tale. These are tendencies like mine; there is a spirit conscious as my own is conscious."†

A mind so subtle, and at the same time, constructive and affirmative, will never be at a loss to bring everything that may commend itself for the purpose into harmony and system. There is always a theory at hand to do service in time of difficulty, and more, for its own satisfaction there must be a theory. Nothing affrights the author under review. The Trinity is hard to be explained, but nothing deterred he will attempt, and in a few brief pages too, "to explain the doctrine, not to prove it, but to show its rationality, and to explain what it is." That he is successful, his most ardent admirers will scarcely avouch. Here is his analogy, and he rests all the weight of his argument upon it:—

"We come to the mind of man, where we find something more than quantities. We will take three—the will, the affections, and the thoughts of man. His will is not his affections, neither are his affections his thoughts, and it would be imperfect and incomplete to say that these are mere quantities in the man. They are separate consciousnesses—living consciousnesses—as distinct and as really sanctioned as is possible for three things to be, yet bound together by an unity of consciousness. Now, we have distinct proof to us even that that three things are three. The anatomist can tell you that the location of these powers are different. He can point out the seat of the nerve of sensation—he can localize the feeling of affection—he can point to a nerve and say, 'There resides the

* *Novel Series*, p. 144—45. † *Ibid.*, p. 145.

locality of thought.' There are three distinct localities for three distinct qualities—personalities, consciousnesses—yet all those three are one.'*

This can only be an explanation to those who feel within them three consciousnesses, three personalities. To ourselves it is dead and dark. We have but one consciousness, one personality. We are satisfied to believe in the Trinity without an adequate theory finding a subjective necessity for the doctrine, and a clear enunciation of it in Scripture. Robert Hall's Trinitarianism was of a fluctuating character during his earlier ministry. A severe fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave, deepened his spiritual experience and perceptions; and the doubts he had entertained of the distinct personality of the Holy Ghost disappeared.

Afterwards, we are told, whenever in private prayer he was most deeply devotional, most overwhelmed with the sense that he was nothing, and God was all in all, he always felt himself inclined to adopt a Trinitarian doxology. An ethical Christianity may exist without a Trinity; a spiritual Christianity we are persuaded must die as having no place where to strike its deep roots.

We have already hinted at Mr. Robertson's weakness and danger. Subtlety is not always insight. Distinctions are apt to become verbal, and nothing more. A readiness to find analogies and to base theories upon them may lead to innumerable errors. For the most part the strict integrity of Mr. Robertson, his moral elimination of character served as his safeguard. Not always, however. Mr. Robertson was a priest in the Church of England. He was trained and disciplined into veneration for it. Anglicanism was an ultimate standard of things with him. The whole edifice and every part of it was sacred, and he was prepared to uphold it. In that incongruous system of manifold compromise he was determined to perceive harmony and unity. What an eye like his looks for, it seldom fails to see. Many earnest and thoughtful Episcopalians grieve over the flaws and fissures of their temple. They feel that it shakes ominously. It was built at first of incoherent materials, and the storms are out. Mr. Robertson was not blind to discern dangers ahead. He was honest to avow his conviction that "we are on the eve of great changes—perhaps a disruption of the Church of England." Nevertheless, he succeeded in discerning in the Establishment a model of beauty and consistency. He seems to have been enamoured of every scratch that time has left upon it. He was subtle enough to read

mysterious meanings, Cabalistic wisdom in its rent and irregular patchwork. "I love the Church of England, because she has dared to claim her inheritance, because she has courage to assert herself as what she ought to be, God's representative on earth." Such and so strong are his prepossessions—he bows down and worships. His excursive and speculative spirit, his ingenuity and intellectual tact, his extensive command of poetic analogies are of inestimable service to him here. Hence he has a formula for defending the broad communion of a church that refuses fellowship to none, and yet holds the Calvinistic doctrines of election and conversion. Hence he has no difficulty in discovering a meaning in baptismal regeneration avoiding the blasphemy. Hence he can vindicate the desire of individuals for auricular confession. Hence he can claim for the priest the authority of the keys, the binding of the unbinding power, the twofold function, of which absolution is the fairer aspect. Hence also from the pulpit of the Church of England he can preach a doctrine of sacrifice and atonement incompatible with the Geneva articles of that church, and a method of justification strangely at variance with the teachings of its great doctors; a Trinitarian, he holds a theory on that point of which it is not too much to say Athanasius never dreamed; and while in his surprise he was willing to repeat the Creed to which that Father's name is attached, on assuming the Academic robe of the pulpit, he boldly expounded his own views in a manner that quietly ignores it, and refers to it coolly to say that to an ordinary person its phrases seem almost nothing. We do not allege these things as charges against Mr. Robertson. We believe he was conscientiously a man of conscience, that he was sincere and pure-minded in every utterance. We rather discern in his alleged conduct the confessions of a strong mind in an utterly false position, trying to adapt its convictions to the narrow and inconsistent formula of a system. It was only as he was able to interpret the church to which he belonged that he could conscientiously continue in its communion. His attempt to do so is before us. It must be pronounced an utter failure. The Church of England of Mr. Robertson's books is not the Establishment of this country. We are reminded by the necessity under which he was placed, and by the line of explanatory teaching he adopted in order to make his ecclesiasticism appear fresh and consistent—of the history of heathenism in its latest decay. Philosophic expositors of its arena stepped forward to save it. Honestly attached to the religion of their forefathers, though disclaiming the popular interpretation of it,

they accepted its mythology in all its repulsive details. They were thus compelled to put a new face on the old system. They did so. They subtilised and transformed it to such a degree that it was impossible to recognise the identity of the religion under its two forms—the popular and the philosophic.

The central fact in the teaching of Mr. Robertson and of the school to which he belongs is the Fatherhood of God. We record our entire sympathy with a large portion of his teaching on this point. We think it too much the fashion in the common ministrations of the Gospel to lose sight of the glorious and quickening doctrine. The rescuing of so transcendent a truth from partial obscurity is a claim upon our gratitude which may righteously be preferred on behalf of this school. This is a high distinction, and not to be forgotten when we find the members of it blending a gross alloy, and in large quantities, with the true gold. God is the Father of all. Upon this foundation rests Mr. Robertson's theory of a church—*of all*; stand, therefore, a church not only may be, but must be, national. Every man is a child of God—is such by birth—by virtue of his being a man. The relation is fixed and ineffaceable. It is independent of faith or baptism. It is equally independent of Christ and the work of Christ. "Christ came to reveal a name—the Father. He abolished the exclusive 'my,' and He taught to pray 'Our Father.' He proclaimed God the Father, man the son, revealed that the Son of Man is also the Son of God. Man as man—God's child. He came to redeem the world from that ignorance of the relationship which had left them in heart aliens and unregenerate."* On this "broad" basis a national—and ~~ecumenical~~ church is even logical—consistent. Take the world as it is, it only needs certain forms to be imposed upon it, and the idea of of "the Church" is complete. Two other views obtained in the establishment—the Calvinistic and the Puseyite. The theological views of the former are those of the Reformers. An act of faith is an individual thing, it transpires at a certain point of time. On the condition of such act a sinner is accepted of God, he is adopted into God's family. Up to that time he is an outcast, an alien. But how can such a belief be reconciled with the principle of a national church, which in its theory implies that every member of the nation belongs to it. Unless all and each are new creatures in Christ Jesus, a national church is one thing, the Church of Christ another, and essentially different. Calvinism carried out fearlessly and honestly is Dissent. Evangelicism in the Church of England is a gross inconsistency. Broad Church is consistent; so

* Second Series, p. 61.

is High Church and the Puseyite. With the latter, Christian life and baptism are identified. To baptize is to regenerate. As it is feasible—in idea at least—to perform the ceremony universally, a national church becomes possible. On the incense-dogma, therefore, of baptismal regeneration they base their theory and their church. However monstrous the doctrine, it is a necessity to many a clergyman with a conscience. To Mr. Robertson it was revolting and profane; he sees through and through the miserable pretence, and no one scourges it more unmercifully:—

"Now this is degrading God. Observe the results. A child is to be baptised on a given day, but when that day arrives, the child is unwell, and the ceremony must be postponed until another week or month. Again a delay takes place, the day is damp or cold. At last the time arrives, the service is read, it may require, if read slowly, five minutes more than ordinarily. Then and there, when this reading is slowly accomplished, the mystery is achieved, and all this time while the child is ill, while the weather is bad, while the reader procrastinates, I say it solemnly, the Eternal Spirit who rules the universe, must wait patiently, and come down obedient to a mortal's spell at the very second that suits his convenience. God must wait attendance on the caprice of a careless parent, ten thousand accidents, nay, the leisure of an indolent or immoral priest. Will you dare insult the Majesty on High by such a mockery as that read?"*

Here speaks the free and spiritual man, but he quickly and voluntarily goes back to the dungeon and the chain. "The Catechism says." What a descent! Well! what says the Catechism? "In baptism I was made a child of God." Now Puseyism honestly accepts facts upon that statement to the damnation of many. How will Broad Church proceed? The Calvinism of the Articles has already been sacrificed. Must the "Catechism" go? By no means. Mr. Robertson will try the magic of paradox. Perhaps it may help him to say yes and no in the same breath. Let us see:—

"Coronation makes a sovereign, but, paradoxical as it may seem, it can only make one a sovereign who is a sovereign already. Similarly with baptism." "If baptism is only the public recognition and symbol of a fact, is not baptism degraded and made superfluous? Baptism is given as a something to rest upon, nay, as a something without which redemption would soon become unreal, which converts a doctrine into a reality, which realises easily what is invisible." "Is this making baptism nothing? I should rather say baptism is everything. Baptism saves us."†

* Second Series, p. 56. † *Ibid.*, pp. 64, 76-81.

A sovereign is a sovereign before he is crowned, nevertheless, he is made a sovereign by his coronation, and yet there is nothing in coronation to confer sovereignty. A Christian is a Christian before baptism, yet he is, in a real sense, made a Christian by baptism. Nevertheless, we must understand that nothing is effected by baptism; baptism, however, at the same time, being everything and actually saving. Pitiable! Is it then so difficult to see that no man can move forward by walking backward, that something and nothing are far from equivalent terms? The casuistry of monks has been expelled from science and philosophy, when is it to be expelled from theology?

But Mr. Robertson has other and still more difficult tasks before him. What about the work of Christ? Was it simply to announce the Father that he came. The Church speaks of sin, original sin, of sacrifice, vicarious sacrifice, of imputed guilt, of imputed righteousness. And such phrases have been held to signify doctrines of vital importance. The phrases are all adopted by Mr. Robertson, he attaches explanations to each, and does not fail to weave them into a system. Vicarious sacrifice is the corner stone in any theological system, and the character of the whole arch of doctrine is determined by it. He asserts the doctrine, but in doing so, explicitly denies that the death of Jesus was designed to meet the requirements of a broken law.

The doctrine "has been represented as if the majesty of law demanded a victim, and so as it glutted its satiate thirst, one victim would do as well as another—the purer and the more innocent the better. It has been exhibited as if eternal love resolved in fury to strike, and so as He had his blow, it mattered not whether it fell on the whole world, or on the precious head of His own chosen son."*

The inaccuracy, and indeed the inconsistency of these two sentences need not be pointed out. Suffice it that it is clear what class of views he is assailing. "Such doctrine," he goes on to say, "makes God a Caiaphas. It makes him adopt the words of Caiaphas in the sense of Caiaphas. It represents Him in terms which better describes the ungoverned rage of Saul missing his stroke at David, who has offended, and, in disappointed fury dashing his javelin at his own son Jonathan."† This is severe. No Socinian ever dealt harder blows. The Socinian and the Broad Churchman are at one in the object of their hostility. In all else they are as the poles assunder. If the strokes of the former can be parried, those of the latter need not to be feared. To reject "vicarious sacrifice" is, we dare say, "rational" though not

* First Series, p. 150. † *Ibid*, p. 155, 156.

scriptural. To accept it as Mr. Robertson does, is neither the one nor the other. We subjoin his own explanation:—

"Vicarious sacrifice is the law of being. It is a mysterious and fearful thing to observe how all God's universe is built upon this law. How it penetrates and pervades all Nature, so that if it were to cease Nature would cease to exist. Hearken to the Saviour himself expounding this principle: 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.' We are justified, therefore, in assuming the law of Nature to be the law of His own sacrifice, for He himself represents it as the parallel. Now, observe this world of God's. The mountain rock must have its surface raised into potsherds new, and become dead soil before the herb can grow. The destruction of the mineral is the life of the vegetable. Again the same process begins. The corn of wheat dies, and out of death more abundant life is born. Out of the soil in which decaying leaves are buried, the young tree shoots vigorously, and strikes its roots deep down into the realm of decay and death. Upon the life of the vegetable world the myriad furies of higher life sustain themselves with the same law—the sacrifice of life to give life. Further study have we never penetrated over that mystery of Nature—the dove struck down by the hawk; the deer trembling beneath the stroke of the lion; the winged fish falling into the jaws of the dolphin? It is the solemn law of vicarious sacrifice again, and as often as man sees his path covered with the flesh of wretched slain, does he benefit, whether he thinks of it or not, the deep mystery of the law of being."

As we read we yield willingly to the charm and magic of eloquence. The passage is highly characteristic of its author. The language is classic and vigorous, the illustrations repeated and striking. There is earnestness and philosophic power, if not philosophy. It seems to teach some profound truth. Analyse it, and what is its value? The death of Jesus was operated by the same law that supplies our table with food. He fulfilled the law of being. It is fulfilled by the winged fish that falls into the jaws of the dolphin. In either case we have an instance of "vicarious sacrifice." And is this the attempt to raise the doctrine out of the pit of "expediency?" We fail to see anything in it but degradation. If we are to give up the theory that by the death of Jesus, as a victim, the law of God—the moral law—is honoured and magnified, it must be for a far richer recompense than is here offered. Surely the moral law, of which Scripture speaks, is infinitely higher than the law of being, which is obeyed by the grain of wheat, and by the winged fish, and of

which Scripture is silent, in connection, at any rate with the work of Jesus.

But the death of our Lord has relation to sin. Mr. Robertson boldly adopts the language of orthodoxy. It was "a sacrifice for sin." He bore "imputed guilt." "Our sins nailed him to the cross." "He was the victim of the sin of all." "He was punished." These expressions are familiar and hallowed, but the meaning put upon them is new and strange:—

"Christ came into collision with the world's evil, and He bore the penalty of that daring. He approached the whirling wheel and was torn in pieces. He laid His hand on the cockatrice's den, and its fangs pierced Him. It is the law which governs the conflict with evil. It can only be crushed by suffering from it."*

This is undeniable. True, as far as it goes of Christ, it is equally so of thousands besides—of every one in fact who has in any way suffered through testifying in favour of truth, or against error. But this is all that Mr. Robertson means when he says that Christ was a victim of sin—that "sin was imputed to Him."

"According to the constitution of this world, it is not only our own transgressions of ignorance, but besides the faults of others which bring pain and sorrow on us. The man of irritable and miserably nervous temperament owes that often to a father's intemperance. Many a man has to struggle all his life with the penury which he reaps as the harvest of a distant ancestor's extravagance. In the strictest sense of the word these are punishments—the consequences annexed to transgression; and in the language of theology they are called imputed guilt."†

Here again any speciality is removed from the sufferings of Christ. We all bear imputed guilt. There is this difference. We bear the imputed guilt of ancestors and contemporaries. He of all generations. This is ingeniously made out. It was necessary to show that he bore *our* guilt—the guilt of all and each. It is done by showing that "seperate acts of sin are but manifestations of one great principle." Sin is a corporation of which every sinner is a member, and the acts of which he is responsible for without reference to the period of their commission or the locality.

"The Pharisees were declared by the Saviour to be guilty of the blood of Zecharias; the blood of righteous Abel, and of all the saints and prophets who fell before He came. But how were the

* First Series, p. 162. † *Ibid*, p. 161.

Pharisees guilty? They built the sepulchres of the prophets — they honoured and admired them. But they were guilty in that they were the children of those that slew the prophets. Children in this sense, that they inherited their spirit. They opposed the good in the form in which it showed itself in their day, just as their fathers opposed the forms displayed to theirs; therefore, He said they belonged to the same confederacy of evil, and that the guilt of the blood of all who had been slain should rest on that generation. Similarly we are guilty of the death of Christ.*

So far all is tolerably comprehensible. Proceeding in our examination, we find the views of Mr. Robertson growing more complicated and harder to seize. How does Christ's work avail for us? We have already learned that it is by our sins Christ has died. Further He died for all, and all died in Him. He is representative of humanity. "This is the truth contained in the emphatic expression, Son of Man." As such He died for all. "What Christ did for humanity was done by humanity, because in the name of humanity."† Christ, then, in His death exemplified the "law of being." This was effected by the whole world's sin becoming the sacrificial knife that slew Him. When He died—sinful humanity by which he died—died in Him; not individual men, but the abstract humanity. It is not "that when Christ died, each one of us died, but God saw humanity submitted to the law of self-sacrifice," which, by the way, as the law of being had all along been obeyed by man as well as by brutes. Those to whom this is clear may now understand what is meant by "imputed righteousness." "In Christ, therefore, God beholds humanity: in Christ He sees perfected every one in whom Christ's spirit exists in germ. He to whom the possible is actual, to whom what will be already is, sees all that is present, gazes on the imperfect, and sees it in all its perfection. . . . This is what theologians, or at least the wisest of them, meant by imputed righteousness."‡ After such a struggle to retain the old terms who will call Mr. Robertson neologian? Whatever advantage there may be in these views over the old doctrine of Justification by Faith, it is neither to be found in their clearness nor their coherence. We are strongly reminded of the fact that when a man starts wrong, the farther he goes the worse his error, to which we may add, that a subtle mind will never lack the means of weaving a web to mystify itself and others. To sum up, Mr. Robertson teaches that man is a sinner infected by original sin; original sin is "the denial of God's paternity refusing to live as His children, and saying we are not He

* Third Series, p. 108. † *Ibid.*, p. 108. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 108.

children." The work of Christ is to reveal the Universal Father, and, as representing humanity, to obey the law of being, *i.e.*, of vicarious sacrifice—a law fulfilled willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously, by all classes of creatures. In doing so He became a sacrifice for sin, *i.e.*, He came into necessary collision with the world's evil, and suffered in consequence. Regeneration means the recognition on our part of God's Fatherhood. "To be a son is one thing, to know that you are and call Him Father is another, and that is regeneration." Baptism is the authoritative and effectual symbol of the Divine Fatherhood. The Church is "humanity joined in Christ to God." We have already sufficiently asserted our rejection of this system. We hold it to be defective and spurious. We believe its acceptance would be fatal to Christianity, properly so-called. What is vital in it is the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood and of a life of self-sacrifice and sympathy. Both beautiful, but far from constituting Christianity.

We speak with tenderness. Fewer spirits of a nobler make have been listened to from the pulpits of our land. We admire the devotedness that ripples over his deeper cogitations. We admire in him the meekness of a true child of the Heavenly Father. We admire his profound intuitions of the life and heart of Jesus. We admire the genuine and masculine human sympathy that pervades his words. We admire his honesty, his fervour, his true manliness. Nothing can be nobler than his broad sympathies, his catholic taste, his spirit of universal love. And we are compelled to say, nay, we feel no compulsion, but rather a rich pleasure, in saying that we trace these qualities to the living truths he so firmly grasped. God is the Father. He is revealed in the Son under the form and aspects of humanity. In all His life, in His love, sorrow, aspiration, struggle, growth, the Divine is revealed in the human. God is thus fearlessly brought into the region of our common sympathies. Father, child, are not cold words. The deep soul of Divine love is in them. Hence, we feel assured, sprang Mr. Robertson's prevailing and characteristic sympathy. But sympathy is like the vine, it spreads and lays hold upon everything, and anything, and does so in order to cover it with beauty and wealth of fruitage. Mr. Robertson does not, like so many of his contemporary ministers, move only within the limits of a narrow though sacred circle. The whole world and all that is in it belongs to the Father, and its movements are conducted under His eye and for His great purposes, and, therefore, a true child of God will not fail in a loving interest in whatever is, and whatever is going forward. This is as it should be, and in the right spirit. Of course such a man will for ever be

trenching upon debatable ground. Be it so. The truth he holds will effectually banish the bitterness of controversy, and meanwhile new provinces are won for Christ. To this source we refer Mr. Robertson's efforts on behalf of the working classes—the manner in which they were conducted, and the success that attended them. The working man, is he not by birth and by baptism a child of God? There is no difference in this respect between rich and poor. Poor and rich, then, must be brought together, and by a double movement, each must be made to approach the other. A truly Christian conception in the man, and nobly did the preacher set about to realise it. We have read over with special admiration his addresses to working men. They are just now a very valuable study, and it would not be unprofitable to contrast them with other efforts professedly in the same direction. Many ministers are dividing their labours between the platform and the pulpit. On the platform their aim is to win the attention and respect of working men. We do not doubt that in many cases their design is effected. It would be strange were it otherwise. The "lectures" delivered are well adapted to the end in view. Plain, homely, but robust and striking, they are not without a rugged dignity of their own. In other cases huge audiences are gathered together, and persuaded with the merest rhetorical garbage fit only for the ass's ear. The speaker degrades himself in the vain hope of elevating his hearers. Bulwomery, drivel, and cant are mixed in nauseating proportions. And the excuse for it is, that it is necessary thus to meet the requirements of working men. Shame upon the label! An oblivion of all that is brotherly, manly, Divine, is implied in the method. We turn from it with indigestion and disgust. Mr. Robertson spoke to working men on reading, poetry, progress, and similar topics. In doing so there is neither assumption nor lowering of tone. He is frank and full-hearted, and speaks as man to man. He withholds neither scholarship, wealth of thought, nor resources of language and illustration. He does not speak in falsetto of any kind. In all respects he is himself. Was there any mistake here? The answer is to be found in the honour, the confidence, the love evinced towards him by "his friends—the working men." As his funeral passed along the streets of Brighton, their marked sorrow testified, with the overflow of tears, that when he, a child of God, approached them—children of the same Father—reverently and lovingly to report to them of his gifts and attainments, he proceeded upon a real estimate, and, duly honouring their common humanity, he stood at the same time their neighbour and their God.

He died young, as we have said, but he seems to have reached

his meridian. His books indicate ripeness, rather than promise; greater things in the way of art he might certainly have accomplished. But we doubt whether he would have grown out of anything, or grown into anything more than we see or know. His one great weakness was that he was content to move in shackles. The Church of the Prayer-Book and the Catechism was to him "the Church." This assumption impairs the freedom and grace of his movements. He becomes a casuist and special pleader—the honest man is degraded to do the work of the dishonest—the bold free spirit lends itself to slavery—the spiritual man takes his place among formalists. When he shakes himself free from his fetters, how different is his bearing and utterances. When he speaks on the ethics of Christianity—when he denounces the specious sins of society around him—when he applies himself to the unfolding of social questions—when he steps out as the eloquent expositor of literature—when from the deep life within him he unlocks the profounder truths of some Scripture narrative or declaration—his words, being words of freedom, are replete with beauty, and the power of life. Anglicanism domineered over him, but Anglicanism is not the only momentum to be discerned in his writings. On the side of imagination and taste he was allied to the Catholicism of Rome; in intellect he was Protestant—daringly so—apart from feeling and affection, surely he had been a rationalist; in his conscience and heart he revered the authentic voice of Scripture. Had the last been in the place of the first—had Scripture set aside Prayer-Book and Catechism—had it ruled where it was only subordinate—how much had been the gain to him and to us.

We close with a feeling of sadness. It must be evident at what an enormous cost, in this, and other instances, the attempt is made, and in vain too—to reconcile the manifold contradictions of a Church founded on compromise, and to bring a decaying and obsolete institution abreast with the times that are far outrunning it.

It is not by taking Anglicanism as "*the*" Church, or by exalting any other communion to that position, that the unity of Christians is to be brought about, or the power of Christianity increased—by applying ourselves, as earnest Christian men, to remove whatever accretions of tradition and time impair the beauty and weaken the strength of the Christian temple on this side or that; or, changing the figure, it is the part of the wise and holy of each communion to discern in their respective fellowships what is special and transitory, and what is Catholic and Divine; and by a honest abandonment of the former, to prepare for the coalescing of all Christians under the conditions of the latter.

took the cup from his hand, "Accursed Judas," said they, "thou hast deserted the way of peace. We take away this cup in which the blood of Christ is offered for the redemption of souls." He said, "I trust that I shall drink it this day in the kingdom of Heaven?" He was stripped, one by one, of his robes. "These mockeries," said he, "I bear for the name and truth as it is in Jesus." The tonsure was now to be effaced; they could not agree whether it should be done with scizzors or a razor. "Lo! *they* cannot agree," said Huss, "how to put me to shame." It was done with scissors, the hair cut in the form of a cross, and a high paper crown, daubed all over with devils, set on his head. "We devote thy soul," said the Bishop, "to all the devils in hell;" "and I commend mine to the Lord Jesus Christ in heaven," said Huss. And now they went away to the place of execution, eight hundred horse following him, and these followed by the whole multitude from the city. As they passed by the bishop's palace, they stopped to behold all his books burning there, at which ineffectual vengeance Huss smiled. When they came to the meadow where he was to be burnt, there he knelt down, praying, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. *We know not,*" said the people, *"what this man may have done, we only know that his prayers to God are excellent."*

The paper mitre fell from his head, the soldiers replaced it. "He shall be burnt with all his devils," said they. "I shall reign with Christ," said he, "for I die for His Gospel." As the fire blazed up, it is said that an old woman was busy heaping up the wood. "Oh holy simplicity," said Huss. His last words audible were prayers for his enemies, and through the flames and the smoke came the sounds of psalms and of prayers to the Redeemer.

Then, upon the death of Huss, arose Bohemia as one man, in arms to avenge his martyrdom, and to declare its own faith; the history of Europe does not record a more dreadful, bloody, and romantic war. The doctrines of Huss had spread rapidly and widely, and if they wanted anything to give an impulse, all was furnished and completed by their leader's martyrdom. At the court of *Wenceslaus*, King of Poland, was a man no longer young; he had been a page of the Emperor Charles IV.; his name was John Trockznowski, surnamed *Zisca*, or the one-eyed, for he had lost an eye when young. He had led, perhaps, a wild courtier's life, but he became a Hussite. The reckless courtier was seen in those days perambulating the halls of the court of the long corridors of the royal palace. To him said the king, "Johnny, what is the matter with you?" "I cannot brook," said Zisca, "the insult offered to Bohemia in the murder of John Huss."

The king said, "Neither you nor I can avenge the insult: but should you have the means to do it, you have my permission." The word did not drop upon a careless ear. Zisca aroused Bohemia. The Papists had thrown the spark upon the mine, and Germany was awake to pour its millions for the Hussite crusade. On sped Zisca. He had not long entered into the conduct before he lost his other eye; and then began, in his triumphs of conquest, those fanaticalisms of the sword which have made his name synonymous with all that is terrible in humanity. The roll of his battering waggons was more terrible than the thunder of the artillery of our day; and Tacites, Herodotus, and Orpheus were the names by which the motley group of savage warriors he headed were known. Men with the eagle, the eagle preceded him, "Zisca of the eagle," wherever he went. When he died, on his deathbed he left orders that a drum should be made of his skin, sure that the very sound of such a drum would terrify the enemy, and so late as 1744 there was an old drum taken by Frederick II. at Prague, which it was presumed was made of the skin of the blind old warrior, Zisca. It was said that in compliance with his own dying command his body was exposed on the mountain, unburied, that it might be devoured by birds or beasts rather than by worms. A tree, which stood upon his paternal estate beneath which he was born, stood till the beginning of the last century, it was nearly destroyed by the blacksmiths of the country, who imagined that a splinter from this oak gave greater force to their strokes. No ecclesiastical authority levelled this tree, putting up a chapel over it, with the inscription stating the heretic Zisca was born there; such inscriptions are true monuments.

When the Emperor Ferdinand was at Caslaw, he went to the Cathedral, and there he saw a large image of iron. He inquired of his courtiers whose it was. None dared to reply. He inquired of the bystanders. "Zisca's." "The 'fiend'!" said one, "this wicked heart has been dead a century, but he frightens living people," and he would not stay in the city another hour.

In the midst of these wild bursts of savage, patriotic, and religious energy arose a people devoted to the Lord—a simple people—Hussites or Wycliffites indeed, who heard the simple doctrines of the Bible. Peter Payne, Principal of St. Edmund-Hall, Oxford, born at Grantham, went to Bohemia, and stood forth in the favour of the Hussites. They spread through Bohemia and Moravia—a free religious society. They were called the Brethren of the Prague. A section of them obtained permission to build and settle on an estate known as the Barony of Lataz, where

the first Moravian church was formed. They adopted the name of the Unity of the Brethren, and thus originated their church in the year 1457. Their principles were simple; they adopted as a leading principle, that taught by *John Huss*, and for which he died—"That the New Testament supplied the only infallible rule for the guidance of Christians in this as in all other things, and that all regulations not enjoined by the Word of God, or fairly deducible from it, were to be viewed as mere matters of expediency, and might be altered according to circumstances. They also determined to suffer all for conscience sake; not to use arms in defence of religion; but to seek protection from the violence of enemies by prayer to God, and by dispassionate remonstrance."

But such principles were terrible to priestly hierarchies, and a royal edict was procured, that those dangerous people, the Brethren, should no longer remain in Bohemia or in Moravia. They were driven from all their possessions, and expelled the country. They were compelled to seek an asylum in the thickest forests—in the clefts and recesses of rocks—kindling their fires only in the night lest the place of their retreat should be discovered by the smoke. And during the winter, when the snow was on the ground, they used the precaution to walk one after the other, the last person dragging a bush after him to erase the marks of their feet. These persecuted people in their doctrines resembled the Waldenses; but added to them a rectitude of life and personal holiness from which the dwellers among the Alps had far apostatized. "We confess," said they, "that no community, however numerous it may be, can be called the Catholic Church, that is, such a church as comprehends the entire number of the faithful, so, as if God had none of his elect out of it. But wherever, in any part of christendom, the Catholic or only saving faith is found in truth, as declared in God's Holy Word, *there* is the Holy Catholic Church—out of the fellowship of which there is no hope of salvation."

Silent, quiet, beautiful people! No warriors or statesmen had they. No diplomatists or men of strategy or renown. They had no poets nor literalists; none of the great juriseconsults of letters ever broke bread in their church; yet in their calm and dignified pursuits, they seem to have united the holy quietness of Tauler, or of Madame Guion, with the hallowed activity of Henry Martyn. To crush this feeble, unambitious, and simple people the kings of the earth lifted themselves, and the rulers, civil and ecclesiastical, took council together; sometimes came a brief period of repose and rest, usually followed by some sharp and bitter persecution. In obscurity they maintained religious free-

dom—civil, they appear to have possessed none. So long as they continued in Bohemia and Moravia their history is not illustrated by men we should, in our vulgar estimation, denominate great, for in fact they possessed little to commend them to the notice of mankind among them, in their ranks. They had nobleness indeed, but they were mostly a simple people. 'Divine truth'! Divine communion! Divine endurance! these they had. They sought for little beside the right to meet together in their own simplicity, without the adulterations of episcopal policy, or the impostures of a state hierarchy. Their history in those ages is illuminated by a noble army of martyrs. A nobleman caused six of their number in his village of August to be burned in the town of Břež. They walked cheerfully to the stake; one of them, called Nicholas, in favour with the judge, had the offer of pardon if he would recant, and had a whole year given for consideration. After a pause, Nicholas said, "He would be as unworthy a hero here to deny his faith as now, and he would prefer suffering with his brethren rather than by himself. So they all went together to the stake." Thus the Brethren anticipated, by a long time, the great works of Luther and Calvin. Refusing to take up arms against the Protestants of Germany for the Emperor, Charles V., they were persecuted, and now expelled their country. Their oldest Bishop, John Augustin, was treated with remorseless cruelty, racked, scourged, and imprisoned for fifteen years. The Crusade against the Protestants trampled out the last remains of liberty in Bohemia and Moravia, and the Brethren became exiles. Exasperated by a century of persecution, many took up arms to defend themselves and their faith; the leaders were seized, most of them were Moravian noblemen, they were sentenced to death. The most eminent of these were brought from the Castle of Prague to the Town Hall. As they passed by the prison, the artisans and mechanics saluted them with cheerful psalms. There was the Count Schlick, who had been the Governor of Bohemia; there was Wentzel von Bulow, seventy-four years of age. When the signal of death came, he said, "Here I am, Lord, do with me what thou pleasest." He put his hand on the Bible: "This paradise has never offered me sweeter fruits," said he, "than it does at this moment. I live, and shall live as long as God pleases, and the day shall never come when it shall be said Bulow died of grief." The Jesuits assailed him, but he was very courteous to them. He said, "My dear fathers, I only wish you were as certain of salvation as I am. I know in whom I have believed, and that there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." They told him he had no right to apply that text, it being spoken by Paul in reference to his own person. "Nay," said he, "in this you are grossly

mistaken, for he adds, *which* the Lord shall give not only to me, but to all that love his appearing." There was the Baron von Kapplick. "In the eyes of the world," said he, "my death is ignominious; in God's glorious." On the day of execution he said, while dressing, "*I am putting on the wedding garment.*"

Such were the Brethren, for they all were members of the church. Well of such said their great Comenius, "Do not lose courage, dear brethren, for though the misery into which we have sunk is great, yet still we may be restored by his hand 'who killeth and who maketh alive; who bringeth down to the grave, and who bringeth up.' Were even our body to go to corruption, and our withered bones to lie scattered on the fields of the world, yet the Lord liveth who can collect the dry bones, cover them with flesh and skin, and call, from the four winds, the breath to come and breathe on these slain that they may live."

In the history of the Moravian Church there is a period which is called the History of the Hidden Seed, that period when for nearly a hundred years the truths of the Church were in obscurity, the scattered members beneath the oppressing hierarchy, the Church was in existence, its members had their Bibles, hymn-books, and the writings especially of Luther. They met in secret, they were occasionally visited by exiled pastors; occasionally they received the ordinance of the Lord's Supper from these holy men. They even went into distant Protestant countries to partake of the ordinance there. There were holy men of God who kept up the recollection of the past, and looked forward to the future, especially *George Jaeschke*. He was born in the year 1624; he died in the year 1707. During the greater part of all these years he was a holy man in fellowship with the Brethren. He walked eminently in silence with God, and when he was drawing near his end, he gathered his children and his grandchildren around him, and especially pointing to his youngest son, he prophesied the coming of the time when the day of deliverance should come for the remnant of the church. "I almost think," said he, "you will have to emigrate to another country. The Lord will prepare you a place where you may serve Him without fear. When that time arrives," said he, "then be you ready. Remember what I have told you." He laid his hand on the head of his youngest child Michael, "This, my son, also," said he, "shall be the property of Jesus. I commend him to you, and when the time arrives, see that he be not left behind." There seemed little probability of the fulfilment of the prophecy then, and fifteen years passed away, and still it remained unfulfilled; but even then the man was born who was to give new life to the lowly little church. *Christian David* was the Apostle of the Renewed Church; he was born in Moravia;

he is one of the most remarkable men of the Moravian Church; he had been born of zealous Roman Catholic parents; he had been a shepherd, then he learned the trade of a carpenter. He saw in the performance of his devotions he crept on his knees round the image of the virgin, till his whole body burnt like an oven. While working at his trade he met with those who rejected image worship, pilgrimages, and the whole system of the Papacy; he also met with Jews. He was twenty years old, and had never seen a Bible, now he studied it. He became acquainted with two honest evangelical clergymen, and found through them and his Bible the peace of God. Visiting his native village, he became acquainted with the descendants of George Jenschke, and the meeting was a singular illustration of the unity of the truth, the only true way. He, a plain man, opened the Scriptures to them. He persuaded them to emigrate. They were oppressed, but whether they be applied to Count Zinzendorf, of *Berthelsdorf*, near Gersitz, he promised to receive them on his estate. Again went Christian David to two *Nuncios* to awaken them to a religious need. With them went Michael, Augustin, and Jacob Nesser and their wives. They commenced their journey at night, at ten o'clock, a long pilgrimage over the mountains to the frontiers of Silesia. Children were in the company in this Exodus, in which truly "they went out, not knowing whither they went," to form a colony for God, and they arrived in a dreary wilderness, a swamp, not a human habitation near. Augustin Nesser's wife exclaimed, "Who now shall we expect to be buried in this desert?" One of the number replied, "If it were worth belief, thou shouldst see the glory of the Lord." Just Christian David struck his axe into a tree, and exclaimed, "Here the sparrow has found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young; even Thou O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God!" This was June 17, 1722. They felled the first tree, and continued rearing their house on faith; in October it was opened, and solemnly dedicated to God. They read the 21st chapter of Revelation, they sang the hymn—

"Jerusalem, the church above,
Now triumph over death!"

and Christian David prayed. They called their new tabernacle the *Herrnhut*, the Watch of the Lord, to remind us on the one hand that the Lord is our protector and keeper, and on the other that it is our duty to stand in the watch-tower and keep ward; hence very soon the Moravians became known as Herrnhutites, and so they are still often called. And what a noble name was that by which they designated their dwelling, and truly it fulfilled its great name, *The Watch of the Lord*. When the Rev. Mr.

Rolhs was ordained over them as their minister, it was said by one of the preachers on that occasion, an eminent and holy man, "*God will place a light upon these hills which will illuminate the whole land; of this I am assured by a living faith.*" It has, indeed, been so. The spot so unpropitious was most favourable to the consolidation of their own community. Christian David pointed out the streets which in time would be in existence. The exiles were supported by a mighty inborn conviction that they were to be what their name betokened. The position of the spot between the two hills of the Hulberg suggests the blessing of Benjamin, the youngest of the tribes, who dwelt between the shoulder, a Bethlehem Ephratah, the meanest among the children of Christendom, yet, perhaps no church has had so affluent an influence. It has created and given an inspiration to every form of usefulness in Protestantism. There the doctrine of the Atonement was most clearly seen to be the foundation of the Christian system, and more faithfully conserved than in any living church. Beautifully Montgomery has said, Well has it been said, in an era of infidelity, the Christ of the Fathers had a sanctuary at Herrnhut. John Wesley found no peace, and did not see his way to the truth till he visited Herrnhut. Those views, reft of their Lutheranism, which had been preserved in Moravian forests and caves, became the staple teachings of the great Methodist revivals. Hymns, which cheered the Herrnhutters at their labour, or sweetly floated over the aisles of their primeval churches, translated by Charles Wesley and by John, acquired an English fame, and usually wear the name of the translator: this—

"Jesus thy blood and righteousness."

"Thou hidden love of God whose height,"

and many others, are instances.

Not only so, from these sacred forest shades went forth the first and most apostolical of modern missionary efforts; before any of our societarian movements, those great combinations, held together by the force of machinery to the exclusion of sympathy. The Herrnhutters had their missionaries over the face of the earth: their settlements and colonies, wrought out with self-denial, and piety, and fervour truly Divine. The idea of the ancient apostle *Spener*, on which all their action has been founded, is one of the most catholic and sublime ever ripened into action: it is that churches should be "*Ecclesiae in ecclesia*," little churches within the Church, composed of converted Christians, and having for their aim the furtherance of personal piety, and the purifying and sanctifying the whole Church. This, the *Herrnhutters'* idea, we believe to be the sound view of the proba-

tionary church: not regarding any one as complete or final, but simply as the little church within the comprehensive, the admirable enclosure of the invisible church; existing to school, to train, to comfort, and to convert those who are the heirs of the world to come.

Henceforth then the Moravian Church of the United Brethren stands forth in the history of the Church as a unity; but we can only give brief words upon the remainder of its wondrous narration. In reading its records one is struck with the absence of panegyric; it has no heroes, no men for whom it lends the laurel. You will be struck by the almost painful lack of praise.

Yet Count Zinzendorf was no ordinary man, he did not, like John Wesley, create the community, but under Providence it is difficult to see how the unity could have become what it has become without him. Highly related to the court of his country, he had hereditary associations which led him, no doubt, to look favourably upon the Brethren; then he was himself pious, and even at college he formed an order called "The Order of the Grain of Mustard seed;" the fundamental rules were that its members should steadfastly maintain the doctrine of Jesus, and walk worthily of it, and exercise charity towards their neighbours, and more especially endeavour to promote the conversion of the heathen. A scholar, statesman, nobleman, and Christian, yet when he permitted the Moravian exiles to build on the Harbourside he thought only of giving shelter to some homeless wanderers. He knew indeed the men, and he knew their great principle—the *Reformation in secret*; but the house was rented, the colony formed or begun, but he had not seen it until returning home with his young bride, from his carriage windows he descended the house, and found that the emigrants from Moravia lived there. He alighted from his carriage, bent the knee in prayer within the plain abode, and thus, for the first time, met Christian David; men how different thus brought together—the nobleman and the artisan, both of them of the boldest type of church reformers. The rugged and bigoted Catholic turned into the child of faith. The courteous, polished, and Christian gentleman, educated in all the freedom of Protestantism. There they stand together by the carriage steps. Thus meeting the first time to labour on together to the close, to fight for the Herrnhut, the Watch of the Lord—noblesmen both, both great, much-enduring men—in my years hence to be found lying together in the cemetery—by that time well filled—of the Watch of the Lord.

Very rapidly rose the Watch of the Lord; it became the refuge of many Moravian emigrants, and Christian David, even in opposition to the wish of many in the community, could not be

restrained from wandering repeatedly into those distant villages in the Austrian dominions, where their Brethren still continued in Egypt, and persuading them to escape. The persecution continued; many were convicted and compelled to work in irons for attempting to escape. Wonderful are many things in the Moravian Book of Martyrs. Sometimes the officers were held by a hand mightier than their own. Once at Kunewalde, where the Brethren met in large companies at each other's houses, one came, seized all the books; fearing the people, he took a number of persons with him: they struck up the verse of Luther,

“ And were this world all devils o'er,
 And watching to devour us,
 We lay it not to heart so sore,
 Not they can overpower us.
 And let the Prince of Ill
 Look grim as e'er he will,
 He harms us not a whit,
 For why? His doom is writ,
 A word shall quickly slay him.”

But this circumstance, and such as these, led to their emigration to *Herrnhut*, unwilling to bear the thralldom longer, they went, they left their native village, and as they passed through it by night, and unobserved, they fell on their knees in prayer for those they had left behind them, singing the verses made by their ancestors one hundred years before—

“ Bless'd be the day when I must roam,
 Far from my country, friends, and home,
 An exile poor and mean.
 My father's God will be my guide,
 Will angel guards for me provide,
 My soul in dangers screen.”

Herrnhut was peopled from the prisons by most miraculous escapes; the Imperial Government declared at last that no religious liberty could be granted in the country; but that none should be prevented from emigrating.

In the *Watch of the Lord* all went on as in the tabernacle. There was a might of holiness there. We dare to say, had we been there, we should have found some traces of a carnal nature, tempers not always equable, and states not always elevated; but most of our causes of discontent and annoyance could not exist there, and therefore we are not to be so surprised that we read of elevated frames of feeling to which all our experience in modern church days is poor and feeble. And now awoke the missionary spirit. Ah! a very different spirit to any we have perhaps witnessed, except in one or two great instances; and Greenland was the first to claim their zeal and sympathy.

But what was to be the constitution of *Herrnhut*? Count Zinzendorf was its lord, and as a Lutheran, he was desirous that the Brethren should approach more closely to the Lutheran idea of church relationship. With faithfulness, although they owed him respect as the Lord of the Manor, and their best friend on earth, they adhered to the ancient creed; at last, he suggested that the matter should be decided by lot. According to their custom, two texts were written on two slips of paper:—"To them that are without law as without law, being not without Law unto God, but under the law to Christ, that you may gain them that are without law." On the other slip—"Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught." After prayer, a little child was called in, and directed to draw one of the above texts, and he drew—"Then lo, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught." Thus was finally settled the relation of the Herrnhuters to their ancient church. At the same time they said, "We acknowledge none for brethren, in any Christian denomination, who are not washed from sin by the blood of sprinkling of the blood of Christ, renovated in heart by the Spirit, and following after sanctification; we acknowledge no visible Church of Christ; but where the Word of God is taught in purity, and whose members lead a holy life. Yet we will not be separated from any one, in any Christian community, who truly believe in Jesus Christ his Lord, though he may in some instances interpret the Scriptures differently from us." And not long after Count Zinzendorf took upon himself the loss of all worldly position, his orders of nobility he relinquished, and his place in the administration of the affairs of the country; he sought, and ultimately obtained, ordination as a minister in the Moravian Church; he was banished from the very home he had afforded to others, and became an exile in Europe. During what long years he was occupied in preaching and administering for the affairs of the society at large. From the great Frederick I. of Prussia, he always received much affection, and lived with him on terms of friendship.

The mental history of the Count had been characterised by severe trials; at last he saw, and clearly saw, the whole plan of salvation. We have often told the tender interest of that beautiful incident—his throwing at the Herrnhut some papers into the fire; and, all consumed except a text and a line, the text was read—"He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellence of Jacob whom he loved," and beneath it the line—

"O let us in thy love abide,
Our passions and elections free."

it was the refrain of that glorious hymn of the Count's—

“Jesus, our glorious head and chief,
Sweet object of our soul's relief,”

and that hymn expressed the *Herrnhutter's* creed.

We referred just now to Greenland—the first scene of missionary toils; but it is the very poetry of Christianity to follow the Brethren round the world. They have a picture which we have not seen, which groups together all their first converts, and over it that text,—“*These are they which were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits.*”

1. There is Sam, a new England savage.
2. Samme Kajarnak, the first Greenlander.
3. Guly, a Persian woman.
4. Thomas, a savage of Canada.
5. Catharine, a Mulatto, from St. Jan, and a negro girl Rebecca.
6. Gratia, a negro woman.
7. Catharine, gipsy girl.
8. John, a Matri-kander.
9. Andrew, a negro, and his son Michal in the arms of negro woman, Anne Maria.
10. Casmel, after called Joshua, a negro of Guinea.
11. Jupiter, whose Christian name was Joshua, a negro of New York.
12. Franeisca, a savage of Florida.
13. Hannah, a widow of Guinea.
14. John Nego, a Sortie Caroline.
15. Kibbods, Jonas, a Hottentot.
16. Ruth, an Indian.

And in the same picture is Christian Zedmas, an Armenian, and Thomas Mammacha, a Mingrelian.

All these, within a few years of the founding of Herrnhut. Meantime other settlements were rising in Europe, and, indeed, throughout the world. The Moravians of that day were the Nomades of Protestant Christendom. They regarded themselves indeed as pilgrims—not as we do, by one of those graceful little fictions of Christian speech, in which we indulge; but really the pilgrims of the Lord.

One of the most interesting of their many stations was that of *Gundenhutten*, they fixed extensively among the *Indians*. The testimony of the Cherokees often came to the court of Brethren. They would come at night, they said, and look into their settlements over the pallisades, but they heard constantly the sound of

the iron kettle, meaning the bell of the clock, and they heard them calling to one another, and striking up often unitedly a war-song, for which they mistook the evening hymn, and they said these must needs be very brave and great people to be so constantly on the watch; but Guadenhutton was a settlement, the term meaning "the tents of grace." During the warfare between France and England, the Brethren being, of course, neutral, they were suspected of acting as spies, and a French officer having said that he could easily subdue the English on a settlement through the brethren at Guadenhutton, a public proclamation was made by beat of drums that a carnage should take place in Bethlehem, such as had not been known before in America. But on the day following, the innocence of the brethren was placed beyond a doubt by the firing of Guadenhutton and the murdering of the missionary family. "How greatly have we sinned!" said the settlers; "What should we have had to answer for had we executed our design of murdering their men, and women, and children, on the vague apprehension that they were our enemies?"

And in those times the idea at last spread that Moravian settlements were the only places of safety, fugitives by hundreds took shelter in them. One poor old man arriving at one expressed a general feeling when he said, "Further I will not go. If I am not safe with the children of God, where can I be safe?"

These *Moravians* were mighty in their influence over savage minds. Powerful as the Jesuits were by craft and cunning, for evil and for priestcraft, so powerful were they for good. We want missionaries after that model:—

"One circumstance connected with the missionary history of the brethren at this period ought not to be passed over in silence. They began the instruction of the heathen in Christianity from the best and purest of motives, but they had still to learn what was the only successful mode of reaching the hearts and consciences of the heathen. On this subject they could receive little or no information from their brethren or other persons from home, for they were all equally inexperienced. God Himself was pleased to teach them. But not until He had permitted them to try that method, which to human wisdom would naturally suggest itself as most likely to succeed. The experiment was made in the island for five or six years with unceasing perseverance, but made in vain. They began by teaching the natives the existence and attributes of God, and their being accountable to Him as their Creator and Lord, hoping thus by degrees to prepare their minds for the reception of the powerful doctrines of the Gospel. The natives, however, went away, and returned without any conversion. But on the next day took notice that the natives were not so much as before, and with artless simplicity enlarged on the meaning of the

Jesus in suffering for the sins of mankind, the point was gained. The doctrine of Christ crucified found entrance. One of the company, Kayarnak by name, stepping forward, and, earnestly addressing the missionary, said, 'How was that? tell me that once more; for I, too, desire to be saved.' "

So, also, we meet with the same illustrations of their character and their history among the *Calmarks*, and at Sarepta in *Asia*.

When we read of these things, we say, as they performed this with nothing, for we read of men going a journey of hundreds of miles on five shillings, and saving, we say what would they have done with £300,000 or £400,000, the income of modern missionary societies? Why, it might have been the death of them. £100,000 to work a machine! It kills the soul! That with faith would change the world.

A beautiful people!—We must leave them, with this poor, brief notice. So much unsaid. We wonder they have not succeeded among us in rearing a church. Some object, indeed, to their foreign character and name; else look at them, their *catholicity* of sentiment, with their liturgic music sweetly flowing round their settlements. Even their narrowness, and their simplicity, and what seems their bigotry, is sanctified; their dread of the world, and of all contact with it.

Some day we think we will go off, and walk through the Black Forest, and look at the settlements there, and if we do we will come back and tell of their domestic ways.

There is a venerable spot in Europe—dearer to our heart than Pere le Chaise—more profoundly touching than Kensall Green. It is the Cemetery of Herrnhut; on the slope of the Hulberg, with the villages of the Herrnhutters around it, and its hedges of beech and tall lime trees. Amidst those tall vistas and shady avenues, the benches and arbours and shady walks are so dispersed that a cheerful serenity lifts the mind of the wanderer amidst that hallowed Machpelah, for over the portal is the inscription, "Christ is risen from the dead," and on the other side, "He is become the first fruits of them that slept." There, peacefully slumbering side by side, are the descendants of the martyr Huss. There the fathers and restorers of the Church, the confessors, missionaries, and their converts—Greenlanders, Tartars, Indians, and negroes; there, to that place, came Christian David and Count Zinzendorf at no great distance of time from each other. At a good old age they closed their lives, strong in faith, and in the full assurance of hope; the daily word which greeted the Church when Zinzendorf entered into rest, was appropriate for both. "He shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." In the procession for the Count two thousand persons followed to the

grave, and two thousand at a distance. It would be difficult to over-estimate the beauties of his character—not a Calvin, yet a Christian Legislator. He was a minister for the Church, and did not aim to conglomerate discordant materials. He worked for a Church alone.

The Moravians are a church; and if they fail, it is in the renunciation of worldly policy they fail.

We need them. We need to read their lives, their deeds, their holy simplicity, their Christian dignity.

How much!—But we break off now, and perhaps may take some other opportunity of following them in their apostolic journeyings round the world.

III.

THE PANIC OF THE CREEDS.*

THE world cannot get on without earthquakes—not the Church either. It is, no doubt, a bad thing to have your house laid in ruins or swallowed up by one; a still more unpleasant thing to be swallowed up by one yourself; but this, too, belongs to the order of nature. The belt of earthquakes, like an electric battery, preserves the health of the globe; and we are far from thinking that the shocks the Church sustains do not also tend to sustain its health and life.

Doubtless, among our readers are those who have been more than half-frightened for themselves and for their own safety, and altogether frightened for the safety of the Church by the intense interest awakened by the publication of the "Essays and Reviews." On the contrary, we really see nothing new and nothing fearful. We are not very old, but we can count a great many of these shocks, and we do not believe they have done a great deal of harm. The history of the Church is the history of these panics; for ourselves it is good to be fearful. When Vesuvius smokes, it is wise to remove from Pompeii; yet, for the Church, we do assure our readers they need not fear; she is used to smoke. Let our readers look to their Church histories, and they will find she has steadily erected her spires amidst the rocking and

* I. *Essays and Reviews*. Longman and Co.

II. *The Westminster Review*, Oct. 1. Art. *Neo-Christianity*.

the ruin around her—even as in old traditions we read how the Churches of the middle ages rose while the devils beat the air with their black wings till the stormy music of the turret bells routed them. We hope that she, against whom the gates of hell were unable to prevail, has still graco to rear her front and fulfil the ancient legend—“*Fulgura frango*”—“I break the lightning.”

But we have met with many who, reading the “Essays and Reviews,” find they have a spell cast upon them. Well, there are certain diseases of infancy we must all go through—fevers, teething, smallpox, &c. ; and the life of the soul is in this particular like the life of the body. We have said to some who came to us in some perplexity that all this comes of our being Protestants. If you will turn to Romanism and permit the Church to do all for you, all would be quiet and well ; but if your religion is to be a Personal Life and a Personal Faith, then, of course, you must submit to all the possibility of trial and the difficulty. You must fight your own nominalist and realist battles. You must be your own Abelard and Bernard—you must be your own Scotus, and Ockham, and Anselm. You will be edified by the fathers of the Church in finding how you have experiences synonymous with theirs ; and you may use them, and they will help you.

We have heard many rather smart things said about the fever and excitement these seven Essayists have caused against orthodoxy. We have heard said some very sharp things. Some have said *we* have fears for the consequences of the book ; *we* are disposed to persecute on account of its publication, &c., &c. Now, we believe all this is wrong. We believe the feelings so largely called forth are those of astonishment and indignation, but especially they are feelings of loyalty. Surely if some assassin attempted to take the life of our beloved Sovereign it would not auger very ill for the state of the nation or the feelings of the people if the palace gates were besieged by thousands with expressions of congratulation. Well, seven men have attempted to assassinate Christianity. Pass down Fleet-street and you will see, as we have seen this day, the “Essays and Reviews” in Mr. Holyoake’s shop window. This fact speaks of the character of the volume : and the attempt has called forth expressions of indignation and loyalty ; and, inasmuch as the attempt has all the appearance of conspiracy, too, perhaps in some minds there may lurk some emotions of fear.

Does it seem to our readers a very ludicrous thing that men should be loyal to their convictions ? We confess we have not yet reached that age of indifference. To us such indifference is, indeed, the sign of approaching senility. And how is this loyalty to be shown ? Principally, we grant, by living the conviction ;

also by declaring it, and sometimes by extraordinary avowal of it in a burst of indignant enthusiasm when it is in danger from the assertion that the conviction is either a falsehood, or a fragment of a childish and illiterate mind.

We have been asked if, while dissenting from these seven men we do not admire their courage? Undoubtedly, courage is an admirable thing, but our admiration of it must be modified by circumstances; for instance, if a British soldier in battle wears the uniform and receives the pay of the Queen and of England, and performs prodigies of valour in the army of the enemy against his Queen, certainly, in that case, his courage does not principally claim our admiration. We have some admiration, and wonder, too, at the daring turpitude and meanness of his treason: and we believe our view of the case would so far affect and prejudice the minds of the comrades from whom he deserted, that if they caught him they would shoot him—perhaps, even hang him, and if he appealed to his coat and said, "See, I am a subject of the Queen;" or, if he wore a star on his breast, and said, "See, I am a general officer," the coat and the star would only heighten the indignation of the court martial. Coat, or crest, or courage, would not save him from being shot or hung.

But this is by no means the whole of the case. We are not inclined to give these writers even the credit of courage. We cannot believe that the book is honest in any sense of the word—the guarded and sophistical way in which these men have expressed themselves, is not honest; they entrench themselves in sophistry; they show a power and a disposition to double and to turn, which is not, we believe, a faculty usually calculated to excite youthful enthusiasm and chivalry; and we do not believe that these writers do hold Christian truth in any sense whatever. There is evidence sufficient that most of them hold—whatever they may say to the contrary, we must regard one as responsible for the whole, and the whole responsible for one—the principles of Comte and Feuerbach; there is not a doctrine, or truth, or person in Scripture or Christian teaching, but becomes as unsubstantial as cloud. And we assure our readers we are amazed that these masters in Israel, these lords of the ecclesiastical sanhedrim, can teach as they have taught; but we also assure them that if they accept their teaching, they will not halt upon the feeble ragations of the "Essays and Reviews." The reader will observe — as we believe the writers have advanced — to open and absolute inability to every thing. Our readers think we speak harshly, they will charge us with the same fault as the authors. What is it? Is the apostle in the Church of England — it cannot win a party who have not books, and by the great sect of our ministers, disown them — to save them from a denunciation which

really expresses their utterly creedless, critical, and captious religionism. No doubt, it is their position in the Church which has given to them their solemn purchase of power. You say, do we not think them courageous? We say, what right have men from such chairs to say such things? Had they retired from all Church emolument, and preferment, and place, before publishing their book, we could have understood the courage of the men. It is most likely had Mr. Noel remained in the Church, he would by this time have been a bishop; he published his book, and he left the Church. He, too, was in the position of Dr. Temple—a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. How, then, can we commend the courage? But if the writers of the “Essays and Reviews” retain their places—and are to be commended for their courage—if there is no moral delinquency in their conduct, then how absurd the scruples of other men. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Binney could far more consistently subscribe to the Articles or the Creed than any of them. If the Church of England can contain Mr. Jowett, why not Mr. James Martineau?—if Dr. Temple, why not Francis William Newman?—if Baden Powell, why not Mr. Holyoake? Our readers think we are unjust to them, because we are indignant. Why, anger and indignation are given to us as faculties to be exercised in scathing such iniquity; their expression in such a case really shows our possession of a moral sense. It is said the men are persecuted—as well tell us, that if after a man is elevated to the chair of Astronomy in an University, he tells his auditors that he is there to talk to them, but that science of astronomy there is none—that science of mathematical certainty, there is none—that knowledge of the densities and distances of heavenly bodies, there is none—that knowledge of dynamical forces, there is none—in such a case, suppose the students and heads of the University, to say, “From that point we start; we come to you with no knowledge; there may be circumstances in which we should duly estimate your *unteaching*; meantime, as it is not so much *unteaching* we want as real teaching—not negative but positive instruction—not so much to know what is not, but what is—we must beg you to vacate your chair;” whereupon the professors, and some partisans—(for a man is in a poor plight who has no partizans)—raise the cry of persecution. Now we cannot see the case in that light; we are told the chivalry of youthful and manly thought is being roused on behalf of these persecuted Sadducees. Poor things!—just as well if our baker insists on leaving at our house stones instead of bread; or our cheesemonger insists on leaving at our house a basket of snakes, instead of eggs, might they complain of persecution, if we signified our intention to retire from snakemonger

and stonemonger. If we buy and pay for one thing, we really cannot understand that we become persecutors if we insist on having the thing we paid for, or leaving our merchant to dispose of his wares to those who like them.

But we are told things are not so bad in the book as we make them out to be. Well, that depends on what we conceive to be bad; we think the things are so bad that we cannot conceive that they can be worse. We say to our readers, that if they receive these things, there is not a shred or particle of Christianity left. No, all goes. When we said they are Sadducees, you were shocked; well, look at the measure and extent of their unbelief, and then tell us if we went too far. We say, in this book and that belongs to Christianity goes down before their remorseless criticism.

The Incarnation goes. Rowland Williams says:—"Thus the Incarnation becomes with our author as purely spiritual as it was with St. Paul. The Son of David by birth is the Son of God by holiness."* And Mr. Wilson says,—“So again, the incarnation of the Divine Immanuel remains, although the material appearances which herald it in the narratives of the Evangelists, may be of ideal origin, according to the conception of former days.”†

So faith in the Redeemer goes. Dr. Temple says, “Had His revelation been delayed until now, assuredly it would have been hard for us to recognize His Divinity: for the faculty of faith has turned inward, and cannot now accept any outer manifestations of the truth of God.”

Is there not something to provoke a sneer when the sentimental yet haughty Head-Master of Rugby says, “*If we have but the revelation of faith which would be the first to a great spiritual power. ‘Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,’ yet we possess the greater cultivation of our religious understanding than which, perhaps, we ought not to be willing to give in exchange.*”

Justification by faith of course goes. Mr. Rowland Williams says, “Why may not justification by faith have meant the peace of mind, or sense of Divine approval which comes of trust in a righteous God rather than a fiction of merit by transfer.”‡

The sacrifice of Christ goes. The same writer says, “With St. Paul, sacrifice meant the purifying of our souls and bodies as an oblation of the reason or worship of the mind. The ancient liturgies contain prayers that God would make our sacrifices ‘rational,’ that is, spiritual: religion was thus nourished by a

* *Essays and Reviews*, i. 32.

† *Ibid.* p. 203. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 24.

sense of the righteousness of God ; and morality transfigured into religion by a sense of his holiness." *

So in the same writer *Regeneration goes*. "Regeneration is a correspondent giving of insight, or an awakening of forces of the soul. By resurrection he would mean a spiritual quickening. Salvation would be our deliverance, not from the life-giving God ; but from evil and darkness, which are his finite opposites."

Of course, *the doctrine of the Trinity goes*. Speaking of the faith of the Chevalier Bunsen, Mr. Williams says, "His doctrine of the Trinity ingeniously avoids building on texts which our Unitarian critics, from Sir Isaac Newton to Gilbert Wakefield, have impugned ; but is a philosophical rendering of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel : the profoundest analysis of our world leaves the law of thought as its ultimate basis and bond of coherence. This thought is consubstantial with the being of the Eternal I AM : being, becoming, and animating, or substance thinking, and conscious life, are expressions of a triad which may be also represented ; as will wisdom and love ; as light, radiance, and warmth ; as fountain, stream, and united flow ; as mind, thought, and consciousness ; as person, word, and life ; as Father, Son, and Spirit." †

The Omnipotence of God goes. Mr. Baden Powell says, "The Divine Omnipotence is entirely an inference *from the language of the Bible* (here the italics are Mr. Powell's), adopted on *the assumption* of a belief in revelation." ‡ In the same Essay, the great end of which is to shatter the doctrine of the miracles of Scripture, *testimony as evidence to miracles goes*. "Testimony after all is but second-hand assurance ; it is but a blind guide ; testimony can avail nothing against reason. Antecedent credibility depends on antecedent knowledge and enlarged views of the connection and dependence of truths." *But the Scriptures themselves are compelled to travel* from the face of these enlightened men : all becomes easy when we are able to write thus :—"It has been matter of great boast within the Church of England, in common with other Protestant churches, that it is founded on the 'Word of God'—a phrase which begs many a question when applied collectively to the books of the Old and New Testament ; a phrase which is never so applied to them by any of the Scriptural authors, and which, according to Protestant principles, never could be applied to them by any sufficient authority from without. A Protestant tradition seems to have prevailed, unsanctioned by any of our formularies, that the words of Scripture are imbued with a supernatural property, by which their true sense can reveal

* Essays and Reviews, p. 25. † *Ibid.*, p. 88. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 113.

itself, even to those who by intellectual or educational defects would naturally be incapable of appreciating it. There is no book, in deed, or collection of books, so rich in words which address themselves intelligibly to the unlearned and learned alike; yet those who are able to do so ought to lead the less educated to distinguish between the dark patches of human passion and error which form a partial crust upon it, and the bright centre of spiritual truth within."^{*}

But if the Scriptures lose their place as dogmatic, and objective, and absolute teachings, they still remain, if not to teach absolutely, they are still a voice, says Mr. Williams; but no longer the voice of God:—"Bold as such a theory of inspiration may sound, it was the earliest creed of the Church, and it is the only one to which the facts of Scripture answer, for *the Bible is before all things, the written voice of the congregation.*"[†]

Of course, by this refining, critical spirit, Scripture facts, too, are frittered away; and very needlessly too, for why spend time in lopping off the branches when one bold, brave stroke has cut down the tree? Mr. Williams cautions us against the departing school who would "kill our souls with literalism." "As the postilion in the Book of Kings becomes in Chronicles the more visible angel, so the avenger who slew the firstborn may have been the Belouin host akin nearly to Jethro, and more remotely to Israel." He of whom we had thought as bearing our griefs and carrying our sorrows, stricken, smitten, and afflicted, "led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep dumb before her shearers," turns out to be—the prophet Jeremiah! Yes, it was Jeremiah who "saw of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied." "Thus rhetoric melts in the crucible of so much searching inquiry."[‡]

These are some illustrations of the things to be met with in this volume. They are but some. Many others would come before us as we follow the course of its pages. From the same book we learn that *the sufficiency of the New Testament as a guide* goes. Dr. Temple tells us "when Christians needed creeds, liturgies, and forms of Church government and systems of theology, they could not find them in the New Testament." And so how did the Church help herself in this dilemma? Why, although the New Testament is so worthless, the Papacy lifts up its ghostly old head, for "the Church instinctively had recourse to the only means that would suit the case, namely, a revival of Judaism. The Papacy of the middle ages, and the Papal hierarchy, with all its manifold ceremonies and appliances of external religion, with its attention fixed upon deeds and not on thoughts, or feelings, or purposes,

^{*} *Unays and Rev. evs.*, p. 175-177. [†] *Ibid.*, p. 78. [‡] *Ibid.*, pp. 70, 71, 72.

with its precise apportionment of punishment and purgatory, was in fact neither more nor less than the old schoolmaster come back to bring some new scholars to Christ."

More recondite heresies peep out from the pages of this dangerous book. Among others, *the eternity of matter*, that old Manichæan heresy. Mr. Goodwin says:—"We are told 'in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' It has been matter of discussion amongst theologians whether the word 'created' here means simply shaped or formed, or shaped or formed out of nothing. From the use of the verb *bara* in other passages, it appears it does not necessarily mean to make out of nothing. It is asserted, then, that God shaped the whole material universe, whether out of nothing or out of pre-existing matter. But which sense the writer really intended is not material for our present purpose to inquire, since neither astronomical nor geological science affects to state anything concerning the first origin of matter." *

Where will the gentlemen like to stop? We know not where they will stop. But our readers ought to form some conception of their destination, carefully look at the tendencies of this thing—it promises for them a voyage through the infinite. We are unable to perceive that these men have any fixed principles of faith in any thing, in any doctrine, in any teaching. Order of Nature?—Yes! But any order *abore* Nature?—No! From every point of the heretical compass the loud winds are blowing upon us. Reading these "Essays" we seem now to have reached the realisation of the dreadful night-dream of Jean Paul—"There is no God—the heavens are a waste—the everlasting storm groans on with none to guide it, and creation hangs like a gleaming rainbow over an abyss, but without a sun—and the heavens become an immeasurable world, and where seemed once the Divine eye is only the eye-socket glaring, and eternity lies in chaos, eating it and ruminating it. Cry on ye dissonances! Cry away ye shadows!—God is not—Christ is not!" Our Essayists and Reviewers are for the most part of their teaching to be classed with the great host now leading on the attack upon Christianity with horrible earnestness and zeal. There is not a single nail which holds together the temple of truth which has not been critically examined. Indeed, that is the characteristic of this hypercritical philosophy—it is not the building of truth, the temple of truth, which has been regarded. No! But the nail—Is it iron or is it gold? and will it come out? and can we pull it out? and will it not be remarkably curious if the whole temple falls?

Well, then, we say, if it can fall, why even let it fall; but even if it is durable and indestructible, we do not feel that the incendiary spirit claims much homage from us. And this book is like the clash of the fire-bells, it wakens us all; we find there is not a teaching which is not called in question; there is not an inch of ground which has not to be contested and fought for—the Personality and goodness of God—the creation of the world and the universe by the fiat of His power. Old gnostic heresies and Manichean heresies reappear quite fresh with all the volatility and juvenility of youth—impudent, audacious, and disgusting, as if they had not been dead and buried ages since. We are sending our missionaries to convert the Hindoos; but Buddhism, Hellenism, in all its clattering deformity of creedless Pantheism, is approaching nearer and nearer to us; indeed, it is thus we go on repeating from age to age God's truth and the devil's error. The "Essays and Reviews" have much in them that resembles—the most part all resembles—the old "Age of Reason," by Tom Paine, and the "Philosophical Dictionary" of Voltaire—the one this without the power and satire of the last, or the coarse vulgarity of the first. But the "Essays" are related to a more dangerous class of thoughts and books than those referred to, but the end of all is the same. Think where you are going, we beseech you; compel those teachers to prove every point on which they lay down, concede nothing to them. For we can well conceive a person sitting down to the perusal of this volume, and rising with a faith shipwrecked and broken to pieces on the jagged rocks which rise along the book.

One of the blessings promised for the latter days is, "Thine eyes shall see thy teachers," there is, however, a lower conviction of a teacher—this, that he outteaches—he teaches in a way made up a habit of disbelief—insinuates doubts of the foundation of things—loosens the links and the rivets of faith—there are those who are thankful to the men who have done this. If that be all, they are thankful for small mercies. We will not say this even is useless and service, however, if this be all the service—a torchlight in a ruin—a lamp revealing the room in which we stand, with its corpse-couch, a moribund waking of the dead. We will not say that it is wrong to shatter old impostures and superstitions; but it is poor work if that be all. There are many whose only light is derived from spectres and corpses—and yet they have reached a full assurance of quite another kind to the apostles, namely, the full assurance of unbelief—thus it is in this volume. If you read it, your eyes may see your outteachers—teaching there is none—absolutely none.

If we were to take the "Essays and Reviews" and put down in words its canons—great principles which all the writers seem to hold in common—we should perhaps assign the first place to that which is regarded by them as the verifying faculty. It would seem that *Scripture has no truth in itself; it is no standard or measure of truth; but the measure of truth is in our perception of it—we are truth!* We hold and have the measuring line by which the truth may be known. In these "Essays" *the state of the man is his standard.* We have quoted Dr. Temple, who says:—"The faculty of faith has now turned inward, and cannot now accept any outer manifestations of the truth of God." But how, if this is only an illustration of the apostolic proverb that "unbelief is the sin which does so easily beset us"—but if the faculty of faith has turned inward and cannot now accept any outward manifestation of the truth of God, where and how is the standard to be fixed and known? Then, indeed, we are all left to wander in the world's wide maze—

"And follow every wandering star."

What should we say if we were told that the conception of all measurement had now turned inward, and we could not now accept any outward manifestation of the truth of the inch or the ell, the foot or the yard? Well, we suspect we should have some very contradictory and heretical ells, and yards, and inches. What if we were told that the faculty of weight had turned inward, and that henceforth we could accept no outer manifestation of the truth of the pound, or the ounce, or the hundred?—what if all value were left to drift in this hopeless way? And shall we have a standard in our commerce, and none in our religion? Shall we not have some unvarying and immutable principle of weight and value? It is true there are densities and distances which, for all the purposes of life, are a myth; but planets have been weighed and measured. The balances and the scales by which the tradesman transacts his affairs are held by the same beam which weighs the worlds; and we know who "hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance;" but these principles of Divine mensuration descend to the very lowest details of personal and private equity. It is most true that we must attain to a state within, but we must measure it by a state without. We must "compare" our "spiritual things with spiritual"—our spiritual state with God's spiritual standard. Manners and customs, indeed, may change; but it will also follow, from Dr. Temple's teaching, that there is no immutable morality.

And how can we sufficiently express our gratitude for ~~our~~ services, while, in a world wading its way through the dreary swamp and fenland of sensualism, and belief in everything debasing and vile, and disbelief in everything exalted and fine—painfully and toilsomely rugged-school teachers and Bible-women, and painful ministers of truth are attempting to call off the attention of mankind to the main truths of the Bible, to its appeals to man's conscience and consciousness, to its power to make a good man or a good citizen—these clergymen are using their scholarship, provided for them by Christian money, and their degrees granted them by Christian universities, and their endowments granted them by Christian institutes and churches, for the purpose of luring out their nets to catch unwary souls. Truly said the Lord, "I have made you fishers of men;" and fishers of men, in a very literal sense, these Essayists and Reviewers are—floundering and weltering themselves in dreary cosmical and cosmological theories of the universe, and casting the poor human fish ashore, there to lie and die upon the sand, or, with hook in its jaws, to lament its ill-hap that it ever came across the line of these fishers of men.

Certainly you have a right to ask any teacher to define to you what he intends you to receive; but all errors lose themselves in a horror of great darkness. Error has a horror of definiteness upon it: for, to define itself would be to kill itself. So far as the writers of this book have committed themselves to definition, they have destroyed themselves. A precise statement of doctrine is needed by all who desire to apprehend the truth. It is true that, in the great stairway of doctrine, from the doctrine to which we stand, and which is realised by us, and a definite source of happiness and instruction to us, we behold others growing, tall, lost in the infinite upper ocean of light and life. All truth is *transcendental*, and all error is *deceitful*; and, from the narrow footing, the hopeless seeker sinks from the mist to marsh, mud, and amidst the foggy ocean of darkness and death—bewildering and lost—all distinctions of truth and error lost—these men would talk of the long career of human progress, but with no idea of any of the steps on the way—scarcely even knowing the spot on which standing—indefinite their resting-place, indefinite their road, their goal indefinite.

"Theology," says Mr. Goodwin, "the science whose object is the dealing of God with man is a moral being, manifest but a shivering existence, shouldered and jostled by the sturdy growth of modern thought, and bemoaning itself for the hostility it encounters, while physical science goes on unconcernedly pursuing its own paths." The same may be said of many other things.

as truly as Mr. Goodwin asserts this of theology. The same might be predicated of a mere mad bull in Cheapside, that he would sadly jostle the travellers, and for a time, pursue unconcernedly his way. Or thus commerce goes on unconcernedly pursuing its own paths, while physical science, whose object is the teaching of the laws which regulates the material government of the universe, "maintains but a shivering existence, shouldered and jostled by the sturdy growth of modern thought." Nay, in this world there are many beautiful things, noble and good things, which maintain but "a shivering existence," this is the case often with virtue, with art, with all that lives the supersensual life. Some of us take so much for granted, even in all our estimates of religious things, that they have to be, certainly will be, "rudely jostled by the sturdy growth" of mere sensational thought; but it is marvellous to hear a clergyman rather exultingly stating this thing, to find that he has much more sympathy with the jostling of the crowd, than the rectitude of the individual. We should have thought that it might have come to the memory of such a mind that there is such a thing as a Divine minority, and an infernal majority. Jostled! Why, for that matter, the martyrs of science, the Galileos and Copernicuses have been very rudely jostled ere now; and the Martyr of Faith—the greatest of all martyrs, was very rudely jostled, perhaps, while in the world of which he was the master, he maintained, a Mr. Goodwin would say, but "a shivering existence"; "had not where to lay his head," "came to his own, and his own received him not." It seems even demonstration is not always victorious, it was not victorious against the Inquisition in the case of Galileo, it was not victorious in the case of Him by whom the things of the thought of science subsist. Mr. Goodwin jostles with the crude theology; now theology grieves, she neither "shivers" nor bemoans.

There is a very interesting and suggestive incident recorded in the history of the travels of the old Testament people; when in their progress through the wilderness Balak desired the prophet Balaam to curse them, after it had been most evidently seen that on the enchanter's mind, the most vivid and visible impression was that of the future glory and destiny of the people, who "could not be cursed, because God had not cursed; who could not be defied, because God had not defied;" who were "to dwell alone, and not be reckoned among the nations." Then Balak said, "Come, I pray thee, with me to another place, from whence thou mayest see them; *thou shalt see but the utmost part of them, and shalt not see them all: and curse me them from thence.*" But it would not do, it only led to a more sublime declaration of their relation to Almighty plans and purposes, and the assurance that

He was not a man that He should lie or repent; and the *paradox* was compensated by the impression on another sense, and the exclamation, "the shout of a king is heard among them."

Our "Essayists and Reviewers," like many others in the history of Christianity, remind us of Balak and Balaam; they seem to have sat down, like a committee of seven, each from his own partial view to curse the Book; frequently has this happened from man's partial view of Divine truth, or hasty generalization of the whole from his furtive glance at it. Hence many of the foolish, heretical, darkened views of the holy life, the Holy Name, the intentions of God. Men frequently strike us as those who peep at a mountain chain they have never seen, from some lonely and retreat, before which a slight projecting crag has reared itself, which from their point of view and vision, they insist on regarding as the outline of the whole. They often seem to us like men, who, desirous of knowing an Alpine range, instead of surveying it at the distance, climb the side of the mountain, and amid their investigation by analysing a handful of snow, a piece of rock, or a glacier, and terminating these their observations, sit down they write their descriptions and their theories.

The slightest acquaintance with religious things informs men that when he submits himself to the teaching of the Bible, he is to be introduced to a life deeper than the ordinary and acknowledged life of men, and a life higher than their ordinary standard of conception. Religion—the religion of the Bible—introduces us to ourselves and to God—the teacher of our own sense and reasoning is to correct our conceptions of life. Men are conscious of bodily wants and appetites, and needs—and most, we fear, live for no other. But the religion of the Bible, deepening the idea of life, exalts the standard which sense had depressed. "The life is more than meat, the body is more than raiment." Religion glorifies the appetites of man, talks of Divine hunger and Divine thirst; elevates natural things into a spiritual region. Thus is done for the very simplest man who has been stirred to a religious faith or a religious fear, it has communicated a new consciousness to him—"You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." The poorest, the most illiterate man feels concern for his soul—his life within him; he cries, "what shall I do" to "save" my life within me; what will anything "profit me if I lose my own soul." Where he had before expressed concern only for his body, he has deepened his idea of life, and now is concerned for his soul; thus his ideal is elevated, referring to himself; and the once carnal is now spiritual. And then? Men are conscious of laws of society, of respectability, of opinion; this is a very legal and iron thing; but the religion of the Bible

heightens the idea of life, and exalts the standard. Having introduced the man to his soul—his deeper life; it introduces him to God, his higher life; religion glorifies essential existence, removes motives beyond the jurisdiction of the magistrate, makes *that* a dependency upon Divine law; talks of “doing the will of my Father which is in heaven;” talks of “His promises.” Thus religion—the religion of the Bible—elevates the natural into the region of the spiritual. The religious man has higher conceptions of life and duty, of nature and humanity, of things present and things to come. “The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.” He sees the spirituality of things; he has purer motives of action; he has a nobler and more enlarged charity, and his language partakes of the magnificence of the vision opened to him.

There is a term we very frequently use as one of denomination for some opinions of our own day. I allude to *Pyrronism*,—and perhaps the quality of mind it represents is far better known than the term. Pyrrho was a Greek philosopher of the time of Alexander the Great; and his claim to immortality is that he found some reasons for affirming and denying everything: he suspended his assent, even after he had examined the arguments on either side, and reduced all his conclusions to one summary—“Let the matter be further inquired into.” Most satisfactory! But then “we must finish certain inquiries once in our life if we would go any further; and reading, comparing, reflecting, it becomes a duty to make up the mind and decide.” “Let the matter be further inquired into” becomes ludicrous enough when applied to the real conduct of life, yet it is not an unusual thing to find men in the world who are always inquiring and never determining; so busily engaged in watching the veering of the weather-cock that they have no time to sow; so attentive to the clouds above that the reaping-time never comes below.

But among the men, the writers of “*Essays and Reviews*,” a very distinct place must be assigned to Mr. Jowett. Indeed, his essay is the only essay we should think likely to be especially mischievous, because it is the only paper likely to touch the heart; indeed, it is separated by a very broad line of distinction from the other writings, as he also seems to be separated by a very marked character from the other writers. It is evident that into this essay the writer puts his life; indeed, it may be said of him he plays with edged tools, but he does not play with them but uses them. No mere display of gladiatorial skill, no effort to exhibit a cleverness in the use of foils; and whatever exception we take to the doctrine or the no-doctrine of the essay, we are compelled to admit that it has that more fascinating and dangerous attribute,—

earnestness. The style of the paper is most captivating. We sit down with this volume in our hands, and it is as if Mr. Jowett were gently talking with us; he will not let us go, he talks on so gently and so persuasively without a halt or a pause; frequently his speech becomes so reverential to all that we deemed, and deem, most sacred; withal, there is in his tone something so gentle and modest, so little there is rude, offensive, and dogmatic; if the stream of talk does not seem to bear upon itself the burden of any new thought, yet frequently we find a new face upon an old one passing down the stream; we do not interrupt our companion-voyager, there is frequently something very awful in his comparisons, they strike us by the very earnestness of the speaker, they impress us, they appal as we listen on, and wake up from our dream to find that our pleasant voyager on this infinite stream has cut our poor craft from all its safest moorings, and that we have for a long time been drifting by pleasant peopled banks, of shores becoming more and more inaccessible and dark,—rude and fearless, we are voyaging to the infinite seas of Night and Nowhere.

But this is not surprising to any persons acquainted with Mr. Jowett's previous works. In his more important book on the Epistles, the results of all the teaching in the essay "On the Interpretation of Scripture" are more clearly and distinctly given. There we find that not a doctrine the universal Church has regarded as its life, but hurls away before his more keen and refining criticism. Words are pared away a little on this side, and a little on that, until we find the word left to us is so worthless that it might be really thrown away, unless it be kept as a curiosity, to show how far the word of the collective has moved from the warm, and Living, and living Word which has lived in the Church's heart so long. Let the reader from Mr. Jowett's varied essays attempt to shape out a body of theology; let him attempt to construct a creed, it is not too harsh a thing to say, that if we were to do so, it would be a very fair one. Mr. Jowett's speculations, beyond those of either of his brother writers, gives to us the idea of his lost and rapt attention, nay, his bewilderment, amidst the mysteriousness of things. Few persons will read many pages without confessing that thus, and thus, they too, have felt all these heresies in turn have assailed them, indeed, for evil or for good. Where it is not so the books had better at once be laid down. Mere dogmatic theology, uttered oracularly from without, yields of no avail in replying to these questions. Some nations are very much God saves them and they believe, but they seem to be unable to perceive, or to receive error, and on its moral side they are unable to perceive or to receive truth. Truth strikes them, and they fall down before them; it does not enter into them, and become a

part of their moral being. Actually it neither softens nor enlightens; they are just conscious of a spiritual Pharisaic pride, and capable of an exceeding amount of harshness towards all who with wandering wing have dared the dark and infinite abyss before they came up and out through into the light.

“*Interpret the Scripture like any other book,*” says Mr. Jowett. Well, suppose we let that canon stand, and say, “Even so.” But suppose we were to interpret any other book as Mr. Jowett would have us to interpret Scripture, there would be an end to all delight, to all instruction, to all certainty. Criticism is frequently merely the science of nibbling; and in Scripture as in art. Frequently, perhaps even usually, the cold eye of the critic misses beauties and pleasures, and creates for himself difficulties which never strike the more unlearned. “Like any other book!” Why, let any reader sit down to the perusal of Shakspeare as we are invited to sit down to the perusal of the New Testament; the imagery of the poet would fly indignant from before the surgical knife of the critic; and we have seen in many instances, by the unfeeling process of exposition adopted by some mere antiquarian Oldbuck, not only every bloom and beauty brushed away, but even sense itself almost banished. And in a large-minded and critical age like ours, it is gratifying to find that there is something to be said for everybody. How delightful that it has been reserved for our times to show that even Judas Iscariot has been a much misrepresented individual. You know the modern theory about Judas is that “he is not so bad as he seems.” He did not desire that sad betrayal should reach so shocking and so fatal an extreme. Could we only *have a fair and impartial survey of the life and times of Judas Iscariot, it might put things in a very new light*; and indeed the same doctrine is substantially taught in that very learned book, of most erudite and extensive scholarship, “*The Life and Times of the Devil,*” by my friend Dr. Neinhimmelhell. That great writer has, with profound erudition, shown that Satan has been a very much abused character, and his work in the world very much misunderstood. He has in that immortal work put in a satisfactory claim for gentle treatment should he ever be brought into near relationship to the subject of that powerful memoir. In that work also the reader learns that many who have been ignorantly supposed to be great rascals were acting under the impulse of strong convictions; and that what had been foolishly called sin and crime, as in the case of Mary, Bonner, Jeffreys, is to be regarded as a deep, intuitional necessity of their being, leading to the happiest results in the order of nature in the long run. Oh! could we but be favoured in

this country with the German's elaborate argument! Meantime, I must say, I have but very little sympathy with it.

But if our readers take the gospel of these men, they must take it with all its consequences, and what those consequences are you will best learn if you are bent on that course by a little study of the literature of the school to which these men belong. One of the most hearty greetings to the volume has been given by the *Westminster Review*.^{*} In that eulogistic article they bring out a rabid, savage, and foaming hatred to Christianity far from amounting to contemplate. After spending some pages of praise upon the book, lauding the courage of the writers of it; it insists that "this is only an instrument" of the promised persecution—the "Essays and Reviews" are just a bunch of grapes of Eschol from the expected and hopeful Canaan of their promised land. As our readers have probably not seen, nor are likely to see this article, we shall quote a few of the nuggets of the good gold of that country. These are some of the consequences the *Westminster* gathers from the book. We believe they are legitimate consequences. The "*Westminster*" glories in this triumph of its own principles. "In their ordinary, if not plain sense, there has been discarded the Word of God, the creation, the fall, the redemption, justification, regeneration, and salvation; miracles, inspiration, prophecy, heaven and hell, eternal punishment, and a day of judgment; creeds, liturgies, and articles, the truth of Jewish history and of Gospel narrative. A sense of doubt has been thrown over even the incarnation, the resurrection, and ascension—the divinity of the second Person, and the personality of the third."[†] The writer argues, "that the notion of continuous development not only excludes that of mysterious revelations under any disguise; but excludes any possible theory of a perfect, or even a superior, light having been seen in the past, or an ideal, or even a desirable, standard having ever yet been attained or conceived by man:"[‡] that is, in short, that all that we have ever conceived of goodness, or art, or poetry, is a hollow and delusive sham; man lives and dies like a beast; he is a beast and nothing more; he has seen no superior light, he has beheld no ideal, no desirable standard. Think what must be the moral nature of the writer of that paragraph, who thus, in attempting a libel on his race, gibbers out his own depravity, and glories in his shame.

With exulting glee the "*Westminster*" goes on summing up the conclusions of these writers, by which we learn that from the

^{*} *Westminster Review*, Oct. 1860, Art., Non-Christians.

[†] *Ibid.* ; *Ibid.*

process they have adopted "with Scripture, the truth of the narrative and the identity of the authors disappear together. It becomes a medley of legend, poetry, and oral tradition compiled, remodelled, and interpolated by a priestly order centuries after the times of its supposed authors; and this applies to the New Testament, though in a much less degree, just as to the Old. The bits of old songs are picked out of the Pentateuch. Thus the Old Testament is reduced to a very fragmentary and very untrustworthy collection of the literature of a certain Arab race. The grand spirit of Moses grows as dim in the dust of centuries as that of Numa. Sinai moves us as little as the Cave of Egeria." "So of the New Testament. The first three Gospels were put together from the floating and variable traditions of the early Church. As much might be said of the lives of the saints. The fourth Gospel on which so much is rested, is very late, and certainly not by St. John." The whole "is provokingly unreliable. We listen for the true words of the great ones of old, but they strike a dull and confused utterance on the ear. Is this the book, or rather collection, which these writers place in the hand of every peasant and every child? Is this the world-wide source of life and truth—this the surest, noblest, outgrowth of ages, and the volume they consecrate for all time and all races?" "You cannot be sure that you are reading the words of Christ; and the doctrines of St. Paul may be spurious, and are comparatively unimportant. In short, 'the plan' of the writers reduces the whole Bible to the position of the Apocrypha." As the writer advances, his pen, which expressed a livid, white-lipped, hatred against the Bible and Christianity, becomes savage and bloody in its wrath. Plainly enough, were all Atheists like this writer, if infidelity were the established *unreligion* of the land, there would be a speedy decimation of rebellious believers. *The Bible* is the source of moral degradation, and it still produces that fruit. "It almost *stifled the political genius of Cromwell; it still makes bad citizens*; and the literature of Knox still hardens many hearts!" "It is time," continues the writer, "to point out the powerful substratum of truth in the fierce invectives of Voltaire and of Paine!!" "*This Book contains inwoven into its very fibre, some of the very principles of a bad heart and a narrow head.*" "*The moral value of the Gospel teaching becomes suspicious.*" This is the result of this volume. What do you think of it? Are you willing to commit yourself to these hopeful conclusions? And while reading them, if indignation stirs within us at some things, we read, legitimate in the commentator upon these "Essays," shall we forbear indignation against the writers themselves? and might we not reasonably expect them to blush to find their maundering

dreamings have led to these insane and brutal anathemas against the Book dear to us, not only as embodying our most potent and cherished convictions, but as furnishing our dearest consolations? It is beautiful to see how, while a very remorseless spirit pervades the writer when he touches Christianity, it becomes quite glowing, and benignant when he speaks of Paganism. The writer of the article in the "*Westminster*" inquires, "Can the *in/2* elevation of the Roman citizen be compared with the inhuman exclusiveness of the Jew?" For instance, what inhuman exclusiveness in the Ten Commandments! what a noble comprehension and inclusiveness in the Colosseum! how inhuman those prohibitions of adultery, and murder, and idolatry! Now at Rome all these *most human things* could hold high revelry. Those grand *scene* exhibitions where a hundred thousand people gathered together to behold the martyr or the slave,

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday,"

were wanting to the inhuman Jews, tamely limping and following in the rear of Pagan development. They had no high carnival in which the unfortunate distinction of sexes was lost sight of, in that sublime abstract state in which lust loses all its hideousness, and cruelty its horror; and cannot the Editor of the "*Westminster*" and his *Comus* crew retreat to some happy isle, where the ancient noble Roman elevation of character and sentiment may be again indulged? And thus too, Dr Temple expounds the philosophy of history—a hopeful philosophy for a class of youths; indeed, the gospel according to Ovid and Horace is more likely, we believe, to make disciples than the Gospel according to Moses or our Lord. We hope we are not insensible to the charms and claims of imagination and taste. The fragments of those ancient marbles; "the fire-darting words of Homer" certainly have power over us; but for ourselves, rather than lose a single goat-skin from the ancient Tabernacle in the wilderness, rather than lose a single leaf of the gold of the ark of the covenant, a single precept of Moses, or note of David—not to speak of those words spoken to us in "these last times by his Son"—why, for ourselves, marbles, verses, temples, and philosophies may go to their own place and rot for ever.

We could say something ourselves in honour of the works of Greece more especially than Rome. We are willing to read those immortal histories. We have no doubt that God had something to do with the Greeks, for they lived in God's world; but we must utterly cast away our conceptions of Christianity before, with Dr Temple, we can find our soul especially moved to admiration by a walk through their chief city. We shall now

with great deference to Dr. Temple's verdict any where when a mere matter of classical criticism is involved ; but, without claiming his competence as a scholar, we even have to believe that we too may be able to form an opinion of the moral and spiritual height attained by classical peoples as well as he. We cannot join with him in his admiration of those people, or believe that "in Greece and Rome were to be seen our highest natural powers in their fullest vigour—the unattainable grace of the prime of manhood—the pervading sense of youthful beauty." We cannot believe "that we never again shall find that universal radiance of fresh life which makes even the most common place relics of classic days models for our highest art. The common workman of those days," he tells us, "breathed the atmosphere of the gods. What are now the ornaments of our museums were then the every-day furniture of sitting and sleeping rooms." "To combine the highest powers of intellect with the freshness of youth was possible only once, and that is the glory of the classic nations. The world goes back to its youth in hopes to become young again, and delights to dwell on the feats achieved by the companions of those days. Beneath whatever was wrong and foolish it recognises that beauty of a fresh nature which never ceases to delight. *And the sins and the vices of that joyous time are passed over with the levity with which men think of their young companion's follies.*" Is this language for the Master of Rugby to hold ! He tells us he has "lost the freshness of faith which could say to a poor carpenter, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The poor, much-to-be pitied man ! That lost freshness is not sighed for, but he mourns over the lost fresh nature which produced the easily forgiven "sins and vices of that joyous time." Again we say, the poor, much-to-be-pitied man ! He has lost his faith in the Carpenter's Son, and kindled his faith at the words of Aristophanes.

We have read of a man, and he was a scholar, who walked through the very scenery of the civic magnificence whose loss Dr. Temple so tenderly deplores ; he had sailed amidst those enchanting islands, but his spirit was filled with other thoughts than the beauty of the Ægean wave, or the glory of that bland and benignant sky. He was alone, waiting, in the chief city of Dr. Temple's lost love, for two younger disciples. He walked down the long line of the statues of the Propylæ ; he stepped into the gardens of the Academy and the porch, and heard the teachers ; "he breathed the atmosphere of the gods ;" he saw the marbles of five hundred ages bending around him, and the rich bronzes. But, as he walked along, it was not admiration, but pity, which moved him with all the curiosity of a large, and liberal, and culti-

vated mind. He walked those streets, climbed those crags, and sat beneath the sad cypress in their cemetery or necropolis; but over his spirit came sadness, and while he waited, his soul "was stirred within him," as "he beheld the whole city given to idolatry." Admiration for taste and genius did not, in his case, lead to the proclamation of a truce with the indecencies and cruelties of Paganism; and as he neared the hill of their war-god Mars, he rose amidst the throng of sophists, and critics and Epicureans, and Stoics—the Temples, the Goodwins, the Williamses, Powells, and Jowetts of that day—and with a heart burning with passion for the sins of the people, and compassion for the absurd folly of their wisdom, he did not compliment "the freshness and charm of their early youth," but proclaimed, in tones not wanting in scholarship, and taste, and authority, that "in all things they were too superstitious;" and indeed we have much more sympathy with the denunciation of St. Paul than the adulation of Dr. Temple.

But we must remind our readers that these benevolent utterances about Paganism are parts of a large amount of literary tendency in the same direction. Perhaps the writings and influence of Goethe have principally given this hopeful current to modern thought. To our writers, the great Pan is *not* dead. No! to them still—

"The great god Pan
Is down in the reeds by the river,
Making a poet out of a Man."

Dr. Temple's admiration of Greece has reminded us of a remarkable incident illustrative of the mighty result of Goethe's wisdom, and it shows how naturally Pantheism is transformed to Polytheism. A young artist had presented to Goethe a piece of statuary—a model from Myron's Cow with the Sinking Calf. The "wise" old man was delighted with it. "Here," said he, "we have a subject of the very highest order. This is the nourishing principle which upholds the world. This and others of a like nature, *I esteem to be the true symbols of the unity reposer of God*." "Confessing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the image of the invisible God into the likeness of four-footed beasts." We wonder and incredulously smile and sneer at the ox-gods of Egypt, at the molten calf of the wilderness; but, behold, "these be thy gods, O Pantheism!" Here we see the realization of Ezekiel's vision: "*Men with their backs towards the temple of the Lord, and their faces to the East*." Thus ever Pantheism has turned to Polytheism. Goethe was the literary Julian of his age, and he aimed to turn the tide of feeling from

the cross of Calvary to the gods of Greece and Rome—flying over the head of the Saviour to rest on the head of the sucking calf—the appropriate symbol of the omnipresence of the Deity!

We feel this to be an appropriate commentary upon Dr. Temple's eulogy of Paganism.

From a man like Dr. Temple—a clergyman, writing, shall we say, a *Philosophy of History*, an essay on the "Education of the World," one might have expected some remarks upon the fact that in the New Testament we have a philosophy of history, too. We have certain apostolic statements about "the Education of the World"—that the world existed as a unity to be perfected by its restoration to God, was perceived in Old Testament times. "Oh thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come." This is one of the most pathetic ascriptions of praise—in praise the Church often uses it still, and the word of our Lord is like to it:—"If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." Is there no history of the Word, no prophecy of its future, in that sublime apostolic description of the moral end of the atonement?—"That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in Him!" There have been many offerings to the literature of our age, and the age immediately preceding this, upon the education of the world. Dr. Temple's essay is the most feeble piece of futility—the piece of most paltry prettiness offered yet. One might suppose had he read the productions of Hegel, or Lessing, or Schlegel, or even Compt, their power would have paralysed his pen into peace; as it is, they have only smitten it into poverty and powerlessness. Lessing's Essay on "The Education of the Human Race," has given to Dr. Temple his chief idea, that is the essential and united manhood of humanity. Considering how much he was indebted to it, it is not quite honest that he has in no part of his essay referred to it; but the statements of Christian truth are much less equivocal in the pages of Lessing. Defective, indeed, we believe, as a statement of what Christian truth is to the world, that paper is not little; it is the work and word of a master. In the essay of Dr. Temple, we may safely say, all that is good and beautiful may be found in Lessing; and all that is evil, feeble, or mischievous, is really his own. We must confess our surprise that those who read all German things, have not detected whence the master of Rugby stole the heifers with which he has been ploughing.

We desire to speak with more than respect, with homage, of the late Chevalier Bunsen, we are not able to say that we have derived much from him; of most of his speculations, we may speak as "thin abstractions," if that term is to be applied to any

results of study. It is so that beneath his touch the genius and the meaning of Christianity exhalas. Some men have removed the facts of Christianity into the region of myths; but Bunsen really places doctrines and facts beneath some process of mental chemistry until the form is lost in a residuum of dust and an exhalation of dewy mist. If the reader demands of the Reviewer to verify his own impressions, we may mention his "Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History applied to Language and Religion," for the wealth of varied philological, ethnological learning poured along its thousand pages, we cannot sufficiently express our gratitude, both for the researches and their results; but it is impossible to come beneath the influence of Bunsen's mind, and not to feel that there was a mental vice in nearly all his performances, and that that vice was the incessant tendency to abstraction, and to a refining of language, a denudation of speech, until all the primal intentions of speech were lost sight of. The very quality which makes his ethnological research invaluable, makes his theological system ludicrous. We have no doubt that Bunsen was a Christian, a really spiritually-minded believer of the truth as it is in Jesus; but he was constantly attempting to bend the truths of the Christian faith to merely metaphysical conditions, and to interpret them by merely psychological terms; a plain statement could not satisfy him, he seemed ever desirous to translate any fact into some language not quite too apprehensive to common sense. In the specimen he gives to us in the work we have referred to of a comparative evangelized dictionary—Semitic and Japhetic—for the expression of spiritual ideas—in fact, throughout—the personality of all things and beings is destroyed; theology will be in a hopeless embryo if it is compelled to use these terms for the conveyance of its meanings; for instance, —

The Word is defined to be the Absolute, as consciousness of the Good, as eternal, loving Will; or, "the consciousness of the absolute Existence (substance) as truth."

The Father is the Eternal Will of the Realization of Good in man, or the Eternal Thought of the Realization of Divine Truth in the universe and in man.

Heaven is the Complex of all the Thoughts of the Creative Love of God, in contradistinction to their imperfect realization in man; or, the Complex of the Divine Ideas of Truth, in contradistinction to their finite development in space and time.

Eternal Life is the Divine Element in man's ethical life, as union with God's Will in time.

The Devil is the Conscious Negation of the Divine Will, as good, promoting unconsciously the end of the Divine Will by the very opposition to its manifestation, and the last definition is

illustrated by Luther's witty saying, "*Diabolus Dei diaconus in terra.*" But we suspect Luther would not much like to find his proverb in such company.

Now, is a mind capable of this dreary sciomachy a safe guide in regions where especially is needed the lamp of common sense? We have no doubt that in a remarkable degree he possessed the power to eliminate wondrous suggestions from words; we have no doubt that even to certain orders of mind he may strike a new spark of reverent thought for the more subtle genius of Christianity; but, with great respect, we declare our impressions that such language is of all most dangerous. What we want is, truth made more real to us, not more remote; and that mind must be diseased, or disembodied, which can delight in the kind of verbiage here substituted for Christian teaching.

We have heard of two philosophers who were crossing a stream in a boat; they got into a quarrel upon certain points of metaphysics. There was by their side a Capuchin monk, who appeared to be very attentive to their discussion. When they had arrived at their landing-place, the philosophers stood up and said to the monk: "Father, you have heard our arguments; which of us, do you think, has gained his cause?" The Capuchin, having collected himself, said: "Gentlemen, I have listened to you with the greatest attention, and with the greatest pleasure; and if I must tell you what I think—but do you desire me to tell you what I think?" "Yes!" cried the philosophers together. "Well, then, I have not understood a single word of all that which formed the subject of your conversation." Thus it is, while these words are used—and words like them are now too frequently used—the people, illiterate, poor, fatigued with toil, and panting for a miserable subsistence, are mazed and perplexed. Is man placed at the mercy of logogriphics like these—is truth a sphinx, proposing enigmas to man, and devouring the unfortunates unable to explain them? Certainly so it would seem, in the Gospel according to Bunsen.*

Without doubt there is both great truth and wisdom in what Luther said in his old age, "I can neither labour nor discourse any more," said he; "when I was young then I was learned, then I dealt altogether with allegories, tropologies, and anagories, there was nothing about one but altogether art. Now I have shaken it off, and my only art now is to deliver the Scripture in the simple sense, that does the deed—herein is life, strength, doctrine, art." But one of the difficulties in the Christian life is

* See Conferences of the Pere Lacordaire in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, pp. 234, 235.

overcoming books. When the Israelites were on their way through the wilderness to the Holy Land, they came to Kirjath Sephar, they went out of the way to take that city, it was only a few miles from Hebron, and the name being interpreted, signifies The City of Books—Kirjath, a city, and Sephar, a book. And Caleb said "to him that taketh yonder The City of Books, to him will I give Achsah to wife." The old allegorists of Scripture make much of this, for in Hebrew the word Achsah signifies the rending of the veil, and Othniel who did conquer, signifies the lion of God, or God's opportunity; and then that city Dele—the word—rose on its ruins—the word—rising on the ruins of the city of mere books. No must it ever be, you must take your book city. We need not conceive of the old Kirjath Sephar as of a Canaanitish circulating library. No, there were stone books in those days; Egypt was the very city of stone books, and an book in Kirjath Sephar, and the power to spell and to interpret the Sephar, might throw much light upon problems which even a Bunsen does not seem to solve. Without a doubt, in the commencement of the Christian life, there is a book city to be smitten—to be forsaken, to be transformed, from the place of the lying oracles into the city of the guiding word. Everywhere there is a Kirjath Sephar to be taken—there is a representative literature of falsehood and idolatry to be overthrown. The first thing the Ephesian converts proved their conversion upon was their magical books; these they brought out and burnt. A mind savingly brought to Christ smites the book city; so with ancient converts, so with modern converts; Orphic hymns, Myths, Druidic Bards, chantes: conceive the conversion of a cultured Brahmin, what a book city he would have to leave behind. There is no subject more vexed among us than the method of Biblical interpretation; it is impossible to read in that direction and not to feel and own our indebtedness to Biblical criticism, and yet we may caution readers that they must not expect from this very greatly to increase their knowledge of Scripture, rhetoric, or grammar, and the study of what may be called the *bella littera* of Scripture, may aid in the comprehension of the concise survey of the history of the text, may perhaps increase and enlarge a literary apprehension, but will scarcely ever aid in opening up the Spirit. It is so, analysis always receives a punishment;—if a man will be guilty of anatomy he must lose much of the religiousness of his spirit. An analytic spirit is one of the aids to scepticism. It only deals with death, as the dissecter only deals with dead bodies; and even as the most perfect analysis of the dead body can give to you no idea of the majesty of a body full of life and vigour, so the most accurate criticism of a word, or the symmetry and syntax of a text, can convey no idea

of the majesty of its hidden truth. Canon Stanley has some very judicious remarks on the way in which we sometimes imperil Christian truth by staking the faith upon the letter. He says, "to narrow the scope of the sublime visions and prophecies of the Hebrew seers to the actual buildings and sites of the cities is as unwarranted by facts as it is mistaken in idea;"* in fact, we narrow the teachings and prophecies of Scripture in that case to a private interpretation, and are then surprised that the more Infinite Truth will not square itself to the limited and private dimensions we have prescribed for it. In a word, we must remember that while the external and visible Bible is always God's letter to the eye, there must be a word to and for the heart. To many the Bible is a sealed book, because the miraculous character of the Book is not acknowledged. You must determine to go beyond the letter, beyond the outer court. Beyond the Priest's court there is a place where the hidden manna is—there is a place where the great sword Debir is kept—the Word.

"Thou hast given to me a south land, give me also," she said, "springs of water." Verily, we think we know the meaning of this. Even the south land is not sufficient for all purposes of pasturage and herbage—the clear sky, the long valley ranges are not sufficient; we want the waters which run among the hills. There it is that the valleys are covered over with flocks while they shout and sing. Vain is the southern soil if there is no well. God has given to us in the Bible the south land, but we want the springs of water. And, therefore, by the Great Book very often we sit and seem to hear one saying to us, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." The well is here, but, alas, we do not get near to the springs. Give to me the springs. We often feel that the Bible is not fertile to us—it does not overflow—it does not bring forth fruit—because we have not smitten the book city.

We are compelled to pause here; but next month we propose to return to the subject again, and to review some of the Ecclesiological aspects of the controversy.

* Sinai and Palestine, p. 271.

IV.

SCOTTISH FOLK-LORE.*

THERE is a very pleasant charm in all books of the description of those lying before us from Edinburgh. We have read so much of the old city that we find little difficulty in imagining ourselves its citizens. No doubt the vivid, graphic pictures of the old society there greatly enhanced the charm of many of the "Waverley Novels." Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and Bartoline Saddletree, and duncie David Deenes, and old Lawyer Fairford, and Ratcliffe, the robber-turnkey of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and multitudes of other creations of the great Sir Walter—the state of society which permitted such remarkable individualities of character has no doubt passed, or is rapidly passing away. The isolation of the city, like that of all other towns, has been broken up. The Cannongate has a very different set of legends and chronicles to those which Scott recorded; and the Grass-market, and the Cowgate, and the wynds and stairs, and the law-courts, and the pulpits, too, are compelled, with all places and things, to relinquish their romance, and fall in with the smooth routine of the age.

We are glad to avail ourselves of the issuing of a second series of Dean Ramsay's pleasant "Reminiscences," to express the gratification we received especially from the first, and to present to our readers a few choice illustrations of his, and other books like his, vividly presenting a state of society, especially in "Auld Reekie," which, if not really dead, is nearly so. Indeed, the subject is so rich, and varied, and full, that we know not how to deal with it in a few pages. The genius of Scotland is characterized by a nationality we look for in vain in England: there is a more essential unity, both in language, tradition, history, and race, its mind and its antiquities have a much closer consanguinity than here, where many peoples have left many dialects and relics

* I. Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. D. Ramsay, M. A., LL.D., F.R.S. Dean of Edinburgh. Sixth Edition. Enlarged. Edinburgh: Edinburgh and Douglas, 1860.

II. *Ibid.* Second Series. 1861.

III. Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character. By the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot. London: Houlston and Wright, 1861.

IV. The Castle of Edinburgh. By John Haistoun, of Darwick Tower. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo.

V. Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Revolution to the Abdication of 1763. By Robert Chambers, F.R.S.E., F.S.A., &c. W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh and London, 1861.

varying as their habits and their ages. We must not dismiss the volume of Mr. Chambers with a hasty notice: it is too full of curious and instructive insight into the habits and manners of the Scottish people, and it would form an admirable and useful companion to the last edition of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, in which the publishers have preserved the very genius of their country's history in the thousand woodcuts of that admirable edition. Old city streets, defunct old functionaries, old relics and scenes, live upon the page; and the reader who peruses this edition of the immortal novelist is held in suspense between the graphic pen of the poet and the graphic pencils of the artists. The volume of Mr. Chambers well sustains the character of its predecessors; and there is scarcely a page which does not charm by some anecdote of interest, or some illustration of the ways and domestic manners of the people of a period of special interest. In slight incidents like these, there is nothing of the stately tramp and march, or the sonorous trumpet, of history. Yet there is scarcely a page which does not transfer the reader instantly to the times. Without a doubt, any person desirous of obtaining a clear idea of the social progress of Scotland—how its people lived and fared—what they believed and feared—their crimes, their superstitions, their fashions, and their laws—will obtain a more just conception, conveyed in a more natural and interesting manner, than by any other national historian.

We must make the volumes of Mr. Chambers the text for another paper on the more ancient folk-lore of Scotland. The other volumes mentioned in connection with the present paper are much more modest and compassable in their pretensions. The first volume of Dean Ramsay must be by this time, we think, pretty well known to most of our readers. The second, which we now introduce, is scarcely equal to its predecessor. It has the appearance of being produced by the fame of its forerunner. Many of the best stories we have certainly seen before. Still it is heartily welcome. That is a strange theory which many are fond of publishing—the *Saturday Review* most loudly—that Scotchmen have no wit. He must have tolerable hardihood who can maintain that theory with the names of Burns, and Scott, and Galt, and Professor Wilson, and Thomas Hood, and a host beside, before him; but these volumes very effectually dissipate any such delusion. They exhibit the national characteristics—great shrewdness and great simplicity; it is quite true there is a wit which is wholly unconscious, and is sometimes simply composed of these two; but quite in equal proportion exists the pith and point which frequently turns the tables on an adversary, and sets them at once in a roar. No doubt frequently to us the delight is in the

"One dark winter evening, Ritelids undertook to conduct the minister of an adjoining parish to the residence of his own parish in a suburb of the town. It was particularly dark, and the minister who accompanied John began to express a fear that his guide would miss the way. John, however, continued to assert that all was well till, after a lengthened journey, they reached the precincts of a building. Exclaimed the not discomfited functionary, 'I've taken ye a little about, sir; but I thocht ye wad maybe like to see the Children's Hospital!' The Asiatic scourge was then raging in the town, and John had, indeed, lost his road.—Alexander McLachlan, beadle in the parish of Blairgowrie, had contracted a habit of tippling which though it did not wholly unfit him for his duties, had become a matter of considerable scandal. The Rev. Mr. Johnstone, the incumbent, had resolved to reprove him on the first suitable opportunity. A meeting of the kirk-session was to be held on a week-day at twelve o'clock. The minister and the beadle were in the session-house together before any of the elders had arrived. The beadle was flustered and excited, and the minister deigned the occasion peculiarly fitting for the administration of reproof. 'I much fear, Saunders, says the minister, 'that the bottle has become——' 'Ay, sir,' broke in the unperturbed official, 'I was just gairn to observe, that there was a smell o' drink amang's!'—'How is it, John,' said a clergyman, who was church-officer, 'that you never get a message for me anywhere in the parish but you contrive to take too much spirits? People don't let me spirits when I'm making visits in the parish.' 'Weel, sir,' said John, 'I canna praisely explain it, unless on the supposition that I'm a wee mair popular wi' some o' the folka."

Wondrously immovable is this kind of character:—

"The celebrated Dr. John Erskine, of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, was celebrated for the evenness of his temper. His handkerchief had disappeared every Sabbath during his descent from the pulpit, and suspicion could only fall on an elderly female, who, according to the practice of the times, sat on the pulpit stair. In order to discover the depredator, Mrs. Erskine sewed the corner of the handkerchief to the minister's pocket. Returning from the pulpit, he felt a gentle pull when, turning round and tapping the old woman on the shoulder, he exclaimed, 'No the day, honest woman, no the day.'"

Dean Ramsay says:—

"I have two characteristic and dry Scottish answers, traditional of the Lothian family, applied to me by the present excellent and highly gifted young Marquis. A Marquis of Lothian of a former generation, observed in his walk two workmen very busy with a ladder to reach a bell, on which they next kept up a furious ringing. He asked what was the object of making such a din, to which the answer was, 'Oh, just, my lord, to ca' the workmen together.' 'Why, how many are there?'"

‘Deed ay, sir, this is the prophets’ chalmer.’

‘It maun be for the *minor* prophets, then,’ was the quiet reply.”

“There was an old man who always rode a donkey to his work, and tethered him while he worked on the roads, or wherever else it might be. It was suggested to him by my grandfather that he was suspected of putting it in to feed in the fields at other people’s expense. ‘Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that; for my cuddy winna eat onything but nettles and thristles.’ One day my grandfather was riding along the road, when he saw Andrew Leslie at work, and his donkey up to the knees in one of his clover fields, feeding luxuriously. ‘Hollo, Andrew,’ said he; ‘I thought you told me your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles.’ Ay, said he, ‘but he misbehaved the day; he nearly kicket me ower his head, sae I pat him in there just to *punish* him.’”

This sly humour sometimes comes out admirably in well-merited reproof, and satiric admonishment to the profane or irreligious.

“A friend has informed me that the late Lord Rutherford often told with much interest of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd, near Bonally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country, and said hastily and unguardedly, ‘What a d——d mist!’ and then expressed his wonder how or for what purpose there should have been such a thing created as east wind. The shepherd, a tall grim figure, turned sharp round upon him. ‘What ails you at the mist, sir; it wats the sod, it slockens the yowes, and’—adding with much solemnity—‘it’s God’s wul;’ and turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candour as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.”

“A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and, I suppose, somewhat short and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about his preparing and the putting up his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all this bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question, ‘Whaur’s this you’re gaun, Robby, that ye mak sic a grand wark about yer claes?’ The young man lost temper, and pettishly replied, ‘I’m going to the devil.’ ‘Deed, Robby, then,’ was the quiet answer, ‘ye needna be sae nice, he’ll juist tak ye as ye are.’”

Dr. Rogers gives also some illustrations of this imperturbable dryness of humour. John Ritchie, the beadle of St. David’s, Dundee, was renowned for his peculiar shrewdness and humour, we should think also for a not very comfortable usage of it occasionally.

ance, Mr. L. slipped a shilling into the stranger's hand. When J. P. Court was held, Mr. L. was present, and when a fine was proposed to be exacted from the stranger, "I have," said Mr. L., "his man's need of something to get dust to his back. He has my poor roll, I give him a shilling just last Sabbath."

his manner, apologised by the remark—‘Brethren, though I hope I have the word of God in my mouth, I think the devil himself has gotten into my breeks.’”

We reluctantly take leave of these most interesting volumes. Our thanks are especially due to Dean Ramsay, for the pleasure he has afforded us; he has brought together a vast variety of amusing incident, and linked the whole on a thread of pleasant reflective discourse, quite cheerful, and consistent with his character as a Christian minister.

V.

WIT, HUMOUR, AND COARSENESS IN THE PULPIT.*

AMONG the contributions of Hiram, king of Tarshish, to the great builder of the temple of Jerusalem—in the report presented in the second Book of Chronicles—there stands the curious item of monkeys and peacocks. Monkeys and peacocks have been very plentiful in the building of the temple in all ages since, especially the apes—the monkeys. It might seem singular how that quaint and disgusting beast can ever minister to the service of the masters of wisdom, or the priests of the temple; but it seems certain that his foolishness has aided the plans and purposes of even highest and holiest things. Indeed we are not squeamish in our ears, whatever we may be in our appetites; it is with food for the mind as with food for the stomach; all food which seems coarse is not really coarse; good oatmeal is a fine, honest, nutritive diet, while the fine kickshaws of a Paris cook drenched in condiments and sauces, are among the most gross and vicious—the most really coarse and innutritious abominations

* I. Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, the Backwood Preacher; the Birth, Fortunes, and General Experiences of the oldest American Methodist Travelling Preacher. Edited by W. P. Strickland. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

II. The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle Bag, and other Lectures. By William Henry Milburn. With a Preface, including a Life of the Author. By the Rev. T. Binney. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1857.

III. Ten Years of Preacher Life. Chapters from an Autobiography. By William Henry Milburn. With an Introduction by the Rev. William Arthur, M. A. Sampson Low and Co.

IV. An Essay on the Composition of a Sermon. Translated from the Original French of the Rev. John Claude. With Notes by Robert Robinson. In Two Volumes. 1788.

which can vex the stomach. The Rev. Mr. Treacle ~~sometimes~~ has offended our gastric tastes, but we could never listen to the Rev. Mr. Honeyman for five minutes without being surfeited and sickened; true, we have no wish to make a meal of either the one or the other.

The subject of these remarks is a very large one and is capable of a great variety of treatment, it is perhaps true that the taste of the nation and of the church has unimproved. Perhaps the taste altogether outrageous to good sense and propriety, would now be dictated now to the mind of any speaker. We are far from thinking they would not be tolerated if uttered. And we think we perceive a disposition to return to those times when theunction of a discourse was in its gross coarseness, and its path and its power in its offensiveness. Perhaps it is impossible to wield an influence over immense masses of people without something of this. Certainly it has usually been the case, that those great orators who have moved multitudes, have done so, if not principally, yet mainly, by offences against all the canons of good taste. The time has gone by when even gentlemen and scholars thus indecorously exposed themselves; the history of the pulpit furnishes some strange instances; to some of which we may refer, but these are comparatively old. Against the legitimate use of humour, wit, and satire in the pulpit we have little to say, those who can use them with skill may find these weapons of speech as available, perhaps more available, than any; for they certainly are weapons which lie on the side of the more simply human, perhaps, even as in the case of satire, the more winning part of human nature. We gain power over men principally as we remove from the regions of the abstract. Even imagination is more powerful, not when it ascends into the heights and heavens of poetry, but when it rather descends into the household and the shop; and here is almost legitimate realm. No one can doubt that humour may be sanctified, who has heard some of the great pulpit masters of even the present day, and we believe that its judicious use, reined and guided by piety, tenderness, and tact, would do more to bring truth near to the hearts of the multitudes than any other element of speech; it is singular that so rich an our language is in humour, in the pulpit it has been so seldom employed, nay it has become so rare that it has also become tasteless; and he who uses it has to calculate on a fair share of unpopularity with his brethren in the ministry for his concession to the popular infirmity of a smile, even if he stop short of many degrees of the more flagrant heresy of a laugh. Yet the young minister may be sure that his successful speech will depend greatly upon his ability to use this; for it is humour which is the

great detective in character—it distinguishes the shades of minds, and hearty humour also has a keen eye for the frailties and failings, the sins and infirmities, the lesser or the larger sorrows, and the lighter or the weightier joys of the whole human family. We have before said that a man may as well preach without humanity as without humour, but then perhaps most men do preach without humanity—they find their truth and dissect off all its human relations and hold it up a mere piece of curious crystal to the eye.

In the pulpit, any man who does not aim to lift his audience out of the region of every-day life, out of the region of sorrow and of sin, out of the region of doubt and trembling—the preacher who does not perpetually aim to influence the mind from higher regions, had better for his own sake hold his peace ; if that guiding thought—which is only what the Essayists and Reviewers would call the colological way of speaking of the glory of God, as the reviewers' chief end—if that commanded all the faculties and powers of the preacher it would balance all his efforts. Truest humour is tenderness ; coarseness is always synonymous with hardness ; a gross, overflowing, sensual nature may say a multitude of clever, shrewd, laughable things, but not for a moment merit the character of the humourist ; they may be just the luxuriant outgrowth of a hot tropical climate ; that wilderness of rank luxuriance does not delight us, it is the nestling ground of very dangerous things ; the very beauty needs to be educated in a less voluptuous soil. Such productions may be wonderful, but scarcely beautiful. Such is the coarseness with which the old pulpit abounded ; hardness and blasphemy are characteristics of many of the sermons of the old times. No doubt in very rude and primitive times, and over very rough and ragged congregations, this weapon even may be used, and not in vain. Mr. Milburn gives us an account of an old American preacher of the backwood districts in the days of the Saddle Bag.

“Take the following as a specimen of their predilections. It was a discourse delivered by the Rev. James Axley, familiarly known as “Old Jimmy,” a renowned and redoubtable preacher of East Tennessee. It was related by Hugh L. White, for many years a distinguished judge in that State, and afterwards a conspicuous member of the Federal Senate.

“It was noised through the town of Jonesborough that Mr. Axley would hold forth on the morning of the ensuing Sabbath. The famous divine was a great favourite—with none more than with Judge White. At the appointed hour the judge, in company with a large congregation, was in attendance at the house of prayer. All were hushed in expectation. Mr. Ashley entered, but with him a clerical brother, who was

you to keep awake. *But I don't mean him.*' Thus did he proceed, pointing out every man, woman, and child, who had in the slightest deviated from a befitting line of conduct; characterising the misdemeanour, and reading sharp lessons of rebuke.

"Judge White was all this time sitting at the end of the front seat, just under the speaker, enjoying the old gentleman's disquisition to the last degree; twisting his neck around, to note if the audience relished the "down comings" as much as he did; rubbing his hands, smiling, chuckling inwardly. Between his teeth and cheek was a monstrous quid of tobacco, which, the better he was pleased, the more he chewed; the more he chewed, the more he spat, and behold, the floor bore witness to the results. At length, the old gentleman, straightening himself up to this full height, continued, with great gravity:—

"And now I reckon you want to know who I do mean. I mean that dirty, nasty, filthy tobacco-chewer, sitting on the end of that front seat—his finger meanwhile, pointing true as the needle to the pole—'see what he has been about! Look at those puddles on the floor; a frog wouldn't get into them; think of the tails of the sister's dresses being dragged through that muck.' The crest-fallen judge averred that he never chewed any more tobacco in church."

Yet this is not so objectionable as many other styles of preaching to which we may yet have occasion to refer. We can almost meet it ourselves, from the unpublished pulpit reminiscences of a dear departed friend. It may be sixty years since there frequently came to Bristol a well-known Calvinistic Methodist preacher of that day—in a day when flattering titles were not very lavishly distributed—called Billy Breeze by the multitude, who delighted in his ministry. He came periodically from the mountains of Cardiganshire, and spoke with tolerable efficiency in English. Our friend was in the chapel when, as was not unusual, two ministers, Billy Breeze and another, were to preach. The other took the first place—a young man with some tints of academic training, and some of the rosy lights of a then only incipient Rationalism on his mind. He took for his text—"He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned;" but he condoned the heavy condemnation, and, in an affected manner, shaded off the darkness of the doom of unbelief, very much in the style of another preacher, who told his hearers that he feared lest they should be doomed to a place which good manners forbade him from mentioning. The young man also grew sentimental, and begged pardon of an audience, rather more polite than usual, for the sad statement made in the text. "But," said he, "he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not, indeed, I regret to say—I beg your pardon for

uttering the terrible truth—but indeed he shall be sentenced to a place which here I dare not mention.” Then rose Billy Brewer. He began—“I shall take the same text to-night which you have just heard. Our young friend has been fery fomer to-night, he has told you some very polite things. I am not fery fomer, and I am not polite; but I will preach a little bit of Gospel to you, which is this—‘He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tanned,’ and *I begs no pardons*.” He continued:—“I do look round on this chapel, and I do see people all fery learned and intellectual. You do read books, and you do study studies; and fery likely you do think that you can mend God’s Book, and are fery sure you can mend me. You have great, what you call thoughtz and postrics. But I will tell you one little word, and you must not try to mend that—but if you do it will be all the same. It is this, look you—‘He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tanned,’ and *I begs no pardons*. And then I do look round your chapel, and I do see you are fine people, well-dressed people, well-to-do people. You are not only pious, but you have very fine hymn-books and cushions, and some red curtains, for I do see you are fery rich, and you have got your monies, and are getting fery proud. But I will tell you it does not matter at all, and I do not mind it at all—not one little bit—for I must tell you the truth, and the truth is—‘He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tanned,’ and *I begs no pardons*.” “And now,” continued the preacher, “you will say to me: ‘What do you mean by talking to us in this way? who are you, Sir?’ And now I will tell you I am Billy Brewer. I have come from the mountains of Cardiganshire on my Master’s business, and His message I must deliver. If you will never hear me again, I shall not matter much, but while you shall hear me, you shall hear me, and this is His word to me, and in me to you—‘He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tanned,’ and *I begs no pardons*.” But the scene in the pulpit was a trifle to the scene in the vestry. Then the deacons were in a state of great anger with the blunt teacher; and one, the relative—we believe the ancestor—of a well-known religious man in Bristol, exclaimed—“Mr. Brewer, you have strangely forgotten yourself to-night, Sir. We did not expect that you would have behaved in this way. We have always been very glad to see you in our pulpit; but your sermon to-night, Sir, has been most insolent, shameful.” He wound up a pretty smart condemnation by saying—“In short, I don’t understand you.” “Ho! ho! What! you say you don’t understand me. Ah! look you then, I will tell you I do understand you. Up in our mountains, we

have one man there, we do call him *exciseman*. He comes along to our shops and stores, and says, 'What have you here? anything contraband here?' And if it is all right, the good man says, 'Step in, Mr. Exciseman; come in, and look you.' He is all fair, and open, and above-board. But if he has anything secreted there, he does draw back surprised, and he makes a fine face, and says, 'Sir, I don't understand you.' Now you do tell me you don't understand me; but I do understand you, gentlemen: I do, and I will say good-night to you; but I must tell you one little word, that is—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' and *I begs no pardons.*"

Some sermons are much more coarse in seeming than in reality. We have lying before us now on the table the old sermon, well known and often quoted, "Beelzebub Driving and Drowning His Hogs," by J. Burgess, with its three queer divisions:—

"In these words, the devil verified three old English proverbs; which, as they contain the general drift of my text, shall also contain the substance of this ensuing discourse.

"I. The devil will play at small game, rather than none at all.

" 'All the devils besought Him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them.'

"II. They run fast whom the devil drives.

" 'When the unclean spirits entered into the swine,' 'tis said, 'The whole herd ran violently.'

"And III. The devil brings his hogs to a fine market.

" 'Behold the whole herd ran down a steep place into the sea, and were choked.' "

But in the sermon itself there is nothing characterised by especial bad taste, while we should suppose it would, to a plain people, not be delivered without useful hint and suggestion. There is much more real coarseness in the following quotation, given by Robinson from a Romanist sermon;* but indeed our readers do not need to be informed that, for illustrations of "filthy talking," they will find no sermons like old Romanist sermons.

"It is the exordium of a sermon which Father Selle, a French Dominican, had the courage to preach in Poland before his Excellency Cardinal de Janson, ambassador there:—

" 'Gen. ix. 13. *I do set my bow in the cloud.* It is not enough for the celestial rainbow to please the eye—it conveys the richest consolation into the heart; the Word of God having constituted it the happy presage of tranquillity and peace, *I do set my bow in the cloud.*

* Robinson Claude, Vol. p. 237.

“ ‘The *bow*, enriched with clouds, becomes the crown of the world—the gracefulness of the air—the garland of the universe—the salubrity of heaven—the pomp of nature—the triumph of serenity—the ensign of love—the picture of clemency—the messenger of liberality—the mansion of amorous smiles—the rich stanza of pleasure—in fine, the trumpet of peace, for *I do set my bow in the cloud*.

“ ‘It is a *bow*, gentlemen, with which, the roaring thunder being appeased, the heavenly Orpheus, in order insensibly to enchant the whole creation, already become immoveable by his divine harmony, *plays upon the violin* of this universe, which has as many strings as it has elements—for *I do set my bow in the cloud*.

“ ‘Yes! it is a *bow*, in which we see Mars, the eternal god of war, who was just now ready to overwhelm the world with tempest, metamorphosed into a god of love. Yes! it is a *bow* all gilded with golden rays—a silver dew—a theatre of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, to increase the riches of this poor beggarly world. *But you perceive, gentlemen, I am speaking of that celestial star, that bow in the cloud, Mary Magdalen!*’

“ Bravo! Mary Magdalen is like a rainbow, and a rainbow is like a fiddle-stick!”

The Church of England also must bear her share of this burden of coarse comparison and allusion. Here is a citation from a sermon by Edward Willans, vicar of Hoxne, Suffolk:—

“ He that hath no *charity* in his *cribbage* must needs be *lilted* at his *last account*, for all that faith, which he *turneth up* in his profession.—*Let us pray less for gifts, and pray more for grace*.—The fairest *way* into the *city* of the text, is through the *suburbs* of the verse before it.—It is a *bargain* of God’s own *nothing*, to honour them that honour him.—As soon as we are boosed from our mother’s womb, we are all bound towards the *womb* of our *great-grandmother*, the earth.—The most emphatical words in the text (Matt. xiii. 45, 46) are borrowed either from that richer way of *merchandizing by wholesale*, or from that poorer way of *peddling by retail*.—All usury cannot draw all the *guts* and *garbage* of the earth into one man’s coffers; no, nor so much as the white and yellow *entrails* of the Indian earth.”

Robinson says:—

“ Some comparisons are *edious*. The filthiest sermon that ever I read was preached by the glorious author of ‘*Leon Basilike*,’ Dr. Gauden, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, in St. Paul’s, 1659. The text is Jer. viii. 11, ‘They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly.’ The Doctor says, ‘The people’s bowels were pained by that *correction*, which *far* makes upon the *bowels* and smaller bowels near the heart.’ There is hardly a species of hospital nastiness which is not introduced here. ‘The text has *six* parts: a

patient, the sick Church of England ; *her hurt* ; her present healing ; the *cheat* of it ; those magniloquent mountebanks, fanaticks ; and, lastly, the *true way of healing* by that *catholic* Episcopacy.'..... Ah, Doctor !.....The Doctor's patient is 'his daughter, his sister, his mother, a forsaken virgin, a rich married wife, and a poor desolate widow.' This good lady has got 'flesh-wounds, ulcers, gangrenes, pustules, angry biles, running issues, and fistulas ; she is plethorick and consumptive, her spirits are flat, and her head is cracked ; she has got the itch and the scratch, and her inward wounds are bleeding ;' and in this miserable plight 'some violent sons of Belial commit a horrible rape upon her.' Presently they bring 'salves, elixirs, and diurnal doses, and sing *lullaby*.' At last comes Dr. Gauden, and applies 'lenitives, unguents, and poultices ; he purges humours, removes proud flesh, probes and cleanses festered places ; cures pantings and fainting fits ; and all the other fedity which that unmannerly medicaster, the devil, had caused by his infernal eructations.'.....All this—and ten times worse—at St. Paul's Cathedral, before the Lord Mayor and all the city magistrates, the several livery companies, the Lord General Monk, the clergy, gentry, ladies, and populace, by their 'humble servant in Christ, John Gauden, D.D.,' afterwards the Right Rev. Father in God, John Lord Bishop of Exeter."

In reviewing the history of the pulpit eloquence, we are often reminded of the old fable of the cuckoo and the nightingale. Both contended who should sing the sweetest ; and the ass, because of his long ears, was made the judge. The nightingale sung first, the cuckoo next. The ass's determination was that truly the nightingale sung pretty well ; but that for a good, sweet, plain, taking song, and a fine, clear note, the cuckoo sung far better. Well, we, too, have our own regards for the cuckoo, but we must remind that bird that, in fact, it is not a nightingale. We see some indications now-a-days to elevate the cuckoo to an unseemly dignity. But coarseness is, indeed, neither cuckoo nor nightingale. Yet in many ages of the Church has not this been the most pleasant and engrafted word ? There is an order of preaching and of prayer which shakes hands and says, "Hail, fellow, well met," to blasphemy. An old volume before us—"Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed"—abounds in illustrations of this shocking mood of mind. We select a few illustrations, far from the worst :—

"One John Simple, a very zealous preacher among them, us'd to personate and act sermons in the old monkish style. At a certain time he preached upon that debate, Whether a man be justify'd by faith or by works, and acted it after this manner : 'Sirs, this is a very great debate ; but who is that looking in at the door, with his red cap ? Follow your look, Sir ; it is very ill manners to be looking in : But what's your name ? Robert Bellarmine. Bellarmine, saith

he, whether is a man justified by faith or by works? He is justified by works. Stand thou there, man. But what is he, that honest-like man standing in the floor with a long beard, and Geneva cowl [*hood*] ? A very honest-like man! draw near; what's your name, Sir? my name is John Calvin. Calvin, honest Calvin, whether is a man justified by faith or by works? He is justified by faith. Very well, John, thy leg to my leg, and we shall hough [*trip*] down Bellarmine even now.'

"Another, time preaching on the day of judgment, he told them, 'Sirs, This will be a terrible day; we'll all be there, and in the throng I, John Simple will be, and all of you will stand at my back. Christ will look to me, and he will say, who is that standing there? I'll say again, yea even as ye ken'd not [*knew not*] Lord. He'll say, I know thou's honest, John Simple; draw near John; now John, what good service have you done to me on earth? I have brought hither a company of blue bonnets for you, Lord. Blue bonnets, John! What is become of the brave hats, the silks, and the sattins, John? I'll tell, I know not, Lord, they went a gait [*a road*] of their own. Well, honest John, thou and thy blue bonnets are welcome to me; come to my right hand, and let the devil take the hats, the silks, and the sattins.'

"Mr. Simple (whom I named before) told, 'That Sampson was the greatest fool that ever was born; for he reveal'd his secrets to a daft hussy [*foolish wench*]. Samson! you may well call him fool Thomson; for of all the John Thomson's men [*hen-peckt men*] that ever was, he was the foolest.'

"I have a sermon of theirs, written from the preacher's mouth by one of their own zealots, whereof this is one passage: 'Jacob began to wrestle with God, an able hand, forsooth! Ay, Sirs, but he had a good second, that was Faith: Faith and God gave two or three tousles together; at last God dings [*beats*] down Faith on its bottom; Faith gets up to his heels, and says, Well God, is this your promise to me? I trow, I have a ticket in my pocket here: Faith brings out the ticket, and stops it in God's hand, and said, Now, God! Is not this your own write? deny your own hand-write if you dare? Are these the promises you gave me? Look how you guide me when I come to you. God reads the ticket, and said, Well, well, Faith! I remember I gave you such a promise; good sooth Faith, if you had been another, thou should have got all the bones in thy skin broken.'

"Mr. John Welsh, a man of great esteem among their vulgar, once preaching on these words of Joshua, *As for me and my house we will serve the Lord, &c.*, had this preface:—

"'You think, Sirs, that I am come here to preach the old jog-trot, faith and repentance to you; not I, indeed; What think you then I am come to preach? I came to preach a broken covenant. Who brake it? even the devil's lairds, his bishops, and his curates; and the de'il, de'il, will get them all at last. I know some of you are come out of curiosity to hear what the Whigs will say. Who is a

Whig, Sirs ? One that will not swear, nor curse, nor ban ; there is a Whig for you : But you are welcome, Sirs, that come out of curiosity ; you may get good 'ere ye go back again. I'll give you an instance of it : There was Zaccheus, a man of a low stature, *that is*, a little droichy [*dwarf*] body, and a publican, *that is*, he was one of the excisemen ; he went out of curiosity to see Christ, and, because he was little, he went up a tree : do you think, Sirs, he went to harry a pyot's nest [*rifle a magpy's nest*] ? No, he went to see Christ ; Christ looks up, and says, Zaccheus, thou art always proving pratticks, thou'rt no bairn now ; go home, go home, and make ready my dinner, I'll be with you this day at noon. After that, Sirs, this little Zaccheus began to say his prayers, evening and morning, as honest old Joshua did in my text : *As for me and my house, &c.*, as if he had said, go you to the devil and you will, and I and my house will say our prayers, Sirs, as Zaccheus and the rest of the apostles did.' '

This state of things, we would hope, has, with us, long gone by, and yet we have here, circulating widely, the life of Peter Cartwright, a gentle-minded lamb-like Christian, to whom it was about a matter of equal indifference whether he should fight or preach, and whose discourses, not unfrequently, had all the most offensive vulgarity of the quotations we have given above, although set to the tune of a widely different theology. Now, it is with us a pretty definite conviction, although we are aware how fearful the hazard is, that we may be contradicted, that Christianity does not smile upon and approve bullying and blackguarding. Certainly, if circumstances arise to develope the spirit of the prize ring in the Christian preacher, this does not seem to be the thing to exalt to the ideal of Christian biography. The age of the early Christians was very favourable to the inculcation of these pugilistic lessons, but singular to say the New Testament contains none. He was a funny fellow, this Peter Cartwright—no doubt much about him that was manly, and noble, and truthful, and no doubt the book sells well, for it is full of incident ; but the young men who read it to their great edification, may remember that, even admitting some virtue in the book, it belongs to an order of society entirely unlike ours ; a society of rowdies and fillibusters, of scoundrels and slave-holders. Here is a graphic little incident from the private life of the preacher, and what a state of society it reveals. We quote the passage entire :—

“ At this meeting there came a strange kind of preacher among us, who held that a Christian could live so holy in this life, that he would never die, but become all immortal, soul, body, and all. He seemed like a good, innocent, ignorant kind of creature. He asked of me the liberty to preach ; but I told him that was altogether out of the

question; that as the manager of the meeting, I felt myself ~~compe-~~
able to the people as well as to the Lord, for the doctrine ~~of~~ ^{came} from the stand.

"One night, while I was outside of the encampment, sitting ~~in~~ ^{on} row lies, he thought, I suppose, he would flatter my vanity with it; and stepping up to me, he told me he had a heavenly message for me."

"Well," said I, "what is it?"

"He said it had just been revealed to him that I was never to die, but to live for ever."

"Well," said I, "who revealed that to you?"

"He said, 'An angel.'"

"Did you see him?" I asked.

"O yes," was the reply; "he was a white, beautiful, shining being."

"Well," said I, "did you smell him?"

"This stumped him, and he said he did not understand me."

"Well," said I, "did this angel you saw smell of brimstone?" He paused, and I added, "He must have smelled of brimstone, for he was from a region that burns with fire and brimstone, and consequently from hell; for he revealed a great lie to you, if he told you I was to live for ever!"

"At that he slipped off, and never gave me me any more trouble during the meeting."

"There was a great many people in attendance at this meeting; for among the rest, some seceders who called themselves good men; some from the country, and some from the city. The speaker would occupy the seats which I prepared for the ladies. I announced from the stand that the gentlemen and others were to sit opposite and request every gentleman to remove to the seats on the left, prepared for them."

"There were some twenty who didn't move. Said I, 'We request every gentleman to retire from the platform; that I may as well go many countries down, and I will find there any for this will be true.' All this I uttered, and I began to count them, then I turned round and harrumphed very angry."

"Among them was a young sprig of the law, the son of a Major. He was a very pretty fellow, a fellow who did good naturedly to the poor. He told me and I told together that day at a friends house. He brought up the subject, and said I was wrong; but many young men did not know any better, and that he thought hard of me for exposing his son."

"Said I, 'Major, do you not believe if a company of Sawney Indians were to come into one of our religious assemblies, and see all the women sitting on the right, and request to move to the other side, that they would have sense and manners enough to take their seats on the men's side?'"

"He says I am stupid; 'No, I don't believe they would.'"

"Well," said I, "as they please they will, as I never have seen more manners than many of the pretendedly good men of the day."

“He flew into a violent passion, and said if we were not in the presence of ladies, he would abuse me. I told him if he thought to abuse and frighten me from doing my duty in keeping order in the congregation, he was very much mistaken, and I would thank him to mind his own business, and I would most assuredly attend to mine. Here the subject dropped for the present. I returned to the campground. Presently he sent for me to talk the matter over. I told the messenger, Brother Cash, a local preacher, that I should not go, for the major was very irritable, and only wanted to insult and abuse me, and that I was not of a mind to take abuse. I did not go. Presently Brother Cash returned, and said that the major pledged his word and honour that he would not insult me, but that he wanted to talk the matter over in a friendly way.

“I then consented, and went to him with brother Cash, and we had passed but a few words when he commenced a tirade of abuse. Brother Cash tried to check him, but he would not be stopped. I then told him that he had forfeited his word and honour, and therefore was beneath my notice, and turned off. He flew into a desperate rage, and said if he thought I would fight him a duel, he would challenge me.

“‘Major,’ said I very calmly, ‘if you challenge me I will accept it.’

“‘Well, sir,’ said he, ‘I do dare you to mortal combat.’

“‘Very well, I’ll fight you; and, sir,’ said I, ‘according to the laws of honour, I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight!’

“‘Certainly,’ said he.

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘then we step over here into this lot and get a couple of corn-stalks; I think I can finish you with one.’

“But, oh, what a rage he got into. He clinched his fists, and looked vengeance. Said he, ‘If I thought I could whip you, I would smite you in a moment.’

“‘Yes, yes, Major L.,’ said I, ‘but thank God you can’t whip me; but don’t you attempt to strike me, for if you do, and the devil gets out of you into me, I shall give you the worst whipping you ever got in all your life,’ and then walked off and left him.

“His wife was a good Christian woman, and the family was tented on the ground. At night, after meeting was closed, I retired to bed, and about midnight there came a messenger for me to go to Major L.’s tent and pray for him, for he was dying. Said I, ‘What is the matter with him?’

“‘Oh, he says he has insulted you, one of God’s ministers, and if you don’t come and pray for him, he will die and go to hell.’

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘if that’s all, the Lord increase his pains. I shall not go; let him take a grand sweat; it will do him good, for he has legions of evil spirits in him, and it will be a long time before they are all cast out.’

“I did not go nigh him at that time. After an hour or two he sent for me again. I still refused to go. By this time he got into a

perfect agony ; he roared and prayed till he could be heard all over the camp-ground. Presently his wife came and entreated me, for her sake, to go and pray for and talk to the major. So I consented to go, and when I got into the tent, there he was lying at full length in the straw, and praying at a mighty rate. I went to him and said,

"Major, what is the matter ?"

"Oh," said he, 'matter enough ; I have added to my ten thousand sins another heinous one of insulting and abusing you, a minister of Jesus Christ, for labouring to keep order and do good. O will you can you forgive me ?'

"Yes, major, I can, and do forgive you ; but remember you must have forgiveness from God, or you are lost and ruined for ever."

"Can you possibly forgive me," said he, 'so far as to pray for me ; if you can, do pray for me, before I am swallowed up in hell for ever.'

"I prayed for him, and called on several others to pray for him. He continued in great distress all the next day, and some time the following night it pleased God to give him relief, and he professed comfort in believing."

Well, we do not desire to see this spirit return into the midst of our pulpit life. We have passed through the midst of it. Perhaps the coarse and vulgar pugilist, Peter Cartwright, was inherently a finer character than the scholarly South. Meanness is never so detestable as when it condescends to besmear itself with grossness. When it condescends itself to grease the tail of the pig it is to catch, or the difficult pole it has determined to climb. What could be expected from a man who could say, "*gratitude among friends is like credit among tradesmen, it keeps business up, and maintains the correspondence ; and, we pay it so much out of a principle that we ought to discharge our debts as to secure ourselves a place to be trusted another time.*" A not clean sentiment for a Christian teacher ! But it takes away all surprise at the following passage, from a sermon preached before the King, of virtuous memory.

"Who that looked upon Agathocles first handling the clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought that from such a condition, he should have come to be King of Sicily ?"

"Who that had seen Musamello, a poor fisherman with his red cap and his angle, would have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiful thing, within a week after, slung in his cloth of gold, and with a word or nod, absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples ?"

"And who that beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow Cromwell, first entering the Parliament house, with a threadbare turn cloak, grasy hat (perhaps neither of them paid for), could

have suspected that in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne?' At which the king fell into a fit of laughter; and turning to the Lord Rochester said, 'Ods fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next death.' "

But we are far from the completion of this fruitful subject; we have this month only indulged ourselves with illustrations; in a subsequent number we may elicit some lessons.

VI.

FORBES'S ICELAND.

WE believe there is scarcely a more interesting spot upon the map of the world than Iceland; it intoxicated our imagination in our boyhood, when we read Dr. Henderson's most entertaining volumes, which we believe still convey at once the clearest knowledge and the most romantic impressions of the country. The works upon Iceland can be enumerated with tolerable ease; and we usually find those persons to whom the ice-bound shores have been sufficiently attractive to permit them to follow one voyager, have been desirous to follow all; that is our case. We read with avidity all we see about Iceland. It has a material interest—it has a moral interest—it has a scientific and a piscatory interest. All isolated things and beings seem to have a charm about them. We hover about what we cannot quite come at. Reserved people have a very attractive grace about them, be they, as they usually are, as rough and shaggy in their manners as bears. And so Iceland, hidden as it is in the melancholy main, with its lonely inhabitants shut in amidst their walls of ice and winter, through their dreary nights, is interesting to us. We wonder whether any body could write a book of wanderings in Iceland, the reading of which we should not enjoy. Certainly we have enjoyed all, and we have enjoyed Mr. Forbes's. Mr. Forbes is a commander in the Royal Navy, full of adventure, health, and determination, all which we apprehend must be taxed pretty severely in an Icelandic tour. He is always cheerful; sometimes very funny, which, for a traveller, perhaps, is better than saying he is very witty. Before reaching Iceland he paid a visit to

* Iceland; its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers. By Charles S. Forbes, Com. R.N. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1860. :

ditional sound, and which may be supposed to be recited by the fire light during the long, long Icelandic winter. The wonderful story of the cavemen; the life of Snorro Sturleston; and the story of Samundr the learned; and the Utilegu men; his vivid realization of the old camp scene on the field of Thingvalla; the story of Thorgunna, and the trial of the ghosts. The following story of Asmundr will interest our readers, and sound like a saga from an Icclander's fireside:—

THE LEGEND OF ASMUNDR.

“There once lived, in the Skagafjördr, a robust, hard-working man, who at the time of the story was about thirty years of age. His name was Asmundr, and he had a habit of wandering every winter into the Southland, whence he was called Sudrferda Asmundr, or the Southland Wanderer. Once, when he and his companions went on one of these fishing expeditions, he was taken ill near Melar, in the Hrutafjördr; and, as he was no better on the following day, he advised his friends to go on, promising to join them when he recovered. They went away accordingly, leaving Asmundr behind. Next day he felt better, and resumed the journey. At first the weather was fine, but when he got as far as the heath a snow-storm came on, and not being able to see his way, he lost himself. When he found that it was useless to attempt proceeding any further, he scooped out a hole in a snowdrift, unloaded his horses, and piled the baggage at the entrance. He then fastened the horses by the bridles, and went into his snow-hut. He cut an opening opposite the direction of the wind, so that he might look out and see how it fared with the weather; then, taking out his provisions, he began to eat.

“At this moment a dark-brown dog made its appearance, forced its way through the snow, looked fierce and savage, becoming more angry as Asmundr continued eating. He did not take much notice of the animal, but at last threw it a good-sized sheep-bone. This the dog took up, and ran out of the hut. Not long after, a tall, elderly man came to the entrance, saluted Asmundr, and thanked him for his kindness to his dog. ‘Art thou not Asmundr, the Southland traveller?’ he asked. ‘So people call me,’ was the reply. ‘Well,’ continued the stranger, ‘I will give thee the option of remaining where thou art, or of accompanying me, for the storm will not cease till thou art dead. For thou must know that I am the author of this storm as well as of thy illness. I have need of thy services, for I know that thou art the most resolute man in this neighbourhood.’ Asmundr, seeing that there was no alternative, preferred accompanying the stranger to perishing in the snow, so they both went off together. In the meantime the storm had ceased, and the weather became fine. The stranger went first, and Asmundr, with the horses, followed; but he could form no idea where they were going, as he had lost his way. After they had journeyed some time, a little valley appeared before them, with a brook running

through it, with a farm on each side; and Asmundr was surprised to observe that, whilst one side was quite red, the other was perfectly white with snow.

“They now turned towards the farmyard, which lay on the side of the valley covered with snow. The man put the horses into the stable, and gave them some hay; then he led Asmundr into the farm and sitting-room. Here he found an old woman and a good-looking young girl, but no one else; he saluted them, and the old man offered him a chair. The woman was continually muttering to herself how bad it was to live without tobacco; Asmundr, hearing this, drew a pound of tobacco from his pocket, and threw it towards her, which made her quite pleased and happy. The stranger and the girl brought something in the meantime to eat, and, whilst Asmundr was eating, his host talked to him and seemed very cheerful; when he had finished eating, the man and the girl went out together. Asmundr suspected that the subject of their conversation was how they might murder him. The old man soon returned, and invited him to retire to bed, to which Asmundr consented. The old man now led him to an outhouse, where there was a bed prepared, and, wishing him good night, he left; but the girl remained, and helped him to take off his wet clothes, and wanted to carry off his shoes and stockings to dry them. To this Asmundr objected at first, thinking that some treachery was intended, but he allowed her to take his things away when she assured him that no evil would befall him; she then kissed him, wished him good night, and withdrew. Asmundr thought these proceedings in the house of a *Utilegumadr* very singular: he nevertheless very soon fell asleep, and did not wake till it was broad daylight, when he saw his host standing by his bedside. The old man bade him good morning, and told him that he should now be made acquainted with the reason of his being brought here. ‘Twenty years ago,’ he said, ‘when I lived down in the country, I ran away with a relative, and was consequently obliged to flee to these parts. The old woman whom thou sawest last night is my sweetheart, the girl that showed thee to bed is the child she bore. When I first came to this place, certain *Utilegu-menn* lived in the farm on the other side of the brook; there are still two of them there, and they have all along been enemies of mine. Hitherto I have been able to hold my own against them, but now they have got the upper hand, and cause all the snow that falls to drift to my side. I used to feed my sheep on their land on the other side of the brook, but now I am not strong enough to do this. I should like thee to take the sheep this very day to graze there. I know that thou art a resolute man, and the matter in hand requires boldness; both my enemies, thinking that I am with the sheep as usual, will attack thee. But in order that thou mayest defend thyself, thou shalt have my brown dog, which will powerfully aid thee.’ Asmundr then got up, took the sheep; the old man putting his cap on his head, and giving him his axe. No sooner was he on the opposite side of the brook than two outlaws came running, thinking that Asmundr

was the old man. They cried out loudly, 'Now he is doomed to die.' When they came closer they saw they had made a mistake, but nevertheless began to attack Asmundr. He set the dog at one of them, and turned upon the other himself. The dog very soon threw down its opponent, and, being now two to one, Asmundr very soon finished the other. Towards evening Asmundr returned to the farm with the sheep. The old man came out to meet him, and thanked him for his exertions, which he said he had witnessed from a distance. The next day they crossed the brook, to look at the farm of the two dead men. The building was spacious, well built, and full of property, but they saw no people. At last they came to a door, which they were unable to open; but Asmundr, by a violent lunge against it, burst it in. It led to a small outhouse, where Asmundr and his companion found a beautiful woman tied by the hair to a post, but who looked pale and careworn. Asmundr unbound her, and asked who she was, and where she came from? She replied that she was the daughter of a farmer at Eyjafjördr, and had been carried off by the two outlaws; they wanted to force her to marry one of them, and because she refused to do so, she had been ill-used by them, under the impression that her obstinacy would at last yield to their harshness. Asmundr told her what had happened, and that she was under the protection of honest people, which greatly rejoiced her, as she now felt that she was saved. They afterwards carried everything they found there to the other farm, where they remained during the winter. Asmundr liked the old man very much, but the two girls a great deal better, particularly the daughter of his host, who had been taught a great many useful things by the maiden from Eyjafjördr. In the spring the old man told him that he might return home, and come back again in the autumn, for he said he would himself be dead then, and Asmundr might take away his daughter, his wife, if still alive, and the girl from the Eyjafjördr, together with the property on the farm. Asmundr accordingly rode home to the Skagafjördr, where he was received by his relations as if he had risen from the dead. He told no one where he had passed the winter, but next autumn he returned again to his friends of the valley. They received him with great joy, told him that the two old people had died, and had been buried by them in an adjoining hill. He passed the winter in the farm, but in spring he started northwards with the two girls and all the property, and returned to Skagafjördr. There he bought a farm, and married the old man's daughter; he gave the girl from Eyjafjördr in marriage to one of his neighbours; and thus ends the Legend of Asmundr, the 'South-land traveller.' "

But Mr. Forbes is a real traveller—that is, as much so as any one is now-a-days; if a few weeks suffice to know all about an empire, that time, may surely suffice to know all about so small a spot of earth as Iceland. He visited the Geysers—slept amidst their boiling basins—and cooked his dinner there:—

"While my guide went to purchase a bottle of corn-brandy and some colles from the farmer, and beg him as the Squire to visit the Church, I undertook the office of Sayer, and determined to test myself of the natural cooking resources of the country. I collected a considerable pile of turf at the mouth of the Strökr, and taking my reserve flannel shirt, packed the breast of mutton securely in the body, and a plummagan in each sleeve. On the approach of my guests I administered what I supposed would be a fortifying dose of turf to the Strökr, and pitched my shirt containing the dinner into it immediately afterwards.

"Directing the guide to keep the coffee warm in the geyser house and seated 'al fresco,' I offered brandy and strips of dried calf as a way of a relish—northern fashion. Not so contemptible, I thought, as my memory carried me back to the hospitable house of a warrior prince, since murdered in the Caucasus, who always, before breakfast, pickled onions and London gin out of a bottle bearing a flaunting label of a gaudy old grimaldin on a scarlet barrel with golden hoops, and who, after drinking every species, always wound up with bottled stout out of champagne glasses. The forty minutes passed, and I became nervous as to the more substantial portion of the repast; and, fearing the Strökr had digested my mutton, ordered turf to be piled for another minute. But seven minutes after time my anxiety was relieved by a tremendous eruption (the dinner-bell had sounded), and surrounded with steam and turf-chalk, I beheld my shirt in my arms extended, like a head and tail-less trunk—it fell lifeless by the brink. But we were not to dine yet: so well packed had been the steam-pipe below, that it let out with more than usual violence, and forbade dishing up under pain of scalding. After about a quarter of an hour, in a temporary lull, I recovered my composure and turned the dinner out on the grass before my grave guests—who immediately narrated a legend of a man in his cups who had tumbled into the Strökr, being eventually thrown up piecemeal in the common course of events. The mutton was done to a turn, not so the plummagan, which I expected to be somewhat protected by those feathers; they were in threads. As for the shirt, it is now the worse, save in colour, the dye being scalded out of it.

"From these local worthies I obtained but little information, except that the eruptions were more frequent and furious in a wet than in a dry season, and they were both of opinion that the geyser was nothing to what they were in their youth, and that the geyser's voice was going to the dogs. Towards four in the afternoon our colonial friend The Geyser again commenced to be uneasy, and at a quarter to six began to play in a feeble manner by fits and starts—sometimes attaining the height of seven or eight feet, but never more than five-and-twenty, and, after five minutes, subsided temporarily into its tube, apparently relieved."

And the following gives to us a pretty vivid description of the perils of Icelandic travelling :—

“ On, on we go, our Cordings and boots sorely tried with wind and rain ; but it beats on our backs, and makes us go the faster : to face it would be simply impossible. Nothing breaks the monotony of the track : sometimes we are crossing frothy, and at other times cavernous lava ; the latter dangerous, especially at our present speed, for the rents and fissures in the crowns of the domes reveal the vapour-distended caverns below—the roof varying from a foot or two to a few inches in thickness. As for the road, it was simply like battering along on the domes of a succession of cast-iron ovens ; in some places more rideable than in others from the wrinkled and ropy surface they presented, but always both slippery and tortuous. Our clever little ponies never swerved nor stumbled ; their progress was perfectly miraculous : indeed, I should have proclaimed it utterly impossible, and the attempt fatuous, had I not seen and followed our steady leader the Governor, for to have been thrown once would have sufficed for the day, as each point, or surface, was hard as iron. Two hours of this maniac ride brought us to a less dangerous road, strewn with ashes and sand : here, the deluge for a moment ceasing, we gave our horses a quarter of an hour, and listened to more than one account of peasants being lost in the snow on this dangerous track during the winter months. The route now led amongst old worn-out craters and cinder-heaps, the valleys being one mass of excessively fine black sand, and subsequently emerged on the edge of the lava-field, which we skirted under the face of the spine of the principal ridge. Here and there faint indications of sulphur-earth manifested themselves on the sides of the hills, in pale, citron-coloured clay patches, where frost or rain had removed the outer coating. Another hour's ride brought us to the pass which crosses to the principal mines, and a steep ascent it was, greasy, yet sticky ; in some places across clay, in others over ashes and slag ; and we eventually opened up a gorge in the centre of the ridge, with a lake occupying the bed of an extensive extinct crater. Giving it a wide berth—for, whenever we approached, the horses sank knee-deep in the mud—and crossing the opposite ridge, we had the valley of Krisuvik at our feet : on the left lay the extensive lake of Kleiservatn ; and in all parts of this swampy valley, as well as the face of the hill, rose jets of steam or smoke. Three or four foaming, spluttering, slaty-blue mud-cauldrons were boiling away at the foot of the hill, on the face of which saffron-coloured masses of flour of sulphur were scattered on the many-hued clay banks of which the entire range is constituted ; and wreaths of pale vapour ascended from every gorge. Farther to the right lies a fathomless lake of blue, rivalling Capri ; yonder is the village, backed by the sea, distant four or five miles ; opposite are ominous-looking spurs of the mountain chain which stretches south from Thingvalla. No bird or beast frequents this lifeless range, but near the mud-caldrons

in the valley the grass seemed most luxuriant, and cattle grazed on their brinks, though the sulphureous stench under their hoofs was overwhelming. The descent was very difficult, and we were obliged to dismount, for to have slid over the face of the hill into a lake of sulphur and mud was not at all impossible. Half-way down we passed what at first in the thick mist seemed like a Runic inscription, but it turned out to be the name of some Briton, carved in letters four feet in height, on the face of an isolated rock. Where do we find evidences of this national weakness? The Parthenon and caves of Elephantia, the Porcelain Tower and the Pyramids are alike defiled. Twisting round an elbow in this range, we found ourselves under the principal mine, and at the door of my friend's iron house, which he has put up for the agent, and a hut for the workmen. Wet, and fatigued with our hard ride, we clustered round the peat fire, eat our dinner without much state, and left the sulphury regions to summer till the morning."

Our readers will be interested in this description of an Icelandic Sabbath:—

"*Reykjavik, August 21st, Sunday*—That calm and tranquil air which I at least so often fancy usher in the Sabbath morning in all quarters of the globe was never more evident than to-day, when the very volcanic agencies appeared to have relaxed their energies, and their steam columns languidly rose towards the heavens, and seemed to beckon the scattered inhabitants of the wild valley to direct their thoughts to things above, with more solemnity than the valley bell; even the cattle as if conscious of the day, relinquished their rich pastures by the river's bank, and, collected in a group at the entrance of the 'tun,' seemed to enjoy more perfectly than of late the rare rays of this cloudless morning.

"Flocks of mounted peasants and their children, dressed in hobnail boots, were traversing their way from the neighbouring farms, and congregated on the church, where, on arrival, they gathered in groups, and clustered round the entrance, awaiting the appearance of the pastor.

"These motley cavalcades formed an illustrative link between the present generation and the past, made up, as they were, of all ages, from the infant unclothed, only clinging in its mother's arms, to the aged crone who could scarce maintain her balance, though sitting straddle-legged, or support the weight of her fantastic and ungainly head-dress, as she bobbed about like the spring figure on a child's toy. Not that these veterans were not good horsewomen. I have seen an old lady of eighty-seven mount her pony for a fifty-mile ride, on a wild, wintry morning, with more good-habits than a younger would get into her chariot for an airing or a drive, and return, and not only do the distance without fatigue, but repeat the next day.

"It was interesting to observe how, when engaged by work on the margin of another world, they stuck to the family ornaments, as

their more refined contemporaries in more genial latitudes do to the family diamonds. Besides the elaborate silver belts which many of them wore, they were further bedizened with numerous filigree buttons, massive hooks and eyes, one or two brooches of saucer-like dimensions and indefinable pattern, together with earrings to correspond—all of the same material, some few being gilt; heir-looms which had been handed down from palmier days, when their ancestors, maintaining a closer connection with Norway, were still acknowledged by their more fortunate relatives, who held a prominent position amongst the genteel European flunkeyism of that period.

“The contrast between their high-waisted, home-spun wadmál gowns, and these relics of the past, with the penny Paisley kerchief which decked their shoulders, eloquent as it was of the high-pressure happiness of our manufacturing districts, suggested many a thought on the stability of modern institutions, and the mazes of the labour-market.

“As for the young women, they made as near an approach to the vortex of Parisian fashion as could be reasonably expected under the circumstances; but whoever has seen *la Reine Pomare*—I mean of Tahiti—in a kiss-me-quick bonnet and crinoline, and can remember her, or her feminine islanders, when their undulating figures were unnumbered save by a few folds of *tapa** round the loins, and a chaplet of wild flowers round the neck, or looked on them as they emerged naiad-like from the sparkling waves, after a morning's swim which would have been fatal to most Europeans, with a blush mantling through their olive complexions as delicate as the pink tinge on the lips of a sea-shell—whoever, I say, has witnessed these disfigurations, cannot be surprised at the pardonable weakness of these nymphs of the north: though I could hardly forgive them for their mania of melting all the old silver ornaments they can lay hands on, to be reproduced by their modern tin-smiths in a *Brummagem* imitation of Maltese frivolity.

“Seated in side-saddles—very similar, and almost as roomy, as old arm-chairs whose backs had been cut down level with one's elbows, in a posse of gaudy worsted coverlets, their substitute for crochet in the long winter evenings—they displayed most substantial understandings, and feet to correspond; the redeeming feature of this get-up being the coquetish cap, which certainly equals anything of the sort I have ever seen. The cap is somewhat similar in shape to those worn by the Greek women, but woven of black wool, with a black silk tassel attached, ornamented with silver; it is fastened on top of the head with pins, and falls pendent over the left ear.

“Amongst the men few relics of the national costume were visible: they were for the most part clad in Danish slop-clothing of little account, and cast-off cavalry overalls; but they testified their

* Native cloth made of the bark of the paper mulberry.

reverence for the Sabbath by wearing hats, in shape and colour decidedly original.

"All were externally scrupulously clean and neat, though many had come a two or three hours' journey through bogs and rivers. It was evidently a day of rational enjoyment as well as religious worship, for all contrived to arrive before eleven, though the service did not commence until twelve. Each new arrival was universally welcomed with the salutation kiss; and the intervening hour was spent in social intercourse, this being the only opportunity the distant population have of meeting.

"Though crops, for obvious reasons, were not discussed, the ravages of the scab amongst the sheep produced animated discussion, in consequence of a notice nailed to the church door, informing all those who did not follow the prescribed precautions that they would be severely fined. Their apathy in eradicating this disease is most surprising, and, huffed at the Government interference, they offer a passive but stolid opposition, preferring to let their flocks perish rather than submit to what they look on as an interference. The matrimonial market appeared brisk, the younger portion of the community being evidently aware of the uncertainty of life, and that the lost moment never returns; or, as Odin has it, 'Whilst we live, let us live well; for, be a man never so rich when he lights his fire, death may perhaps enter his door before it be burnt out.'

"One old man distinctly remembered Mackenzie's visit; and the weird phantom of Ida Pfeiffer, as she flitted through the district, was familiar to many. The appearance of their venerable pastor was the signal for almost universal homage, and they joyfully pressed round to receive his salutation and benediction, as, saluting each individual, he slowly made his way towards the church, accompanied by the three neighbouring clergymen, who had come over to assist him in the service—his declining years seldom allowing him to do more than preach."

We have hastily presented to our readers some of the scenic descriptions of a very pleasant book. We may say that the moral features of Iceland are often most delightful. Perhaps our readers remember some happy sketches of this kind in the pages of Dr. Henderson. Is not this a very primeval sketch of the clergyman of Storuvellir?—

"I was not a little astonished by his addressing me in very good English, which he had taught himself during the long winter evenings. Whilst the accustomed coffee was preparing he showed us his library, well stocked with French, German, English, and Danish books, besides numerous Icelandic volumes. All these languages he read with perfect ease, and, of course, talked Danish, as well as his mother-tongue (nearly all Icelanders do), and expressed himself pretty well in French and English; considering he was self-educated, and

living a secluded life in these wilds, he was a very fair linguist, and well posted in European history and politics. A hunchback, nature seemed to have endowed his mind at the expense of his body, which was anything but gainly. After an hour's talk, in which he touched on everything from the "Great Eastern" to the late campaign, he insisted on accompanying me half way to Hraungeroi, a church three hours distant on this side the Huitá, where he advised me to sleep, and leave Reykir until the following day, as it was still very distant and a bad road.

"We soon entered a vast lava district—an offshoot from the range to the south of Thingvalla, which here advances in a lofty elbow towards the east, having at its base the deep and rapid Huitá, flowing through a channel between the mountain and lava-field. Having seen me to the end of the lava and about half-way to my destination, as well as aired his English to his entire satisfaction, my friend, after a cordial farewell, turned his pony's head; and as he rode away and half askew grinned his adieux, I could not help gazing on his extraordinary quaint appearance: crouched on his saddle-bow like a Cossack, in a rabbit-skin cap and bottle-green cloak, with a pair of stockings drawn over his shoes and trousers, and a rat of a pony to correspond, he certainly was the most unclerical looking Padre I ever beheld. One would hardly have taken him for one of the most cultivated of his race; but Iceland is not the only place in which one meets with knowledge where one least expects it, and seldom has it been sought from purer motives than by this denizen of the Arctic circle."

VII.

THE SANITARY ASPECTS OF INFANCY.*

SCIENCE undertook a daring and difficult task when she proposed to compute the work of human life in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence. And while nearly all men deemed the attempt absurd, some regarded it as impious, and others scornfully held it to be at once ignoble and unprofitable. Men still living remember a time when the pioneers in this strange calculation, were beset with sneers or

* I. On the Hygienic Management of Infants and Children. By T. Herbert Barker, M.D., F.R.C.S. London: John Churchill. 1859.

II. Infant Feeding, and its Influence on Life; or the Causes and Prevention of Infant Mortality. By C. H. F. Routh, M.D., M.R.C.P.E., Physician to the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children. London: John Churchill. 1860.

III. How to Nurse Sick Children. By Dr. West. London: Longman & Co.

IV. The Comparative Properties of Human and Animal Milks: London: John Churchill.

suspicion, and were even persecuted by the superstitions of every class; but these old men have lived to see honest endeavours crowned with a rare success, and can rejoicingly offer themselves as proofs of the success, and their hale old age as a result of the long-despised endeavour. Considerations affecting the political economy of England, furnished the primary inducement to take the problem in hand, so that it becomes interesting to observe that political economy has been more directly advantaged by the inquiry than any other department of knowledge. Indeed the erection of political economy into a science, would have been wholly impossible, had not the Baconian method of induction been applied to the crude facts of our national growth, which previously had been huddled together in masses, and set aside as unmanageable lumber. It is not less interesting to remark, that as this kind of inquiry was originated in attempting to determine the money value of life, so life itself in duration and vigour has reaped the largest benefit from the whole series of investigations. Whatever inexactitude there may be in setting forth the average value of life amongst all sorts and conditions of Englishmen, arises from the unstable character of the value of money, and not from any failure in the original and proper inquiry. If we had a real standard of value in gold, for instance, we should have no difficulty in setting a price on human life. Did we say, "no difficulty?" We stand corrected; for certainly a difficulty has arisen which we are beyond measure glad to meet with, and which we have no desire to overcome, except in one way. This difficulty is found in connection with the fortunate circumstance that the careful calculation of values has resulted in ameliorations which are every day adding to the intrinsic average worth of life in England. To know the disease is half the remedy, and in trying to settle life, average philosophers were constantly compelled to deal with what were really occult causes of mortality; but of course they ceased to be occult when thus dealt with, and no sooner were they overt, than the energy of man rose to grapple with them, vowing, and partly accomplishing, their destruction. Thus the problem which superstitious men called impious, and very wise men pronounced worthless or insoluble, has been wrought out with unspeakable and manifold advantage to society; and as a matter of supreme justice the interests which were more immediately concerned in the investigation, have been the most liberally benefited. Not only has it become practicable to express the value of life in figures, but every fresh approximation to accuracy in the calculation has been characterised by increase in the representative figures. Nor is this all. So important, so partly practical, were the results obtained throughout, that the method

employed was soon exalted into the dignity of a separate science, and at length "Statistics" has become an inseparable adjunct to every other science, well earning the proud distinction once assigned without question to metaphysics—the distinction expressed in the words *scientia scientiarum*. But whilst the New Organon is daily widening the sphere of its ministry, we rejoice to believe that it has not left its first love; it reserves its richest favours for the place of its birth; in other words, it is still zealously engaged on the care and culture of human life.

We have no need to apprise our readers that the economy of life, as regards both tone and length, is now recognized as the radical element of national prosperity. If any proof were needed, it might be found in the elaborate and exquisitely adjusted machinery of the Registrar-General's Department of State; a department so thorough and so comprehensive in its administration that we naturally wonder how there can be any necessity for a decennial census; and that census, again, so minute and searching that we are almost disposed to doubt the necessity for the costly system of registration. Or, we might take the sceptic to the British Museum library, and direct his astonished gaze to the literature of the subject which has sprung up within a couple of generations. Or, better still, we might take a subterranean walk with him through this vast brick province, and argue with him down there, that for every brick of every sewer there has been at least a month added to the total length of human life in the metropolis.

Indeed, so apparent, so demonstrative, so domineering has the sanitary movement become, that many thoughtful politicians are ready to cry, "Hold, enough!" and statisticians, who have set the whole world to work, scrubbing, scouring, deodorizing, and ventilating, are turning their attention to results for the purpose of measuring them with the extensive instrumentalities that have been at work. The long looming suspicion is taking shape as a definite conviction that some important mistake underlies their stately calculations. In plain terms, they are disappointed; and they want to discover at what point they have committed a blunder. True, they have spun out the silver cord, but they have not strengthened the golden bowl in proportion. The ratio between births and deaths is altered for the better. The population is greatly increased: still the working value of the prolonged life is but little, if at all, enhanced. How is this? Hear the self-evident explanation furnished by one who has acquired the right to speak oracularly on the subject, if he thought fit, or if it were needful so to do, but who prefers to place the fruits of his skilled observations within the reach of the commonest understanding.

"While others, not without reason, are calling loudly for improvements in the dwellings of the poor, and for other measures urgently demanded by the increasing population of our towns, we must contend, the right management of infants and children being the root of all other plans of social amelioration. What can subsequent measures avail for a constitution already hopelessly injured by errors in the opening years of life? . . . The vigorous youth and hardy man may repel a thousand malarious influences that deeply affect the impressible constitution of infancy and childhood; while the error of a nurse may implant in the child the evil that shall, in after years, defy the skill of the medical man, and end either in a premature grave, or in slow lingering years of infirmity and misery."

We have italicised the closing words of this extract to mark their bearing on our position. The weak point in the states of human life has all along been the disregard of errors in connection with the nursery. It is as if a gardener were to spend much talent and money in making ready a house for some rare plant, taking every precaution against chill winds, noxious vapours, lurking insects, thieves, and wantonness, but meanwhile neglecting the seedling, trusting to its inherent vitality or to good luck, never inquiring whether it was under treatment which would really do it for the airy, beautiful greenhouse, or whether it was contracting some weakness which, however unapparent or unimportant at the time, would be rapidly developed and greatly aggravated by the very pains which had been taken for its well-being in the first situation. The puzzled gardener wastes precious time in trying to discover the evil which is proving on his cherished plant. He cannot see any defect in his carefully arranged plant-house, and yet there droops the sickly thing. He is puzzled, as we have said, until some astute observer, like our author, drops a hint that the sickness, which seems none the better but all the worse for all the present can, was contracted while the plant was left to luck in its original bed.

Public attention has of late years been invited to the nursery, but as yet, we hear, there has been only a faint response. The child's knell sounds every day from every village bell, the common graveyard of the rural parish is quickly broken into little hillocks, beneath which precious dust is slumbering all too soon —

"All of sweetness passing soon,
Withering ere the year be gone."

Growing families are clothed in mourning nearly half their days for little ones thrown to the Moloch of fashion, or indolence.

• Dr. Barker on Infancy.—Preface.

senseless tradition—"old wives' fables." The newspapers give no record of this dire mortality. But other records bear faithful witness to the fearful truth. The testimony of the Registrar-General is unequivocal and very sad. One cannot help thinking that the column which contains the number of deaths under five years of age should be headed "Calendar of Infanticide." Taking England through, one-fourth of the population passes away every five years. In Manchester one-half the native population dies under the age of five years; while "in healthy country districts the rate of infant mortality is less than one-half the rate in Manchester." * Now, in this enormous difference between Manchester and the best country locality, we have most forcibly presented to us the class of evils which, in a less degree, so fatally affect infant life in England generally; and with the clear presentation of the evils, we have, of course, the suggestion of remedial measures. It is so obvious as to require no indication from us, that Manchester slays its thousands, by parental neglect, unwise because unnatural treatment when neglect cannot be fairly charged, insufficiency or irregularity of food, bad air, (we cannot, in this case, add bad water,) imperfect and unregulated clothing. It is not so obvious, however, that these causes operate everywhere, and that whereas in a dense city they might possibly be rated amongst unpreventible evils, they are easily remedied anywhere else; but inasmuch as they are not remedied where they so easily could be remedied, we are driven back to Manchester with the heavy suspicion that a very large part of its infant mortality is owing to ignorance and infatuated addiction to lying traditions or wilful, wicked neglect. It is indisputable, as Dr. Barker says, that infant life is peculiarly susceptible to those noxious influences against which modern sanitary measures are designed as a precaution; but, (as the same author has in another place most strikingly remarked,) on the other hand, infant life is exempt altogether from many of those evils which waste more advanced life, such as dissipation of various sorts, anxiety, and the like. The high degree of susceptibility in the case of, what must at any time be, the majority of the population, is a forcible argument for the utmost zeal in effecting general sanitary improvements. If, however, these general improvements are carried out, it ought to follow that the rate of mortality should be reduced at least to the same extent amongst the very young as amongst the more mature. In point of fact, this does not follow. While we rejoice to see the average of life growing, we are obliged to admit that the general improvement does not descend below the age of five years. If the proportion

* Dr. Barker, p. 11.

were maintained through all ages, as it now exists in the more advanced ages, the general average would of course run much higher than it does, and (hardly less desirable) the working strength of the extra life of this nation would be much greater; inasmuch as, whatever tends to reduce infantine mortality tends to strengthen the constitution, and thus to prevent or to allay the ills which flesh is heir to at every period of its existence. In pursuing this line of argument, our author very speedily constructs a broad, solid foundation, for the fervent appeal which he makes alike to medical men and to parents, for a more sedulous care of infant life.

It may be said that we are forgetting what our author himself has advanced with reference to the greater susceptibility of infants. We do not omit this undoubted fact from our calculations; but we have a right to consider, as a complete set-off, the greater number of evils to which older people render themselves liable, and to turn the balance by pointing out what a mighty defence for the susceptible little one is provided in the quick instincts and passionate self-devotion of the mother. All things considered, and without any theatric exaggeration, we are entitled to conclude that the present waste of human life in the cradle is preventable, and that it will be much reduced whenever good sense and scientific research shall be allowed to get as near to the cradle as they have got to the house, the outhouse, the slaughter-house, the shop, the factory, or the school. At present, we guess to say, the strong animal instincts of motherhood are but imperfectly controlled by reason; so that, what was designed in Nature to be the defence, becomes the bane, of the child. It really looks sometimes as if the maternal jealousy of maternity would rather a child should die smothered with hurtful embraces, than thrive amidst the freedom of judicious management. We suppose that this is what is meant when the public returns the unqualified verdict, "Killed with kindness." It is high time that this massacre of the innocents should be stayed; and we are happy to think that both medical practitioners and sociological writers are of opinion that it is practicable to save the nation from this wilful waste of its real treasure, and the parents' heart from aching, woful want, "refusing to be comforted, because the children are not." All that is now wanted is, in the first place, that medical men should address themselves to the minute details of infant treatment, as to a branch of practice which presents greater scope than any other, and promises the surest and most weightful recompense for their skill and care; then, that parents should boldly cast aside all customs which have no warrant beyond custom. Thus they will be disposed to do, if they find their medical advisers ready with counsel and prescription for every

want, every peril, every ailment of the nursery. This candid and docile disposition will be indirectly fostered by their coming to know, as they may now so easily learn, that under the bondage of custom one child out of every four has been needlessly flung into the grave. Perhaps it would be well to add that something is required to bring the parent and the doctor to a clear, common understanding on the subject, and to encourage mutual confidence. This, so far as we can see, can only be done through the press. The time may come, and with Dr. Barker we heartily wish it would come, when the school will be the regular medium between the professional observer and the nurse or parent ; but at present our only hope is in the diffusion of such literature as now lies before us. In addition to the work to which we have had principal recourse, we could name a dozen equally able, and some of them superior in execution in some parts and on certain topics ; but not one which is so well calculated to convince and instruct the general reader. In some of the professional treatises there is a want of that frankness and simplicity without which it is vain to expect the hearty confidence of the unprofessional reader. On the other hand, when that truly masculine lady, Miss Martineau, takes to lecturing mothers, her claims to be regarded as an oracle may be of the very highest order ; but young mothers will shake their loving heads incredulously, and will go on smothering or hardening their babies, as the whim takes them, for all the learned maiden doctors in creation. The very lullaby for the dying babe will ring with contempt for “bachelors’ children,” and “old maids’ babies.”

Again, some of these works profess to furnish a VADE-MECUM, full enough to warrant the reader in dispensing with the doctor altogether. This is sheer quackery, if it be not a touch of the same madness which has so long converted our mothers into Medæas and our nurseries into slaughterhouses. Still worse, perhaps, so far as our present point is concerned (viz., the establishment of the *entente cordiale* between nurse and doctor), there are some of these works which are so strictly professional that, to the lay-reader, they smack of the shop, and fairly jingle with fees. Now, the book which we have selected as the groundwork of our remarks steers clear of extremes. It is an interesting book to read—and that is rare praise for a medical treatise. It carries, in every sentence, the weight of the skilled physician and the charm of friendly, earnest familiarity. It regards no discovery of medical philosophy as too grand, or sacred, or mysterious, to be brought into the nursery ; it esteems no detail of management unworthy of scientific criticism ; it consigns nothing, absolutely nothing, to the thousand mischances which befall the

inexperienced nurse. There the child is treated as "father of the man;" heir to all man's responsibilities, perils, and sufferings; and as compassing, in his little world and feeble frame, the arduous destiny of his earthly being.

Moreover, our author recognizes the high, eternal law by which the mind and body react one upon another necessarily, at every stage, and in all circumstances, and, to our thinking, he has not only brought all new educational lights to a focus, but has furnished an invaluable chart for the conduct of juvenile education. It was but natural that, after watchfully training the home through the dangers of infancy, his next step should be to lend a guiding hand through the almost equally perilous experience of the school-room; and the result is all the more telling when felt to be the legitimate sequel to the clear and fatherly counsels he has addressed to the heart and better judgment of the parent. Rebukes come less sharply, but not less powerfully, from one who has thus established himself as a competent and kindly counselor or pleader for the helpless. His home-lessons, with the superfluities of fashionable schooling would, in any case, have touched the consciences of many to the quick, but coming from the friend and helper of the little ones, his upbraidings and admonitions will doubtless win their way into the very heart of his reader.

Omitting Dr. Barker and his admirable compendiums of theory and practice, with sincere thanks on behalf of Britain and large, we would just allude to Dr. Keoth's work on *Infant Feeding*. This is the most complete work in the English language on this department of infantile hygiene. The subject matter is exhausted, and it will be many a day before a finer or more valuable treatise can supersede it. Dr. Keoth reserves wisdom of the profession and of the public by leaving given over to his treatise on everything relating to the dietetics of infancy. Particular instruction in the laws of physiology must be more generally diffused to render really available to public good such treatises as those of Drs. Barker and Keoth. We have seen some efforts towards promulgating these laws in our own pages, but for the purposes of diminishing the extra mortality which we have indicated, sound physiological teaching must be ingrafted with the other branches of education from the college to the infant school. Here, indeed, is good honest work for the true philanthropist.

VIII.

MR. LYNCH'S THREE MONTHS' MINISTRY.*

THE other evening, at a very large and influential meeting, composed of Baptist ministers and the friends of that denomination, at their magnificent college of Holford House, at the devotional meeting, that minister and excellent man, Mr. C. Birrell of Liverpool, gave out that divine hymn which will surely be sung by the Church of Christ in our land as long as we have a church to sing it.

“Gracious Spirit dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions, bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.”

We could not but revert, in our own mind, to the old Rivulet Controversy, and feel how amazingly the tide of feeling had turned, yet that hymn alone should have hallowed the book, to say nothing of the many in the book like it. Thus all things come round to their right point. Mr. Lynch can afford to bear much obloquy. Many of his hymns are truly liturgies for sad, suffering, doubting, and believing hearts; while many of them do not ring to our ears at all. After a long illness, so we understand, and an approach very near to the gates of the grave, he comes before us with another volume. We received it too late in the month to found upon it any very general argument or delineation, as we should have been glad to have done; we shall content ourselves with simply introducing it to our readers by some few extracts, and a very slight commentary. This volume is the most calm and clear, the most unbroken and complete, our author has yet given to the press. The mental life of Mr. Lynch is not in logic, but insight; not grammatical form, but intuitional thought. All who have read know how he throws out thought after thought, central truths which light up the pathway of other truths. He has insight, but it is not mere abstract ideological statement. Some men,—Rowland Williams for instance, is an illustration of this in the “Essays and Reviews,”—they see a substance only to dissolve it in the crucible of their refinement; but others, and to this order Mr. Lynch belongs, seize the substance that

* I. Three Months' Ministry. A series of Sermons by Thomas T. Lynch. London: W. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row.

II. Among Transgressors; A Theological Tract. By Thomas T. Lynch. W. Kent, Paternoster-row.

they may pierce its deeper heart, and interpret its law. Mr. Lynch is more patient than he was; suffering to such a degree that his is a mighty teacher, it compels to patience. We are in reverence before the suffering, even when they are not the gifted of our race, but when sorrow is borne by the heart, and from its bruising to yield up new sweetness, then the youthful sufferer becomes even venerable to the eye. Our writer has been to a severe school. Naturally it is clear that his mind, like minds of his order, works in jerks; he is, no doubt, irritable, and hasty, and impatient, too satiric upon poor human frailties, perhaps more capable of intellect than of moral sympathy, too much disposed to scorn labour which has the mud and dust of everyday life upon it. Theophilus Triand made some foes who have never forgiven him, and perhaps Mr. Lynch is not very ready to forgive. We never had the honour to meet him but once, and then we were so unfortunate as to receive a sharp thrust of Triand's satiric spear; all our impressions therefore are simply those of a disinterested and distant reader, and we must speak of the book now before exhibiting the conquest we think of what many would regard as objectionable in other volumes, and we can only describe the "Three Months' Ministry" as rare and beautiful Christian teaching. We read and find the word of the teacher "as ever nigh us, even in our heart." We are not at all disposed to become the champion for all our author's axiomatic utterances, or for any particular interpretation of theological relations, indeed, we dare to say we are right in believing that Mr. Lynch is rather the exponent of the truths of revelation than one of the saints or the assembly of divines. Saints and assemblies are not necessary, they fix the lines of truth—this is not Mr. Lynch's office. We believe he would find his work rather in arresting spiritual vagrants, and binding up bursting or broken hearts. We propose to be rather free in our quotations. The following imaginary sketch of the Young Sadducee and his death will cannot be without an application to some sadducees we know of. It is from a very striking sermon, entitled the "Sadducees answered."

"She marries, observe, according to their story, not for love, but for law; and thus they exhibit marriage in the most disagreeable form they could select. It is not the sweet intimacy of one with one, no, the woman marries to become the head of a household, whereby the reputation of a family may be duly filled with virtuous habits, and as this does not succeed in the present world, and fourth time, she marries seven times and at last she is left for her husband's sake. Now, we will suppose that after Christ had spoken

(we shall return to his reply presently), a young Sadducee, not yet hardened to the ways of the sect of which he had been born a member, and yet not ready to attach himself to the weary punctilio and routine of the Pharisees—we will suppose such a young Sadducee crying out, “Master, master, hear me!” Now, what is it he has to say? He is pained with a very ancient trouble and a very modern one; a trouble which the tongue of the poet, who is at once the sufferer and the rejoicer, has uttered for him, in our modern days, in these words:

“Oh for the touch of a vanish’d hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

“This young Sadducee has lost his young wife. He saw the rose upon her cheek grow pale; he saw the bosom sink with a last breath into unchanging stillness; the little hand that, pressing upon his strong arm, made him feel a willing captive, can touch him no more; and the voice, whose common tones were sweeter than the world’s best flattery, is silent for ever. Now we might well say that if marriage in this world is unhappy, and a chain to us, that chain will not be carried into the new world to bind us there; but if marriage has been no chain, but the very consummation of our heart’s desire, if it has not been an outward affair, either of worldly policy or animal preference; but if it has been a holy tie—first binding a soul with a soul, and afterwards one total life with another total life—what shall we say then? ‘Master, master, hear me! Is she gone for ever? Is there no re-union? Will that voice never speak again, and that hand never touch me more? Shall I never see that bosom lightly rise and gently fall? Will that unchanging, icy, marble-stillness never be broken?’

“Now, what do you think Christ would say to that? We may refuse to put words into Christ’s mouth; but we may exclaim, as if we were addressing Him, ‘Hast thou no balm for this trouble, O thou prophet of Nazareth? Hast thou no consolation for this grief, O thou Jesus, Saviour of men?’ He has a balm, and He has a consolation. He teaches that Love is Lord—that the lordship commences here as in a feeble twilight, but asserts its full supremacy hereafter, when all the clouds of time—which are already tinged in the sunrise with gold, and so their darkness glorified—shall have passed away, and the whole sky be broadly beautiful, and every heart filled with and fitted for its own appropriate delight.”

THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

“You may take it as a truth, that there is no creed which God cares for which a man cannot sometimes sing joyfully. We are to have peace and joy through believing. What, then, shall we say about believing the Athanasian Creed? He that can receive it, let him receive it; but not impose it on others. It guards the truth with the swords of Simcon and Levi, Jacob’s cruel sons. Its ingenuity is admirable, its anathema detestable, its logic very acute; and

as an historical exposition of old thought, its value is high. For it has turned truth into a decoy, and there is nothing else. The heart of God in those words, 'whosoever shall keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.' There is no love in this anathema. It makes God a liar, for He says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out, and many men seek God, and find Him, who cannot push their way through this prickly fence. A man may love God, and yet not be a metaphysician. There is no reason why love and logic should be fast friends; but, if love without a fence of logic is like a yard of grapes, open to the attack of the wild boar, logic without love is a wilderness of brambles. The vineyard may need to be replanted, but the brambles will never yield grapes. Here is where some scribe, son of Simon, may take these Athanasian 'thorns of the wilderness,' and fancy he does God service by using them to castigate a heretic. Better give poor heretics a bunch of Eschol grapes, that they may be drawn by 'rivers of love' through the wicket-gate of Intelligence into the garden that has promised a threefold blessing."

THE GOLDEN CALF

"Again: Consider the nation of which David was a member. As they grew in number, were they not called the 'nations of the world?' did not Aaron describe them as a people 'set on in silver,' and God name them 'a stiff-necked people?' While Moses was procuring for them the law of Divine Providence, they made for themselves 'gods of gold,' and with various instruments danced round their calf. Vain was the holy law for that stiff-necked people. Moses 'broke the tables,' for his anger waxed hot as if in the fire of that anger, he 'burnt the calf, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.' They had treacherously departed from God, although He 'was as a husband unto them, and took for them the calf.' So they must drink the poison, and feel that the water of life had become foul, dark, and poisonous. A water of death led them through the mingling of sensual idolatry with the purity of God. God is good, and a calf a good creature of God. But he not order golden cherubim to be novices, and some of the cherubim faces that of a calf. But how different a calf from an ark! gold instead of God, from a calf as part of the furniture of the ark in sanctity, leading out of it a worshiper a minister of Belzebub, not a lord of a god, a gold exploded with the lustre of the glorious Shekinah, and there a sense served as a, and from some subject as a cherub, as ruling it is accused, as serving it is glorified."

THE SCRIBE

"The Scribe class, then, is a most useful one. Many Scribes were good men, and yet many Scribes were opponents of Jesus Christ, teachers without heart, conviction, and greatness in their

utterances, men of the letter rather than men of the spirit, familiar with the verbal terms of a writing, but not with its abiding power—men who, dwelling under the shelter of what was old, were content to dwell under the shadow of what was dead—men, indeed, who oft paraded their esteem for the prophets, and drew a revenue by converting a prophet's tomb into a shrine. For this is one of the many astonishments we meet with in this world—that a dead body is so much more durable than a living one. You may keep a dead body in its form for a thousand years, but you cannot sustain a living man even for a hundred; and you may keep a dead church in its form for a thousand years, but it shall cost you much effort and many tears to sustain a living church, even for a hundred years, in its pristine purity. While the prophets lived, they were a terror to evil-doers, and to ecclesiastical evil-doers as well as others. Their breath was as a stream of fire, and their words were thunder; but when the prophet died, then ecclesiastical policy said, 'Preserve his bones!' Great is the value of a prophet's bones to that very class of men that feared his breath. They preserve his bones; they build a tomb; men come to worship at the shrines of the prophets, and bring, not mites only, but many a goodly golden coin, and the priest stands at the tomb's mouth and takes, in the prophet's name, that which both comforts and corrupts himself."

TOUCHING HIS RAIMENT.

"Old Jerusalem was to the eye a very religious city; and so is modern Rome. About the streets you might see men walking in long robes; and perhaps the common people, as they passed, stepped aside to give room for these ample dresses. But we do not hear of any one so full of trust, of grateful affection, towards the scribes in long clothing that he or she sought to touch their garments. But there was one who went through Jerusalem, and through the cities and villages of Judaea, clad no doubt in simple raiment, and as he walked, there was a shrinking, trembling sufferer, who said, 'If I do but touch the hem of his garment I shall be whole.' Had any one passed the robe of a scribe, and trodden upon it, the scribe would have turned round to him, perhaps, with eyes not pleasant to meet. But this woman, fearing, yet believed; she touched the garment of Christ, and she was healed. A great sufferer she had been, and for a long time had she suffered. Her calamity was the constant waste of life, the constant loss of that store which might have made her rich. She could not die speedily, nor could she live easily. She was one of that class of sufferers that languish long, hoping to die; saying, 'Oh, that thou wouldst hide me in the grave!' and yet, in a happier hour, saying, 'Oh, that I might live for days and for weeks, with such pleasure and such ability as I briefly enjoy to-day!' Well does she represent affliction in its diseased waste; well does she represent that loss of vitality which we feel when the heart is wrong. Life ebbs and ebbs, and yet still the stream comes: it trickles when it ought to flow; and, alas! often in its fullest flow, we are reminded that it will

shortly and painfully pass away. She touched the garment of Christ. How profound is simplicity! His garment is it is His; therefore it is dear, and therefore it has power. She did not say, 'How can a dead robe give a living strength?' Because it is His own, it is in its whole part of Himself.

"Is this utter mystery to us? We know such familiar facts as the garment is warmed by the life of man; such familiar alarming facts as that the diseases of the frame may issue from the silken clothing that girds it round. But do we know more? Do not the novelists tell us, and that again and again, that a lover cannot be touched with the skirts of her dress to which his heart does homage, without feeling that heart tremble? Let a finest influence come to those whose susceptibility is to affection. This woman, full of faith, full of fear, burdened with nervousness, was yet, through the very loveliness of her creature, to exercise a peculiarly tender and affectionate trust. But she did not face even the Saviour, she touched him from behind. Many, in their hope to get a benefit from the Gospel to which a suffering heart does homage, dare not face the Lord, but they come to him as from behind, and he lets them come. He did not say, 'There is a woman coming to touch me,' and so turn aside, and so to embarrass her, and aggravate her pain. But when she touched him, then he turned round. She approached him from behind, but he turned the light of His kind consideration open. And now, what shall she do with her new strength? Let us ask, 'Who touched me?' say, 'Lord, it was I,' and what will He do? He will give it to her. For if the soul is healed, it yet trembles with a sense of that great and happy wonder that has been wrought upon it. We do not become less sensitive, though we cease to be the same diseased sensitiveness, when Christ has touched us."

THE LAW OF GOD

"The law in its operation—in itself, in its intensity of command, in its mild adaptation to our state—what is it? Let like fire. Suppose we know not the properties of fire, and one man should say, 'I have gone to that which men call fire, and a comfortable warmth spreads through my frame. Oh, how pleasant is fire!'—Another, 'I have gone to that which men call fire and I have put my hand in, and it tingles with agony. How can these things be? How can fire give anguish, and yet give comfort? It does; I know it.'"

FAITH

"Its grasp is strong, though its bloom be absent. Let us trust God in the winter and in the dark. The summer and the spring are sure. Faith will not measure the sun or the moon, but it will see the night seem so short, for dawn will come measurable by the length of the day by hours. Courage! then, for the night is short, and dawn is sure."

The Cure of Sadduceism.—"How can you be helped out of Sadduceism but by Love and its pain."

THE STORY OF THE STONES.

"I will close with an anecdote which has no doubt been often told. There was a man who went to hear Whitfield preach, and he went with his pocket crammed with stones. As Whitfield preached he first took out one stone and threw it behind him, and then another stone and threw that down, until at last there was not a stone left except the one in his own breast—his heart, and even that was loosening and softening. And presently that stone changed too, and became a fountain of waters, giving glory to God in tears of sorrow, instead of remaining a hard stone of resistance. Now it may be that, if under the pretence of throwing stones at King David, we are really angry with the Bible, and want to throw stones against the Lord God himself—it may be that we shall empty our pockets, and throw this stone down—this objection down, and that criticism down, and the other objection down—and presently there be nothing left but our heart, and that not so stony as it was, because it has been growing softer and softer with every foolish and perverse quibble thrown aside. Our own heart is changing. And, if the first action of the new heart be to make our eyes a fountain of tears, its next may be to make life itself like a fountain of sunny and invigorating waters; and it is well even to have to weep a little, if by-and-by, through the softness that you have thus experienced, you obtain joyful draughts of refreshing water out of the ever-flowing fountain of eternal life, that is now not afar off, but within your own penitent and happy breast."

We believe these extracts will show the abundant wealth of this invigorating volume. We heartily recommend it to all honest young Sadducees as one of the finest modern aids to faith. We have no other writer in England who approaches so near to Novalis in the subtlety of his spiritual insight, and his painful earnestness and determination to see the real meaning of spiritual things as Mr. Lynch. We must not finally lay down the volume without saying that the book contains many searching and beautiful verses, evidently from the author's full and lyrical mind; the following is illustrative of true spiritual authority:—

CHRIST AND THE PHARISEES.

"A dusky cloud of Pharisees
Once gathered round the Lord of Light;
Eager their angry hearts to ease,
And veil him from the people's sight.
He shone with such a golden flame,
That all their lives looked foul with shame.
"Thou hast the tables overthrown,
The holy traders scourged away;
Thy right to do this must be shown:
Whence thine authority?' they say;
Although his clear and tranquil eye
Beamed with Divine authority.

"Such is the sun's fire to purge the dross,
 So bright his wind to cleanse the floor,
 So bright his fire to chase the foe
 Into our gain for evermore
 The glorious sun has such a right,
 To put the vapoury lark to flight.

"These ask the sun to tell them plain,
 If he has risen and rules the day
 For them the morning star to shine
 Shone with a bright prophetic ray.
 This let them tell in every 'Repent,'
 Whence was the great Baptist sent?"

"Silent is every haughty tongue;
 They cannot, for they dare not, tell,
 Hearing to say, 'He in earth had sprung
 The man whom all men honoured well.
 To say, 'From heaven,' yet dare they fear,
 Why, then, their deaf and scornful ear?"

"They cannot tell if Truth is true,
 They ask if it be true, Art thou great?
 Men who law's Tables overthrow
 And stand to truth as tal or dust,
 Fools in the rude believing crowd
 The light shines through the dark cloud."

With one other quotation on progress in religion knowledge close for the present in this volume. The pamphlet received will be—"Among Transgressors"—we reserve for a subsequent notice.

"It is impossible that we can read and understand a character or his power unless we are in sympathy with his character, and then we are not in sympathy with that character and power in which the fullest expression of God's character is given, we cannot apprehend any Bible truth as we might in a special relation to future existence or eternal good. You may give a man a book in a small type, and say, 'Can you read this?' and he answers 'No.' You put it to him in a larger type, and he asks, 'Can you read this?' 'No.' You take the very largest type that you can procure, 'Can you read it?' 'No.' But what should then say, 'I am blind.' That explains all. A blind man cannot read the truth in small type nor in larger type, nor in the largest type, but the man whose eyes are weak may often read it in large type while he cannot read it in small. So, brethren, if you see at length you look out of the window of Rome upon the distant edge of the horizon see the bright towers of celestial joy, you may take a man to the window and you point to the distant and say, 'Now, can you see that it is a point, just the top of a pinnacle?' That is the pinnacle of the great beautiful mountains of the celestial city, can you see it?"

"No, no, not at all."

"Then you say, 'Well, do you see your spine, a good way

this side—a tall object, lighted up just now with the glittering sunbeams?’

“ ‘No, no.’

“ ‘Then do you see, much nearer to us, to the right,—it is almost in a line with the spire,—do you see a beautiful tree covered with spring verdure, green leaves, beautiful white and red blossoms?’

“ ‘No, no.’

“ ‘Well, do you see, then, just below,—it is almost in the same line,—just below, in a valley, but upon its opposite slope;—do you see a house, a broad, kindly, hospitable-looking house?’

“ ‘Yes,’ he says, ‘I think I see the house.’

“ ‘Then look right across the house steadily. Do you see, now, the tree?’

“ ‘Ah! I see something dimly.’

“ ‘Do you think you see the spire beyond?’

“ ‘Hardly; and yet there is a point of light.’

“ ‘Well, now look right to the very edge of the sky. Do you see any thing?’

“ ‘No,—yes! but only a cloud; still I had not noticed that cloud before.’

“ Now this House which lies near us is the house of affection and friendship; and that beautiful Tree which grows further off is the tree of poetry, of the blooming, enthusiastic, feeling heart; and the spire that rises up beyond belongs to the Temple of Religion, in which we worship; and quite in a line with this you may observe, on the edge of the sky, the towers of the celestial city, half hidden in a luminous cloud. And if a man has those full human affections, which are interpreters, he will be able, when we point him to the spire, to see beyond it the city in the distance; and if we point him to the tree, he will see the city; and if we point him to the house, he will see the city, because they all, as it were, lie in one line; and he that can see the last object—that can note it distinctly even as a cloud—can see all the other objects which lie in a line with it. But it may happen that a man can only see clearly the first object. He can see how holy and how lovely human friendship is. Well, if he has affection enough just to discern that, the other things behind it he can at least see dimly. You cannot have an eye for love without looking *towards* heaven, though heaven itself may remain for a while invisible. For you cannot behold this house of friendship without getting a dim sight of the tree of poetry, whose beautiful blossoms soon come clearly into view; and if you can behold the tree of poetry, it is impossible that you can have any clear view of it without seeing something of religion beyond. You will see the spire as it were, through the leaves of the tree, and yet above them. And if you see the spire, why, then, it is quite certain that you will soon see the celestial city; for these four rise up one above the other.”

Brief Notices.

SILAS MARNER, The Weaver of Ravston.
By George Eliot, Author of "Adam Bede." William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1861.

THE author of "Adam Bede," in this charming story, the "History of Silas Marner," gives to us the sad narrative of a heart stunned and broken, driven from God and man by unjust suspicion, falsehood, and faithlessness. The story of misanthropy is not new—it has been very often told—but in this book the art or the experience of the author gives to the ancient saw all the effects of newness. Silas Marner, a young weaver, was a member of the Methodist or Independent church in Lantern Yard. He was upon the very eve of marriage when called upon to sit up with a dying deacon. Circumstances led to the suspicion that he robbed the old man; he came to ask. The story leaves no doubt the robbery was committed by a fellow-member of the church in Lantern Yard, a young man, the most beloved friend of Silas. Poor Silas is driven forth, and William Dal marries the object of the affections of Silas. Poor Silas calls on God in vain to clear him. The curtain falls upon his guilt, and some save God, and Silas, and the reader, know his innocence. It is the redemption of a very cruel plot—but the effect upon the reader's mind is of a sad experience really told in his hearing. Poor Silas makes a shipwreck of all that he possessed. What trust can he have in God, when God did not clear him? What trust can be placed in man or woman, when man and woman have only deceived and respected him? He flies from the village, and becomes a lonely, wretched, feared man. Inebriate, he hopes up to his accumulating gold, till he is robbed of this, the slow accumulation and hoarding of twenty years. It is a cruel story, but the

light comes. We must not lose the pleasure our readers will perceive in the story for its moral, little helpless orphan babies in poor cottage of Silas, and recall back to heart, and I say, and. The story is not very long, but instead of three volumes, it is a great many matters of life beside the story. Perhaps I made "Adam Bede" so charming the reader is here, and at that "Adam Bede" is a great best book, it is in my opinion certainly a great one. The story and knowledge here, but it flowing out its clearness. Of the wonderful and perfect human our author is here. For me what do our readers think of argument for ghosts?

"Ay, but there's this," says the landlord, speaking to the old man, "there's folks, as my mother can have ghosts, as if they were plain as a pike staff before them, there's none of that. For to be with, now, can't you, one of the strongest of these under the sun? I never see a ghost myself, but I says to myself, 'Very like I be, for the world is full of them. I am seeing a ghost for a while, as in the trainways. And so I be, for I be with the best of the world, and I say truth too between you.' And then, when was to go and stand in bed, as you are, and I be all day all the night through, I be him, and if anybody can see it. It is a day was certain sure, for all I'd back down too. For the what I be."

"The husband's state of mind was not well received by him, a man intensely suspicious."

"'Tot, tot,' he said, setting his glass with refreshed eyes."

‘what’s the smell got to do with it? Did ever a ghost give a man a black eye? That’s what I should like to know. If ghos’es want me to believe in ’em, let ’em leave off skulking i’ the dark and i’ lone places—let ’em come where there’s company and candles.’

“ ‘As if ghos’es ’ud want to be believed in by anybody so ignirant!’ said Mr. Macey, in deep disgust at the farrier’s crass incompetence to apprehend the conditions of ghostly phenomena.”

Dolly Winthrop is one of those characters our author can paint with wonderful vigour. We love Dolly Winthrop ourselves. Our readers need be under no need to question the rectitude of our moral character in thus giving way to our feelings, for Dolly was only the village nurse—an amazing reverse to the Mrs. Camps of our large towns. It does our heart good to hear poor Dolly talking to poor Silas, and trying to clear his mind from the clouds which had gathered over it. Thus she rebukes him for his absence from church:—

“ ‘Well, Master Marner, it’s niver too late to turn over a new leaf; and if you’ve niver had no church, there’s no telling the good it’ll do you. For I feel so set up and comfortable as niver was, when I’ve been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o’ God, as Mr. Macey gives out and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic’lar on Sacramen’ Day; and if a bit o’ trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi’ it, for I’ve looked for help i’ the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we’n done our part, it isn’t to be believed as Them as are above us ’ull be worse nor we are, and come short o’ Theirn.’ ”

There is a happy conversation when, after Silas had enlightened Dolly on the early part of his history, and his misery, and his doubts, she attempts to clear the case for him:—

“ ‘O dear, dear,’ said Dolly, in a

grieved voice, as if she were hearing an unfavourable report of a sick man’s case. She was silent for some minutes; at last she said—

“ ‘There’s wise folks, happen, as know how it all is; the parson knows, I’ll be bound; but it takes big words to tell them things, and such as poor folks can’t make much out on. I can never rightly know the meaning o’ what I hear at church, only a bit hero and there, but I know it’s good words—I do. But what lies upo’ your mind—it’s this, Master Marner: as, if Them above had done the right thing by you, They’d never ha’ let you be turned out for a wicked thief when you was innicent.’ ”

* * *

“ ‘Well, then, Master Marner, it come to me summat like this: I can make nothing o’ the drawing o’ lots and the answer coming wrong; it ’ud mayhap take the parson to tell that, and he could only tell us i’ big words. But what come to me as clear as the daylight, it was when I was troubling over poor Bessy Fawkes; and it allays comes into my head when I’m sorry for folks, and feel as I can’t do a power to help ’em, not if I was to get up i’ the middle o’ the night—it comes into my head as Them above has got a deal tenderer heart nor what I’ve got—for I can’t be anyways better nor Them as made me, and if anything looks hard to me, it’s because there’s things I don’t know on; and for the matter o’ that, there may be plenty o’ things I don’t know on, for it’s little as I know—that it is. And so, while I was thinking o’ that, you come into my mind, Master Marner, and it all come pouring in:—if I felt i’ my inside what was the right and just thing by you, and them as prayed and drew the lots, all but that wicked un, if *they’d* ha’ done the right thing by you if they could, isn’t there Them as was at the making on us, and knows better and has a better will? And that’s all as ever I can be sure on, and everything else is a big puzzle to me when I think on it. For there was the fever

reposed the dead; and many authentic stories of the young rector's predecessors were full of interest for him. But these were the mere accidents of his position. No one that knew him ever doubted that he found his deepest satisfaction in feeding Christ's sheep; in going in and out among them, with a holy love for their souls, that governed all his actions; and in the continual prayers which he offered, publicly and privately, for the salvation of all mankind.

He died in the church, while engaged in the services of the sanctuary, in 1851.

Mr. Crosswell was far from possessing the genius of Keble or Heber, but he possessed much of their spirit. But he did not make poetry the business of his life, but simply his recreation. His poems are not the productions of literary canons, or of one who desired to deserve well of the critics. He was an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church. He loved to dedicate his verse to church forms, and days, and usages; and some seem to have regarded his genius—as the genius of Keble—as *Papistie*; but this is unjust, and they need to be reminded of what Coleridge has said: "That what the Puritans regarded as *Papistie* in the Churchmen of the Stuart period in Donne, for instance, was often rather *patristic*. Their habits of mind were bred of that primitive apostolicity which, though wholly unlike the religion of the Puritans, resembles Popery only as gold is like brass, or like touch-wood that is covered with tinsel." The following lines on the church, the scene of his own ministration, contain most of the attributes of his tender and touching verse:—

CHRIST CHURCH.

Here, brethren, let us pause awhile,
As I in this quiet clanged muse
On vanished friends who thronged each aisle,
And crowded these deserted pews;—
To whom I broke the bread of life,
And poured the mystic cup of grace.
And hoped, when past this mortal strife,
To share with them our Lord's embrace

Full are the tombs o'er which we tread;
And, with o'erwhelming sense of awe,
I summon back the holy dead
Whom once around these rails I saw.
And how much nearer at this hour,
Their unseen presence than we know!
This is a thought of thrilling power:
O, speak with reverent voice—speak low!

How oft, at dead of night, when sleep
In heaviest folds wrapt all around,
I've come, my vigil here to keep,
And sighed to hear some human sound!
Alone amid the scene of gloom,
I've watched for dawn, and felt oppressed
To know, that, in the lofty room,
I was the only living guest.

The ticking of yon ancient clock,
That marks the solemn tread of time,
Against my heart-strings seemed to knock;
And, hark! those Christmas bells sublime!
So have they rung a hundred years,
And on the ears that heard them first
The chiming of the starry spheres
With their enrapturing tones has burst.

We believe the following lines are not unknown in this country. They are an impressive thought upon the text of the apostle—"But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away":—

THE SYNAGOGUE.

I saw them in their synagogue as in their
ancient day,
And never from my memory the scene
shall fade away;
For dazzling on my vision still the latticed
galleries shine
With Israel's loveliest daughters, in their
beauty half Divine.

It is the holy Sabbath eve; the solitary
light
Sheds, mingled with the hues of day,
lustre nothing bright;
On swarthy brow and piercing glance it
falls with saddening tinge,
And dimly gilds the Pharisee's phylac-
teries and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slide slow apart
before the Eastern screen,
As rise the Hebrew harmonies, with
chanted prayers between;
And 'mid the fissured veils disclosed, of
many a gorgeous dye,
Enveloped in their jewelled scarfs, the
sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest, a silvery-headed man,
With voice of solemn cadence, o'er the backward letters ran;
And often yet methinks I see the glow and power that sate
Upon his face, as forth he spread the roll immaculate.

And fervently, that hour, I prayed, that from the mighty scroll
Its light, in burning characters, might break on every soul;
That on their hardened hearts the veil might be no longer dark,
But be for ever rent in twain, like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall, O Judah! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged to read thy testimonies right,
When thou, with all Messiah's signs in Christ distinctly seen,
Shalt, by Jehovah's nameless name, invoke the Nazarene.

The following lines seem to have been suggested by his own name:—

FROM THE ANTIQUE.

"Fons Crucis, Fons Lucis."

BY THE NAME OF CROSSEWELL.

WELL of the Crosse! would I might be
In merit, as in name, like thee.

Whose gentleflow from Calvarie's mount
Covers the nations like a sea.

Drowns in its depths the Egerian fount,
And older wave of Castalie.

Well of the Crosse! would that my name
Were emblem of my being's aim.

Upon whose face in tranquil rest,

The purest hues of heaven might glow,

And through its deep transparent breast,
Fair truth be seen far down below.

Well of the Crosse! would that I might
Thy glorie with thy name unite.

That, cleansed by thee from every stain,

My soul might give account but less

All worldly thought, all worldly gain,

To bear the burden of the Cross.

O yes, for thee, Well of the Crosse!

I now would I could again but see,

For thee fair would I have again

Nor covet ease, nor toil decline,
So I all sin might crucify.
So I but conquer in that strife

This sweet little volume has
furnished us more than many volumes
more powerful have done. The
unpretensive, and frequently
happy. They are read without
effort, and without an effort to
retain a place in the heart and
memory. One more quotation
we lay down the book:—

CLOUDS.

"Cloud-land! gorgeous land!
Cloud-land!"

I CANNOT look above, and see
You high-piled, pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swarming
In gold and purple pass,
And think not, Lord, how Thou wast
On Israel's desert way,
Before them, in thy shining way,
Pavilioned all the day.

Or of those robes of gorgeous hue
Which the Risen One wore,
When, ravished from his friends,
Aloft his flight he bore
When, lifted as on wings of white,
He came to this as yet
And, wrapt in clouds, went forth
Above the firmament.

Is it a trail of that same pall
Of many a "beard" of days
That hangs above our mortal
Hangs in, low down the
Or borders of those sweeping
Which shall be all untried
About the Saviour, when
His judgment on the world

For in like manner as he went
(My soul, hast thou forgot?)
Shall come a terrible descent,
When can expect that
Strength of man against that
In the spirit's given,
When the fire of the Holy Spirit
Upon the clouds of heaven

• In the sign of the cross—
Forth.

THE ECLECTIC.

JUNE, 1861.

I.

SAINT JOHN WOOLMAN.*

It is written, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" and it is said again, "they shall delight themselves with the abundance of peace;" and one of the early Fathers of the Church† says, "We do not speak great things, but live them." Through all ages Christians have impressed a powerful, unobtrusive, modest individuality on society. To every Christian, God has assigned an important post which it is not lawful for him to quit, and which he will glorify by gentleness and power. It is thus, while the Christian is held and detained in the world, he holds the world together. The Christian's influence is by no means to be measured by the eminence of his position, or the wealth and power of personal inheritance or attainment. Most true has been the motto for the great multitude of the believers in Jesus through all time, "As poor, yet making many rich."

Our Lord enumerated several sources of blessedness; and in souls renewed by the Divine indwelling Spirit, they appear to develope themselves side by side, for "the pure in heart" must "hunger and thirst after righteousness," and "the poor in spirit" must belong to the order of "the meek." And in this blessed pathway men can alone follow the Lord; for it is not in raising the dead, or in walking on the sea, that we can imitate Him; it is in being "meek and lowly of heart," and in finding in Him "rest for our souls." Fasting, watching, alms,—even prayer and faith, all avail nothing without that life of love which is blessedness indeed. This constitutes the true Temple of Christ in the souls

* A Journal of the Life, Gospel Labours, and Christian Experiences of that faithful Minister of Jesus Christ, John Woolman, late of Mount Holly, in the Province of New Jersey, North America; to which are added his last Epistle and other writings. Edward Marsh, 84 Bishopsgate. 1847.

† Cyprian.

and works ; in a very distinguished sense he was a "light," and he "walked in the light;" he was a "Mr." his character was marked, it may be said, by a sacredness, constantly in communion with God, "his Thummim abode with his Holy One;" and every singularly uneventful life illustrates what it is to be "have a life hid with Christ in God." Probably there is no written a life which has circulated so widely ; which is so useful ; which has awakened such earnest and loving after holiness, yet so singularly unostentatious and simple ; yet even mere worldly literatists have been charmed by it, and Charles Lamb, the wit and humourist, in one of his essays, says, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and read them early Quakers."

John Woolman was born in the New England of Northampton, in Burlington County, West Jersey, in 1720. His parents appear to have been members of the Society of Friends, and they attempted early to initiate him in the principles of religious knowledge and life. He says that at seven years old he became sensible of the operations of the love, and especially mentions a time when, while he was with his companions from school, while they were playing, he went forward out of sight and sat down and read the 22nd chapter of the Revelations ; "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne and of the Lamb," etc., etc. In reading it he says, "I was drawn to seek after that pure habitation which I believed God had prepared for his servants. The peace which I sat and the sweetness that attended my mind remain to this day."

subject of our biography, to our surprise, in those early years, in one of his boyish walks, seeing a robin sitting on a tree on her nest, he threw stones at her, killed her, and then in a fit of strange sorrow, mounted the tree and killed all the young birds in the nest. But this wanton cruelty became to him a source of solemn and serious reflection. For some time he could think of little besides the cruelty he had committed, and he was much troubled. He saw more plainly, too, how He whose tender mercies are over all his works has placed a principle in the human mind which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature—and this being attended to, people become tender-hearted, but when frequently and totally rejected the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition. Happy are they who have Divine grace given them to perceive and to act upon the dreadful truth, that sin indulged hardens the heart and petrifies the feeling; and on the contrary when the committed sin becomes a warning and an occasion for humility, and a sense of the necessity of Divine mercy, the goodness of God leads to repentance, and the heart attains to life and peace. John Woolman had not yet found this peace, but his mind was in that state of restlessness which must always be the prelude to blessedness. Kept from all wantonness of speech and behaviour, he nevertheless mingled with the amusements and companions of youth; serious reflections became a source of uneasiness to him, and life was sought in vanity and diversion. At length God, who would not let him go, and constantly said, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim," visited him with severe sickness; and, as is usual in such cases, horror and amazement seized upon him. He lay and bewailed himself as one without hope. Then he says, "That Word which is as a fire and a hammer broke and dissolved my rebellious heart; my cries were put up in contrition, and in the multitude of His mercies I found inward relief, and a close engagement that if He was pleased to restore my health I might walk humbly before Him." Alas, "the covenant ordered in all things and sure," was not even yet ratified by the life on earth; the tempter again found entrance; again God spoke to him one night when he went to bed; there lay, in a window near his bed, the Bible; he opened it, and the first text he beheld was, "We lie down in our shame and our confusion covers us." He felt it to be a description of his state. It was an unexpected reproof, and that night he pressed his pillow with a severe remorse of conscience on account of sin. Hitherto, it would seem, the warnings had spoken in vain; he had felt the pressure and the power of sin, but he does not seem to have cried mightily to the Lord for help; rather, perhaps, there was a disposition to lean on the guidance of a naturally yielding

felt retirement to come from his presence. But not that strength which gave victory, I lost ground again, which greatly affected me. I sought deserts and lonely there with tears did confess my sins to God, and humbly help. I was now led to look seriously at the means by which I was drawn from the pure truth, and learned that, if I would live as the faithful servants of God lived, I must not go in as heretofore in my own will, but all the cravings of sense must be governed by a Divine principle."

And now indeed "the law of the spirit of life in Christ had made him free from the law of sin and death;" he it was to have "the righteousness of the law fulfilled not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." His conscience shrinking and tender that there can be no doubt that, even in his early days, when as yet, like Samuel, "he knew not the Lord," was the Word of the Lord revealed unto him—even that life of life was marked by purity and simple rightness of conduct; but now it was given him to know that true holiness lay not in the gentleness of a tender spirit, but that "in truth we have righteousness and strength." It was the power of the Spirit that at last prevailed over selfish desires, and he became, which, in its beauty and dignity, in its lofty consciousness of celestial rest, was like a realization of some of the most and beautiful words of the 119th Psalm. Like his inspired apostolic namesake, he shows to us how the embrace of the Divine love at once hardens the heart to all the attractions of sense, while it is opened to all the attractions of holy tenderness. How truly beautiful are the following words, they are among the sweetest utterances of elevated piety.

universal love to my fellow-creatures increased in me. This will be understood by such as have trodden in the same path. Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which Divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct whose passions are regulated ; yet these do not fully show forth that inward life to those who have not felt it—this white stone and new name is only known rightly by such as receive it.”

At this time he was twenty-one years of age. He had given himself to the Lord, and we shall now only behold him “ following on to know the Lord.” His occupation in life appears to have been comparatively lowly. He had up to this time lived at home with his parents. He now engaged himself, by his father’s advice, to keep the shop and the books of a baker. During the day he had to mingle with the world and worldly people ; but with much pleasure he refers to the evenings, when, after the day of toil, he was able to escape to loneliness ; and there he testifies he felt the spirit of supplication poured upon him, and thus his strength was renewed. His former acquaintances gave over expecting him in their circles. He went to the religious assemblies of his Christian society “ in an awful frame of mind, and endeavoured to be inwardly acquainted with the language of the true Shepherd.” One day he was so strongly impressed, that he stood up and said some words, as the manner was in those days, in the Society of Friends ; but he felt that he had not, as he said, kept close to the Divine opening, and for this he was afflicted for some weeks to such a degree as to find no satisfaction in anything. A striking instance was here of that tenderness of conscience which was so marked a feature of his character. But, thus disciplined, he became strengthened to distinguish the pure spirit which inwardly moves the heart, and, in his expressive words, he was taught “ to wait in silence, sometimes for many weeks together, until,” he says, “ I felt that rise which prepares the creature to stand like a trumpet through which the Lord speaks to his flock ;” and this is a beautiful and just description of the minister of Jesus. From that inward purifying of the spirit, which is in all love, springs the lively desire to be made useful in the good of others.

The place at which he lived was called Mount Holly. His employer yielded only to the ordinary custom of society about him in trading in slaves. Not only were negroes sold, but in those times English criminals and vagrants were sold also. The first instance we have on record of the tender conscience, in the matter of slavery, was the sale of a negro woman belonging to his em-

ployer, for which he was requested to write a bill of sale. He says :—

“The thing was sudden ; and though I felt uneasy at the thought of writing an instrument of slavery for one of my fellow-creatures yet I remembered that I was hired by the year, that it was my master who directed me to do it, and that it was an elderly man, a member of our Society, who bought her ; so through weakness I gave way and wrote it. But at the executing it I was so afflicted in my mind that I said, before my master and the Friend, that I believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion. This, in some degree, abated my uneasiness ; yet as often as I seriously reflected upon it, I thought I should have been clear. I had desired to be excused from it as a thing against my conscience for such it was.”

Some time after, a young man, a member of the Society, requested him to write out a conveyance of a slave to him, and he, in goodwill, respectfully refused ; and thus, upwards of a century since, bore his testimony against the wrongs of slavery.

And now, according to the peculiar manner of the Society Friends, he was invited to take a more public part in the work of the ministry, and in a spirit of earnest and devout tenderness he laboured during the remainder of his life. Very profound was his concern for souls, and very deep his interest for the truth. It is impossible to read the brief record of his simple life without perceiving the deep spirit of holy jealousy from which all his words and his labours had their origin. All his doings were conceived and executed beneath the awful and all-pervading sense of love to God, and fear of God ; his life henceforward became one long sacramental breathing. His life, beneath the influence of elevating and subduing piety, rises before us as truly sublime. He did not indulge in idle self-contemplation ; he made his devotion healthy by constant exercise, and by faithfulness and fear. Very solemnly he says, in words which all ministers of truth should ponder :—

“Thou who some times travellest in the work of the ministry, art made very welcome by thy friends, so st many tokens of the satisfaction in having thee for their guest. It is good for thee to dwell deep, that thou mayest feel and understand the spirit of the people. The office of a minister of Christ is weighty, and they who now go forth as watchmen have need to be steadily on their guard against the snare of prosperity and an over-estimate of friendship.”

Nothing at this time appears to have given him greater concern than the prevalence of slavery in the household where he was compelled to spend some time in the course of his ministrations in the work of the ministry ; that he lodged free of cost with people who lived in ease on the hard labour of their slaves made him very

unhappy, and he says he found this unhappiness return upon him "as his mind was inward to the Lord." Upwards of a century since, this excellent man saw, throughout the southern provinces of the United States, vice and corruption increased by the horrid system of slavery. This way of life appeared to him to be as a dark gloominess hanging over the land, "and though," says he, "many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequence will be grievous to posterity." In faithfulness to these feelings he refused to make out the writings of transfer for slaves which he was very frequently called upon to do. He did not act rashly; he saw the power of deep-rooted customs, and that, though wrong, they are not easily altered; he saw that in his day a charitable, benevolent man, well acquainted with a negro, might under some circumstances keep him in his family as a servant, but on no other motives than the negro's good; but it seemed clear to him that he ought not to be the scribe, "when wills are drawn, in which some children are made absolute masters over others during life, and when there can be no guarantee for the right exercise of power." Hence, when an ancient man of good esteem in the neighbourhood came to his house to get his will written, Woolman, knowing he had young negroes, asked him privately how he purposed to dispose of them; when informed, Woolman told him he could not write the will without breaking his own peace, and gave his reasons, and the will was written by another person. A few years after, great alterations having taken place in the family, and the old man being yet alive, he came again to Woolman, to request him to write another will. His negroes were yet young, but his son, to whom he intended to leave the property, had from a libertine become a sober young man; and the principal difficulty now appeared to be removed, and he supposed that he would have been free to write it. They talked the matter over in a friendly spirit; the subject was deferred, and in a few days he came again, and directed their freedom; and "I then," says John Woolman, "wrote the will."

On another occasion he says:—

"Near the time that the last-mentioned friend first spoke to me, a neighbour received a bad bruise in his body, and sent for me to bleed him, which, having done, he desired me to write his will. I took notes; and amongst other things he told me to which of his children he gave his young negro. I considered the pain and distress he was in, and knew not how it would end; so I wrote his will, save only that part concerning his slave, and, carrying it to his bed-side, read it to him. I then told him, in a friendly way, I could not write any instruments by which my fellow-creatures were made slaves, without bringing trouble on my own mind. I let him know that I charged

nothing for what I had done, and desired to be excused from doing the other part in the way he proposed. We then had a serious conference on the subject, and he agreeing to set her free, I finished his will."

In the year 1749 John Woolman married, but the affairs of his household life occupy but a very brief space in any record given to the world. The following year he mentions the death of his father, Samuel Woolman, of a fever, at the age of sixty years. On his death-bed he expressed his satisfaction with his son for the interest he had taken in the question of domestic slavery. John Woolman showed to him a manuscript letter he intended circulating on the subject. He said, "I have all along been deeply affected with the oppression of the poor negroes, and now at last my concern for them is as great as ever." Like his son, he appears to have ever used great plainness of speech; and when his sister Elizabeth came to see him, and told him of the decease of their sister Anne, who died only a few days before, he then said, "I reckon sister Anne was free to leave this world." Elizabeth said she was. He then said, "I also am free to leave it," and being in great weakness of body, he said, "I hope I shall shortly go to rest," and he appears to have fallen asleep in the faith, and fear, and love of the Lord.

Worldly interests had but very little sway over the mind of the subject of this memoir; he expressly says, "I believed truth required me to be free from outward cumbers;" and again he says, "I had but a small family, and on serious consideration believed truth did not require me to engage much in cumbering affairs." It had been his general practice to buy and sell things generally useful. Things that served chiefly to please the vain mind in people, he was not easy to trade in; and says, whenever he did, he found it "weakened him as a Christian." He believed he had a talent for merchandise; it was his natural inclination; but he began to fear that increased business would be a burden, and hence a strife in his heart between religion and the world. Gradually he lessened his outward business, informing his customers of his intention; in a while he wholly laid down his occupation as a trader, and followed the occupation of a tailor by himself. He also had a nursery of apple trees, in which he employed his time hoeing, grafting, and trimming. And indeed through the whole of this portion of his life it is easy to perceive that he was desirous altogether of escaping that sore ground of conflict, the battle between God and Mammon. His mind was especially called to reflection upon the prevalent intemperance in dress, and in the use of spirituous liquors; he believed that every degree of luxury has some connection with evil, and therefore he constantly imagined

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the warning of Jeremiah specially addressed to himself,—“Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not.” Difficult indeed is the task of those who attempt to walk unscathed through the mart of trade; nor did John Woolman say it was an impossible work. But there are cases in which the individual conscience must be the law of the Christian’s action, and certainly it would be quite impossible to present to the world the spectacle of single-hearted attachment to God—the undivided consecration of all the powers of body and soul to his honour and glory—while engaged in the world of merchandise and trade; and the faithful minister of Christ should feel that sanctified unselfishness which characterized him. “Look not every man on his own things,” was a Divine maxim; it was the rule of his life. Very sweetly, in one of his letters, he says:—

“The work of subjecting the will is compared to the mineral in the furnace, which through fervent heat is reduced from its first principle. ‘He refines them as silver is refined. He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.’ If kind parents love their children, and delight in their happiness, then He who is perfect goodness, in sending forth mortal contagions, doth assuredly direct their use. Are the righteous removed by them?—their change is happy. Are the wicked taken away in their wickedness?—the Almighty is clear. Do we pass through with anguish and great bitterness, and yet recover?—He intends that we should be purged from dross, and our ear opened to discipline. I find that to be a fool as to worldly wisdom and to commit my cause unto God, not fearing to offend men who take offence at the simplicity of truth, is the only way to remain unmoved at the sentiments of others. The fear of man brings a snare. By halting in our duty, and holding back in the time of trial, our hands grow weaker, our spirits get mingled with the people, our ears grow dull as to hearing the language of the true Shepherd; so that when we look at the way of the righteous it seems as though it was not for us to follow them. A love clothes my mind while I write which is superior to all expression; and I find my heart open to encourage to a holy emulation, to advance forward in Christian firmness. Deep humility is a strong bulwark; and, as we enter it, we find safety and true exaltation. The foolishness of God is wiser than man, and the weakness of God is stronger than man. Being unclothed of our own wisdom, and knowing the abasement of the creature, we find that power to arise which gives health and vigour to us.”

And now, in the course of the narrative, we have to introduce an incident which, while it may be read with surprise by some, will no doubt by many be regarded with scepticism. Such incidents naturally awaken incredulity; and yet, at least, it may be admitted that the very dreams of men are coloured by the pre-

vailing thoughts of their waking hours. To what extent the mind possesses the power of projecting before the eye the image produced by the thought is a question which metaphysicians and psychologists have scarcely been able to decide, but still one on which there can be really very little occasion for doubt. John Woolman was constantly wrought upon by a concern for the knowledge of the interest he had in the Divine life; and he tells us that once, in the year 1757, when in good health, going to bed about the usual time, he awoke in the night, meditating on the goodness and the mercy of God. He then went to sleep again. In a short time, he awoke. It was yet dark, and no appearance of day or of moonshine; and, as he opened his eyes, he saw a light in his chamber, at the apparent distance of five feet, about nine inches in diameter, of a clear, easy brightness, and near its centre the most radiant. "As I lay still," he says, "looking upon it without any surprise, words were spoken to mine inward ear which filled my whole inward man. They were not the effect of thought, nor any conclusion in relation to the appearance, but as the language of the Holy One spoken in my mind. The words were, 'CERTAIN EVIDENCE OF DIVINE TRUTH.' They were again repeated exactly in the same manner, and then the light disappeared."

This was not the only instance in which he seems to have been conducted in trance to "visions and revelations." Those of our readers to whom such matters are the border-land either of presumption or superstition, may remember even more remarkable—certainly as remarkable—instances in the life of Colonel Gardiner, of Major-General Burn, and of Mrs. Fletcher; nor are they wonderful when we remember the laws which regulate mental phenomena. The anxieties of the holy soul not only attend the mind in what are called its waking hours, but form the subject of its dreams, and accompany it through the refreshments of sleep. Hence, on another occasion, in a time of sickness, he was brought so near the gates of death that he forgot his name. Being desirous to know who he was, he saw a mass of matter of a dull, gloomy colour, between the south and east; and he was informed that it was a mass of human beings in as great misery as they could be. He was told that he was mixed with them, and that henceforth he must not consider himself as a distinct and separate being. So he remained for several hours, and then he heard a soft, melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any he had heard. It was, he believed, the voice of an angel, who spake to other angels, and the words were—"John Woolman is dead." Then he remembered that he was John Woolman; and, being assured that he was alive in the body, he greatly wondered what

the heavenly voice could mean. He could not doubt the voice of the angel, and yet he could not unlock the mystery. Then, in his trance, he beheld the mines, where the poor, oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those who oppressed them; and they knew that those who oppressed them were Christians, and "the name of Christ was blasphemed among them." But the song of the angel remained a mystery; and, in the morning, his wife coming to his bed-side, he asked if they knew who he was. They told him John Woolman, but thought he must be light-headed to propose such a question. He never told them what the angel had said, nor was he disposed to talk with any one. He desired rather to be still, that he might understand the mystery. At length he felt a Divine power within him, although his tongue had been so dry that he could not speak, and then he said—"I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. And the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." And then the mystery was opened, and he perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented; and that the language, "John Woolman is dead," meant no more than the death of his own will. And his vision of the miners receives its elucidation too, for he saw that people setting off their tables with silver vessels at entertainments was often stained with worldly glory; and that in the present state of things, it became a duty to be careful how he fed himself out of such vessels. Going to a monthly meeting soon after his recovery, he dined at a Friend's house, where drink was brought in silver vessels, and not in any other. Wanting something to drink, he told his case, even with weeping, and of course had his request complied with. These are extraordinary illustrations of a tender conscience—a heart feelingly alive to the teachings of duty.

From what has been now related it may be thought that John Woolman was a mere enthusiast; but, if an enthusiast, his impulses were all calmed and sanctified by personal holiness and most devout inquiry; he was no cloudy mystic. Without a doubt he sometimes carried his conceptions of duty to a most remote and almost impracticable extent, but all that he did had the weight of personal testimony. He acted as he did with great self-denial, in order that he might silently, yet loudly and effectually, preach against the peculiar sins of the societies in which he was called to mingle; certainly his was no conscience trimming dexterously and adroitly between the Divine teachings and social usages. But as little did he perform any of his duties, or follow any of his ideas in a Pharisaical or self-righteous spirit. On the contrary, he breaks forth in his journal: "This is the name by which he shall

be called—**THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.** Oh, how precious is this name ! it is like ointment poured out. The chaste virgins are in love with the Redeemer ; and for promoting his peaceable kingdom in the world are content to endure hardness like good soldiers.” Far from boasting in devout humility of heart, he could constantly say, only “in the Lord have I righteousness and strength.”

A century since, the Indian had not been exterminated from the territory of the American States. Miles away from large towns, on patches of ground which are now the seats of immense and powerful populations, were the small farms and log cabins of the settlers. Around them spread the deep and solemn woods of vast trees of immemorial ages, inhabited by the scattered and nomadic tribes of Indians. Members of the Society of Friends were planted along the banks of the Delaware and Susquehanna, and thus the negro slave, the Indian, and the settler formed a strangely-mingled population. The Indian was the victim of much injustice, for which he sometimes made fearful reprisals. Those who occupied the border-land having taken possession of the new grounds sometimes found their village in flames, and their families massacred in a night ; to these scattered peoples, the first settlers, and the aboriginal tribes, John Woolman became a frequent missionary. A tender spirit like his could not be other than deeply affected by the manifest injustice to the races of the red men ; he saw the cruel exterminations of rum ; he saw how their skins and furs, obtained through much fatigue and hard travelling in hunting, and with which they intended to buy clothing, they often sold at a worthless rate for more rum. His heart was deeply touched as he beheld these wretched tribes, “as sheep having no shepherd,” and far worse in their contact with civilization and society than in their native state of evermore unmitigated barbarity. The heart of John Woolman beheld, and wondered, and pitied, and determined to go into the wilderness to speak God’s word of faith and consolation.

In pilgrimages like these he had frequently to endure all the hardships of the missionary to wild regions and to savage men. Frequently he had to lodge in the woods, and sometimes without the means of fire, or bells for the horses. There, under the branches of some ancient oak, he would lie down sometimes unable to sleep, but happy in his season of solitude although unable to sleep. “Thus,” says he, “lying in the wilderness and looking at the stars, I was led to contemplate on the condition of our first parents when they were sent forth from the garden ; how the Almighty, though they had been disobedient, continued to be a Father to them, and showed them what tended to their felicity as

intelligent creatures, and was acceptable to Him.” He mentions the following circumstance in such a spirit of commendation that we have no doubt that he would frequently do likewise, for to him to see what seemed excellent or heroic, was to seek to imitate it. He says:—

“ One of the Mennonists, a Dutch tribe, having acquaintance with a man of another society at a considerable distance, and being with his waggon on business near the house of his said acquaintance, and night coming on, he had thought of putting up with him; but passing by his fields, and observing the distressed condition of his slaves, he kindled a fire in the woods hard by, and lay there that night. His said acquaintance hearing where he lodged, and afterwards meeting the Mennonist, told him of it; adding, he should have been heartily welcomed at his house; and from their acquaintance in former time wondered at his conduct in that case. The Mennonist replied, ‘ Ever since I lodged by thy field I have wanted an opportunity to speak with thee. I had intended to come to thy house for entertainment, but seeing thy slaves at their work, and observing the manner of their dress, I had no liking to come to partake with thee.’ He then admonished him to use them with more humanity; and added, ‘ as I lay by the fire that night, I thought that I, as a man of substance, thou wouldst have received freely; but if I had been as poor as one of thy slaves, and had no power to help myself, I should have received from thy hand no kinder usage than they.’ ”

But it was in the years 1761 and 1762 that John Woolman was most impressed to visit the Indian tribes. He passed some months among those savage and unsubdued people especially in the district of Wyoming—

“ On Susquehanna’s side fair Wyoming,”

a picture of whose primeval sweetness and tranquility Thomas Campbell has painted in glowing colours. Alas, the Christian does not look at nature with the eye of the poet; and the scenery, the subject of verses so sweet as those in *Gertrude of Wyoming*, was defiled and defaced by all the darkness of savage life, the lust of oppression, and craft, and the cruelties of predatory warfare. But the communications our friend had with the Indians were all friendly. He went among them “ in the fulness of the gospel of Christ.” He desired to know nothing among them save “ Jesus Christ and Him crucified,” and they listened to him in peace. His mission began in the neighbourhood of Wehaloosing, on the banks of the Delaware; and while there he saw a number of trees around his tent peeled for the purpose, bearing the representations of men

going to and returning from the wars, and of some being killed in battle. He walked along a path ordinarily used by Indian warriors, and as he beheld these histories painted in red and black, he "thought on the innumerable afflictions which the proud, fierce spirit produceth in the world." He was brought nigh to the life of toil and fatigue of those men travelling over mountains and deserts; he "thought of their miseries and distresses, wounded by their enemies, bruised and wearied among the mountains; and at the recollection of the restless and unquiet state of mind of those who live in this spirit, and the hatred which mutually grows up in the minds of their children, the desire to cherish the spirit of love and peace among these people arose very fresh in me." In these excursions he had to spend many nights in the woods, beneath blankets wet with travelling in the rain; but when unwell he plunged into the river and felt fresh and well. Thus, kindling a fire, and opening the tent to it,—the bushes spread on the ground and the blankets spread over them in the wilderness—he and his friends found some sleep in their uncomfortable habitation. He mourned in spirit as he travelled over wild and almost impassable mountains—through swamps and barren deserts. He saw the gradual extension of the English settlements, by the natives selling their inheritances for trifling considerations, or driven back by superior force. It was the beginning of civilization, and exposed to all the perils and the cruelties incident to that state, he travelled for nearly a thousand miles, declaring the Word of the Kingdom as he passed along to the English settlers and to the Indian tribes. As he drew near to Wyoming he found himself in a state of growing hostilities. From an Indian runner he heard that an English fort had been taken by the Indians, who had destroyed the people; and some Indian warriors came to the town of Wehalaosing with English scalps, and told the people it was war with the English.

An incident like the following reveals the man we describe, and the dangers through which he had to pass:—

"Our guides took us to the house of a very ancient man. Soon after we had put in our baggage, there came a man from another Indian house some distance off. Perceiving there was a man near the door, I went out; the man had a tomahawk wrapped under his matchcoat, out of sight. As I approached him, he took it into his hand; I went forward, and speaking to him in a friendly way, perceived he understood some English. My companion joining me, we had some talk with him concerning the nature of our visit in those parts; he then went into the house with us, and talking with our guides soon appeared friendly, sat down and smoked his pipe. Though taking his hatchet in his hand at the instant I drew near to

him had a disagreeable appearance, I believe he had no other intent than to be in readiness in case any violence were offered him."

At this period of his journey he became naturally troubled with painful doubts as to the wisdom of pursuing further so dangerous a journey; he believed that he had, under a sense of duty, come thus far, and now in his usual way he besought of the Lord to teach him what he ought to do. He became very jealous of himself, fearing lest he should shrink back merely on account of the dangers that threatened his course; and fearing, also, lest the desire of reputation as a man firmly settled to persevere through dangers, might have place in him. His gracious Father saw the conflicts of his soul, and was pleased to bless His servant with peace; and after a night of earnest wakefulness, he rose in the morning strengthened, to commit his life and all things relating thereto into His hands, and prepared to prosecute in the journey the work given him to do.

As he came among the Indians, he found the traces of Christian truth before him; the Moravians had formed some societies; sometimes he found a Bible in an Indian hut, and a spirit of hearing and attentiveness over the tribes. He sent his canoes usually on down the river by the pilot, and appointed a meeting at some distant place; but his trials were very severe. In winding a way through the forests to the Indian encampments, sometimes he was overtaken by a storm, and the way was impeded by trees hurled down by the tempest, and lying across the path; sometimes he was tried by severe illness and sickness from the different way of living to which he had been accustomed; but he held firmly to the belief in the all-sufficiency of God to support His people in their pilgrimage, and the Lord gave him a resigned heart, and he found quietness.

At Wehaloosing, the town on the banks of the Susquehanna, composed of about forty houses, built mostly of split plank, in the rudest style, covered with bark, he found a man, an Indian, named Papunehang, who, having met with the Moravians, had laboured for the reformation of the town; he held there, as was usual with him, a meeting, and spoke to the people by the mouth of an interpreter; but afterwards he felt "his mind covered," as he says, "with the spirit of prayer;" he found it in his heart to pray to God, and believed if he prayed aright he would be heard; and he expressed a wish that the interpreting should be omitted. He felt Divine love was shed over the meeting, and before the people went out he observed Papunehang speaking to one of the interpreters; and he found he had said in the graphic language of the Red Man, "I love to *feel* where words come from." Could

any words more strikingly convey the impression of that state of heart in which words are dispensed with, and souls are attracted to each other by their sympathies. Thus he was preserved to accomplish his journey through all the perils of the wilderness. His narrative is a very simple one, for his words were always few, but they express much ; but in the open night, in the desolate solitude, on the wide and winding river, amidst wild men, in battle with abounding rattlesnakes, through swamps and floods, over lofty mountain ranges, and in the midst of dread and impassable forests, he was taught patience, and was also made thankful to God who thus led about and instructed him, and even in the midst of dangers of the most dreadful character, “made him to dwell in safety.”

As we accompany him in his wanderings, and see his unshaken trust in Divine protection, we cannot but recall a beautiful meditation of his, in a letter to a friend, in which he says :—

“The place of prayer is a precious habitation ; for I now saw that the prayers of the saints were precious incense ; and a trumpet was given to me, that I might sound forth this language that the children might hear it, and be invited together to this precious habitation, where the prayers of the saint, as precious incense, arise before the throne of God and the Lamb. I saw this habitation to be safe—to be inwardly quiet ; when there were great stirrings and commotions in the world. Prayer at this day in pure resignation, is a precious place ; the call goes forth to the Church that she gather to the place of pure inward prayer, and her habitation is safe.”

From the year 1763 to 1769, although the life and the ministry of John Woolman was of a more domestic character, and confined mostly to visits through the meetings of the Society of Friends, they were nevertheless spent in active exertions for usefulness, and the dissemination of holy lessons. Mount Holly was the place of his home, and from thence his influence and piety radiated through the various societies. He constantly acted beneath the feeling, that the more our lives are conformed to the will of God, the better it is for us ; and that in all things—alike in the affairs of trade and in the affairs of external religionism—that which is of God, gathers to God ; and that which is of the world, is owned by the world. Very sweetly he writes :—

“‘No man can see God and live.’ This was spoken by the Almighty to Moses the prophet, and opened by our blessed Redeemer. As death comes on our own wills, and a new life is formed in us, the heart is purified and prepared to understand clearly. ‘Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.’

In purity of heart, the mind is Divinely opened to behold the nature of universal righteousness, or the righteousness of the kingdom of God. 'No man hath seen the Father, save he that is of God; he hath seen the Father.' "

"There is a noble guest within us," says Archbishop Leighton; "oh, let all our business be to entertain him honourably, and to live in celestial love within: that will make all things without to be very contemptible in our eyes." To this state of exalted piety Woolman had reached. "The rule by which he walked," "the thing" which he minded, was, as we have said, "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus." Thus he realized that great saying of Luther's: "It is God's work alone to banish idols from the human heart; whatever comes from without is a farce."

The whole history of John Woolman is the history of a tender conscience; to many it may seem even the record of a narrow mind. He had many doubts and fears with reference to his path way—doubts which never would have occurred to a less tender and holy soul. He constantly trembled lest he should in any way be involved in the sinfulness of prevailing customs and usages. Superfluities and luxuries he was constantly watchful against. He feared for all the occasions of trade, and renounced it, apparently, himself, from the fear of its incompatibility with the simplicity of the Christian profession. He had a constant feeling that to trade with oppressors, without labouring to dissuade them from such unkind treatment, was wrong. He thought that to seek for gain by such traffic tended to make them easy respecting their conduct, and so justified the complaint of the prophet, "They have strengthened the hands of the wicked." Thus he led a life of holy fear, and testifies how often, travelling on the road, he felt a cry rise from the centre of his mind, "Oh, Lord! I am a stranger on the earth; hide not Thy face from me."

But he was ready, upon all occasions, to speak the word of faithfulness. Thus, in the summer of 1763, a man came to Mount Holly, having previously published, by an advertisement, that at a certain public-house he would show many wonderful operations. Such announcements and exhibitions excited very much more attention then than now. The man appeared, and announced his show again for the following night. The people were to gather about sunset:—

"So," says Woolman, "I went to the public-house in the evening, and told the man of the house that I had an inclination to spend a part of the evening there; with which he signified that he was content. Then, getting down by the door, I spoke to the people in the fear of the Lord, as they came together, concerning this show;

and laboured to convince them that their thus assembling together to see these sleight-of-hand tricks, and bestowing their money to support men who in that capacity were of no use to the world, was contrary to the nature of the Christian religion. One of the company endeavoured to show by argument the reasonableness of their proceedings herein; but, after considering some texts of Scripture, and calmly debating the matter, he gave up the point. After spending about an hour among them, and feeling my mind easy, I departed."

In 1769 he visited the West Indies, especially Barbadoes, his mind being under great concern for the state of the slaves there. He opens a series of reflections, exhibiting the tenderness of his nature.

But the time drew nigh when our friend must lay down his stewardship, and when he must hear the Master's call. He had been a long time under a concern and engagement to cross the seas, and to visit the Friends in the more northern parts of England; and in 1772 he sailed from Chester, in New England, with Samuel Emlin, in a ship bound for London. On this voyage, then so long and irksome, he would not be a cabin passenger, but took his place in the steerage, that there he might have an opportunity of seeing, hearing, and feeling, with respect to the life of the poor sailors. He mingled with them, sought opportunities of conversation with them, and laboured to turn their minds to the fear of the Lord. He also held religious meetings in the cabin, and felt in the service the power of Divine love. But his mind was greatly exercised with reference to the people employed on the sea. In striking words he says:—

"When I remember the saying of the Most High, through his prophet, 'This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise;' and think of placing children among such to learn the practice of sailing, the consistency of it seems to me like that mentioned by the prophet, 'There is no answer from God.'"

He arrived in London the 8th of June, 1772, and after spending some time with members of his society, he proceeded towards Yorkshire; and as he passed along, his mind was moved by the state of the poor; he was affected by the price of provisions, and by the price of wages and their disproportion. Stage-coaches, too, then in the vigour of their maturity, were a great offence to him; he heard of their going upwards of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours!—he heard of horses killed with hard driving—he heard of the pains suffered by post-boys, and reflected:—"So great is the hurry in the spirit of this world, that in aiming to do

business quickly, and to gain wealth, the creation at this day doth loudly groan." So many were the tales of the hardships and sufferings on the mails of those days that he would not send letters by the ordinary posts, and cautioned friends against sending, and especially his family against employing them to communicate with him; he thus suffered great inconvenience, but his was a nature that never recoiled at the thought of inconvenience, or even suffering, in the path of duty; and he was ever disposed "to count it all joy when he fell into divers temptations," by which was wrought within him the golden results of "patience, experience, and hope that made not ashamed."

Soon after his arrival in England, his health began to fail, and he had several attacks of disabling sickness; but while in the city of York, at the house of Thomas Priestman, he was seized with small-pox; he instantly expressed his resignation alike to live or to die; some friends who attended him made some notes of his last prayers and his words. On the third day of his sickness he was heard to utter the following prayer:—

"O Lord, my God! the amazing horrors of darkness were gathered around me and covered me all over, and I saw no way to go forth. I felt the death and the extent of the misery of my fellow-creatures, separated from the Divine harmony, and it was heavier than I could bear, and I was crushed down under it. I lifted up my hand, I stretched out my arm, but there was none to help me; I looked round about me and was amazed. In the depths of misery, O Lord! I remembered that Thou art omnipotent; that I called Thee Father; and I felt that I loved Thee; and I was made quiet in Thy will, and I waited for deliverance from Thee. Thou hadst pity upon me when no man could help me. I saw that meekness under suffering was showed us in the most affecting example of Thy Son, and thou taught me to follow Him, and I said, 'Thy will, O Father! be done.'"

He was separated from his wife and family, but he said he felt near to them; and when he left them he had taken leave as never to return. When informed of his approaching death, he said:—"The trial is made easier than I could have thought, my will being wholly taken away." In the night a young woman having given him something to drink, he said:—"My child, thou seemest very kind to me, a poor creature; the Lord will reward thee for it." After awhile he cried out with great earnestness of spirit—"Oh, my Father! oh, my Father!" And, again—"Oh, my Father, how comfortable Thou art to my soul at this trying season!" He was asked if he would take a little nourishment. After some pause he said:—"My child, I cannot tell what to say

to it; I seem nearly arrived where my soul shall have rest from all its troubles." After having given something to be inserted in his journal, he said:—"I believe the Lord will now excuse me from all exercises of this kind; and I see no work but one, which is to be the last wrought by me in this world; the messenger will come that will release me from all these troubles, but it must be the Lord's time which I am waiting for." Several times he expressed his faith and hope in Christ, and his entire dependence on him. He said he had had some painful conflicts, but now they appeared over. "I look now," said he, "in the face of my dear Redeemer." The last words he was unable to speak, but wrote:—"I believe my being here is in the wisdom of Christ, I know not as to life or death." At a quarter before six in the morning he fell into an easy sleep, which continued for half-an-hour, then seeming to awake, he breathed a few times, and expired without sigh, groan, or struggle.

Such was the life of John Woolman, who came to this country to do his Lord's work and to die. His life needs no commentatorial criticism; it was so simple that it describes itself. His life finally illustrates the words of our Lord—"If any man serve me let him follow me; and where I am there also shall my servant be; if any man serve me him will my father honour."

II.

AFRICA, AND THE GORILLA COUNTRY.*

AFRICA is still without doubt what it has ever been, a region of barbaric mystery; the tales of travellers still read like the wild stories of Arabian enchantment. Every traveller brings something to stir the imagination; man is beheld there beneath strange

* I. Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa, with Explorations from Khartoum on the White Nile to the Regions of the Equator; being Sketches from Sixteen Years' Travel. By John Petherick, F.R.G.S., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the Soudan. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1861.

II. Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa, with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. London: John Murray.

III. The Africans at Home; being a Popular Description of Africa and the Africans. Condensed from the Accounts of African Travellers, from the time of Mungo Park to the present day. By the Rev. R. M. Macbrair, M.A., Author of the Mandingo and Foola Grammars, &c. Longman, Green & Co.

lights—in forms of society altogether uncouth and peculiar. Nowhere else do we meet with animals of such strange form and magnitude. There are unmeasurable regions—wild and uncivilized grandeur—impassable deserts of sand overwhelming those who attempt to penetrate them—inaccessible forest glooms, which draw round the whole continent an awful circle of mystery, and keep the imagination ever on the stretch, creating unrealized wonders, and through which wander races—nomadic hordes—children of the desert; or resting there in their village kraals, from whence they issue forth to rouse the lion or the tiger from their den, or track the elephant to his brake, or the hippopotamus to his watery jungle. There, amidst the mangrove swamps, lies the crocodile, like a log on the waters. There, the serpent tribe, mightiest in bulk and strength, abound. The most malignant forces of nature in the atmospheric, vegetable, animal, and reptile world, expand themselves there, almost sanctioning the belief that the whole continent is beneath the baleful influence of some especial curse, and yet there are other tracks—solitudes, which look like happy valleys. All is not unrelieved; there are regions of surpassing beauty in the seclusion of the mountains—there lurk scenes at once of pastoral loveliness and natural magnificence; yet even there despotic princes wield the baton of their petty tyranny over peoples whose names we never heard, and whose existence was altogether unknown to the map—spend there their little day, decorated with ivory and gold, with pearls and ornaments, or with feathers and shells, and war paint, as we might hang the tinsel, or the gewgaw, on a Maypole, or a harlequin. Here in the pages of Mr. Petherick, we find such a picture of the Abba Islands, on the White Nile, in which we have in pleasant union the terror and the beauty which are never far apart in Africa:—

“A few miles beyond are a group of most beautifully wooded islands, some of which have been partially cleared by a few enterprising Egyptian fellahs, and produced most excellent wheat, cotton, melons, and vegetables. One of those adventurous fellows but recently, whilst working at his “shadoof” (a lever for raising water), had been watched by a crocodile, which suddenly darted at him from out the river, allowing him barely time to jump into the excavation in the embankment formed for the working of his lever. Singing out lustily for help, he was followed by the open-jawed reptile, the onslaught of which was so furious that it jammed its shoulders so effectually between the sides of the pit—partially open towards the river-side—that, notwithstanding all its efforts, it could neither advance to seize its prey nor retire. The position of the man, as he forced himself to the utmost limits of his small prison, roaring for assistance, and invoking the Prophet and saints, may be imagined;

whilst the fearfully-armed mouth of his enemy, threatening instant death, was extended within a span of his chest. His cries were unheard; but his comrades, attracted at length by the interruption of the water, came to his assistance, and, spearing with a lance the helpless reptile, the fellah was released."

"We were now proceeding beyond the confines of the Egyptian government, and leaving every trace of civilization behind us. The banks on either side of the broad stream were clothed with thick bush, containing stately sont-trees. They were primitive forests, which doubtless had never been disturbed; but now their timber was sought by the Khartoum boat-builders, and huge trunks lay prostrate, possessed for the felling. The occupants of these imposing wilds were herds of antelopes and gazelles; and in the morning a veteran lion, or a female with her cubs, on our approach, would slink from the confines of the stream into the underwood. Small blue monkeys bounded from tree to tree, and now and then raced playfully along the open beach. The stream was wide, and the lowness of its banks admitted the floods far into the interior of the bush. No trace of man was visible.

"Farther on, we passed through the broad channels of a maze of the most beautifully-wooded islands that I had ever beheld. Mimosa and heglig were the predominant trees; the magnificence and beauty of their rich foliages I cannot describe. Flocks of wild fowl, from the teal to the large black goose, afforded excellent sport as they flew past the boat; and as they fell into the stream, notwithstanding the presence of swarms of crocodiles, the sailors vied with each other in plunging headlong into the water after them. On one only of these beautiful islands were a few temporary huts of some Shillook fishermen, who retired on our approach.

"After several hours' sailing amidst the lovely intricacies of the Abba Islands, the wide open stream again appeared in all its grandeur. Wider, still wider, became its waters, as, under the influence of a strong north wind, we neared the Machada, or ford, Aboo Zact, where it cannot be less than a mile and a-half across. Its waters, however, though still swollen, were shallow, and a low calcareous reef, over which we crossed, proved an impediment to our boat, on which it frequently stuck. The strong backs of our sailors, however, helped us over the difficulties, although at the cost of cut feet on the sharp edges of the reef. The sides of the stream were slightly wooded, but the interior was open and sandy, though well covered with herbage. A group of bleak primitive mountains, some fifty miles distant—Jebel Kourm, inhabited by a mixed Arab and negro population—was plainly visible to westwards; and a solitary, equally naked, mountain, but nearer the stream, on its right."

In Africa was the mythical residence of Prester John, whose existence turned the heads of writers crazy in the middle ages; there were the fabled glories of the Ghana, that wonderful palace of the great king—"a mass of native gold neither cast nor wrought by

any instrument, but formed by Divine Providence alone, forming the royal throne," while tamed elephants and cameleopards swelled the pomp of the royal equipage. These wild tales the children of Africa themselves do not seem slow either to believe or invent. In Mr. Petherick's intercourse with the tribes, he tells us :—

"An old negro, stated to have been a great traveller, was sent for, and told me that with a great deal of address he had, as a trader, penetrated the territories of a great number of tribes lying south. The first of these, at the distance of some months' travel, he found to be men like themselves, but exceedingly savage in their dispositions, and who, like myself, could kill people at great distances ; but, unlike the iron I had attached to a piece of wood, their arms were bows and arrows, it being impossible to extricate the latter when once inserted. Further on, the people were possessed of four eyes—two in front and two behind—and consequently they could walk backwards as well as forwards. The tribe adjoining them frightened him out of his wits: their eyes, instead of being in their heads, were placed under their arm-pits, so that when they wished to see, it was necessary to raise the arm. Feeling uncomfortable amongst them, he proceeded still farther south. He found there people with faces similar to monkeys, and tails a yard long. And the last tribe he visited, after years of travel, were dwarfs, whose ears reached to the ground, and were so wide, that when they lay down, one served as a mattress, and the other for a covering. He wound up by impressing upon me the danger of proceeding amongst such barbarous hordes."

Africa, said a great geographer, obstructs the highway of the civilized nations across the ocean. If Africa could cease to exist, the world, it seems, would be all the better, and therefore wiser men have set themselves to the inquiry, how they could make her best serve the interests of the world? We have had during the last several years many works upon the varied regions of the continent, and all of widely-varying interest, from different sources. The two first works we have placed at the head of this article, starting from opposite quarters, meet each other. Mr. Petherick entered the service of Mehemet Ali in 1845, as mining engineer, and he thus for a number of years had the most abundant opportunities of acquainting himself with the scenery of the regions he describes, and the ways and manners of the people of the desert; he would seem to be a tough specimen by some of his personal delineations of himself. Thus we have this pleasant little episode :—

"After coffee and a pipe, I retired early to my tent, with the prospect of a good night's rest. A guard of eight men had been placed in the vicinity of the tents, with orders to relieve each other,

four to be on duty at a time. I was soon in my camp-bed ; but found my guards, with the laudable object of keeping awake, indulging in such boisterous merriment as to scare sleep from me. I made ineffectual remonstrances ; and at last, in a fit of desperation, bounded out of bed. Thrusting my feet into slippers, the only addition to my *costume de nuit*, I darted at my persecutors, determined to try the efficacy of an English fist. Seeing me, they bolted ; and, giving chase at the top of my speed, I soon came up, when, planting an emphatic right-hander on the temple of the man nearest me, I knocked him over ; and, returning to my tent, I need not say that I experienced no further disturbance."

The following response made by Mr. Petherick to the reception given him by a great chief, also shows his fine instincts in the way of politeness :—

" On approaching the boat, the crowd made way for the chief ; and, on the first invitation, he fearlessly sprang on board, accompanied by three of his attendants. Inviting him into the cabin, and seating myself on a couch, I beckoned to him and his attendants to sit down on the floor. The sight of our fire-arms and hunting-knives (the only cabin decorations) excited his attention, and, looking meaningly at his men, he rose on one knee to salute me. Grasping my right hand, and turning up the palm, he quietly spat into it ; then, looking into my face, he elaborately repeated the process. Staggered at the man's audacity, my first impulse was to knock him down ; but, his features expressing kindness only, I vented my rage by returning the compliment with all possible interest. His delight seemed excessive, and, resuming his seat, he expressed to his companions his convictions that I must be a great chief. Similar salutes followed with each of his attendants, and friendship was established."

And to refer to other aspects of this very entertaining book, what a conception the following incident gives of the awe with which an educated and scientific white man must be surrounded among barbaric tribes :—

" Arriving one evening at a large settlement, we had scarcely installed ourselves in the Sheikh's rakuba, when shrill cries of the women denoted the presence of death. The Sheikh informed us that a valued negress who had reared his children, had been bitten by a serpent at the well ; and so fatal was his venom, that the negress would certainly die. To a request to see her, in order to apply some remedy, he replied that it was quite useless, the poison of the serpent being deadly. Persisting in my desire, I was shown into an inner court, where, extended on the ground, I found a powerfully-constituted woman, past the middle age, in whom life was still apparent. Speechless, she could reply to none of my questions, but her weeping fellow-slaves told me that the reptile had bitten her in the foot. By

the light of a candle, I discovered a few small punctures on the right toe, and, cutting into them with a razor, the blood flowed freely. From a small medicine-chest I produced a phial of salammoniac, with which I saturated the wound I had made; and, mixing a dozen drops in some water, poured it down her throat. Then, bidding her master place her on a couch, and cover her up well, I have left the rest to Providence. Although I had effectually cured poisonous scorpion wounds, never having had a trial on serpent bites, I was by no means certain of success: and while thanking me for my attention, the Sheikh and the village wiseacres were certain death would ensue. My first thought in the morning was of the suffering negress, and to my astonishment they told me she was following her usual occupation of drawing water. It is needless to say that the surprise and gratitude of the Sheikh, and the inmates of the house, were boundless; and although proud of my success, I was glad the departure of our caravan furnished me with an excuse to rid myself of the importunities of a crowd of real or pretended invalids."

Mr. Petherick's book is truly delightful reading. We have seldom met with more pleasing photographs in words of the people of the desert. Geology, as we have seen, was the object of the traveller's wanderings; but general readers will no doubt be much more interested in the truly racy descriptions of the morals and manners of desert life than any very lengthy dissertations upon the mineral and metal world. We have fine glimpses of hospitality and courtesy, like what we read of the days of Abraham; graphic descriptions of the oriental market, and the thronging peoples, with their temporary booths, gathering in the vast plains; girls in true oriental style, with the raised arm and upturned hand, carrying their pitchers or wicker dishes; crowds of pedestrians, and equestrians on donkeys and camels, and crowds of young men and women frequenting the vendors of the gaudily-striped handkerchiefs—white, grey, and blue-dyed cotton Manchester goods, and plain white, red, and bordered plaid scarfs; saddles for all kinds of beasts, cords, bridles, swords, lances, hoes, hatchets, cowrie-shells, needles, brass thimbles, oil, odoriferous herbs, spices, antimony, called "kaul," for tinging the eyelashes; pepper, salt, onions, garlic, tobacco, grain, and a thousand other things forming the objects of trade.

The book is delightful throughout: the gazelle hunting—the ostrich shooting—the rapid passing from village to village among the secluded people of those pleasant regions; so our traveller pursues his way to the deep interior of Central Africa. These travels spread over many years. As they close, he is plainly entering upon that more degraded order of African character everywhere met in the interior. Here is a sketch from Barbaric life:—

“Three of us’ further march over a level country covered with bush brought us to the Wadj Koing, where, however, our reception proved most inhospitable. Taking up our quarters under some splendid tamarind-trees on the confines of the village, we waited three hours for the arrival of the chief, whilst we were surrounded by the population, who, criticising and laughing at us, congratulated themselves upon the rich spoil which had so providentially fallen within their grasp. The chief at length arrived; and, after a long consultation with the elders of his tribe, he at last condescended to approach; seating himself opposite me, and, striking the ground with his club, asked what brought me into his territory? Pointing to the baskets filled with beads, I stated that he might possess himself of them by exchanging tusks of ivory, and the inhabitants of his village might also obtain them by providing my party with provision. Another blow of the club followed, with a peremptory order to quit his territory; that he had no ivory, neither would he allow anything to be supplied to me; and unless we departed immediately, he could not answer for the consequences, as his men, to whom he proudly pointed, were but waiting his withdrawal to fall upon us. I then asked him if he knew whence we came; and, replying in the negative, he said that it must be very far, he never having seen a white man before. In that case I told him that there were many such tribes as his between him and my home, whose hostility we had successfully braved, and that he could not be so infatuated as to believe that his tribe could impede my progress. In the event of his having no ivory, no harm would be done; but if the refusal was persisted in to allow the barter of provisions, I should be obliged to help myself, and his own huts would be the first to be sacked. A change in his features was perceptible; and as he evidently was at a loss what to say, I asked him at what distance he could kill a man with his spear. Pointing to a man about twenty yards distant, he said he could kill him; I then singled out a tree about one hundred and fifty yards distant, and said that I could make sure of killing a man even further than that. He stared like an idiot; and after a while, repeating that he had no ivory, he said that if we paid we might have provisions, but that we could not proceed through his territory. Laughing at his presumption, I desired him to provide the provisions; and by his orders we were soon furnished with milk, grain, beans, and ground-nuts.”

Our readers will be pleased to know that the fire-arms produced the desired effect upon the startled barbarian. This was not the only occasion in which Mr. Petherick compelled his strange hosts to peaceful capitulation when they meant him mischief. The Dinkas are a people through whose villages our traveller passed among those wild latitudes.

“These Dinkas, pastoral in their habits, possess large herds of cattle, and numerous flocks of sheep and goats; the latter, unlike

the Arabs, they do not milk. Their support is chiefly derived from the milk of their cattle and small quantities of grain, and, in the absence of the latter, from the roots, fruits, and gums of the forest. They are great hunters, from whence they derive their supplies of meat, never slaughtering their domestic animals for their own use, only using for food such as have died. Agriculture is despised, and left entirely to the females. They cultivate, in small localities surrounding their huts, maize, millet, cotton, ground-nuts, gourds, yams, and a few vegetables and red pepper. Salt they have none, and when I have offered it to them, disliking its taste, they have invariably repudiated it; in lieu of it they make use of the disgusting practice of washing their milk vessels with the urine of their cattle, with which they frequently perform their ablutions, and bathe their heads. The hair of the men consequently is stained red, whilst the heads of the women, being shaved, are devoid of that ornament; the girls wear exceedingly pretty ornaments in the shape of an iron fringe round the waist, composed of a series of small hollow cones, polished like steel, closely strung on a leathern thong, the centre being about four inches in length, gradually diminishing, until at the back they are but half that size. Relieved by the black skin of the wearers, they have a good effect, and, being highly prized, they descend as heirlooms from mother to daughter, and poor, indeed, is the girl who does not possess one. The upper lip is perforated in the centre. The perforation admits a straw from three to four inches in length, studded with a variety of beads. The short-coats of their sheep are more like hair than wool, and incapable of being spun; but they grow small quantities of cotton to make the thread to string their beads on. Cultivation of grain being so thoroughly neglected, starvation is of no rare occurrence; and frequently whilst shooting in the bush, I have fallen upon skeletons of men and children who have died from want whilst in search of gums or berries to satisfy their hunger."

We must leave this book to which we could most cheerfully have devoted yet more time and space. We believe Mr. Petherick is even now on his way to attempt to solve if possible the greatest question of geographic science. Across that vast blank in the map he purposes to travel, exploring regions hitherto unknown, in the hope that he may reach by them the borders of Zanzibar, and perhaps prove that the great lakes of the interior and the mighty cataracts of Nubia have one origin in a chain of Alpine mountains which appear to traverse it from east to west, in which vast watershed are hidden the secrets of its lakes and rivers.

But while our readers will undoubtedly be charmed by the delightful variety of scenery and incident in the work of Mr. Petherick, and in it they will surely find many delicious pieces of natural beauty, they will turn to the pages of Du Chaillu with

incessant surprise. It is a wonderful tale. Amidst all the marvels of the old travellers of the middle ages, not one had a more wild and adventurous story to narrate.

The statements of Mr. Du Chaillu are so unprecedented and astounding, that he ought not to be surprised that his book has been met by the discourtesy of a heavy fire of sceptical criticism. In this, Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, has taken the lead in the pages of the *Athenæum*—pages which are always open to any Zoilus who can detect the weak side of the man or the book. Indeed, Mr. Du Chaillu has, it must be admitted, not been sufficiently careful in the getting up of his journals. “My objection,” says Mr. Gray, “to the map, is founded on the fact that I cannot find any satisfactory journal or itinerary, or even any compass-bearings in the work.” A good many of the remarks of Dr. Gray are merely the criticisms of a captious and ill-tempered man. Mr. Du Chaillu replies to him:—“This, at least, is certain, that the naturalist who works at home, safely and luxuriously lodged in his museum, has now, through my travels in African forests, the opportunity of acquiring the knowledge of the species. The return which Dr. Gray makes me, reminds me of the ape that grins a malicious snarl at the hand that has just given it a dainty.” Dr. Gray is very hard to please in the tales of travellers; “he considers Dr. Livingstone to be a great humbug.” These African travellers are exposed to this kind of assault; they pierce into a strange, and undescribed, and undiscovered world. When James Bruce spoke of the *lyres* he had seen in Abyssinia, George Selwyn said, “Yes; and there was one less when he left the country;” and, certainly, this story is as wonderful as any told, some centuries since, of “the far Bermoothes.” Here, indeed, we have “the moving accident,” if not by flood, by field. Here, in this traveller’s history, we have—

“Antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven,
It is his hint to speak,
Of the cannibals that do each other eat.”

And the portrait of the gorilla would seem almost to realize the—

“Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

There has been no such tale since the days of the old travellers; the story comes upon us with startling surprise. It is more wild and wonderful. In the laying bare to the eye the ancient monuments of Pompeii, or Nineveh, or the pathless wilds of Yucutan, or Nicaragua, there is nothing so remote and awful as the penetration of our traveller into the gloomy crypts and recesses of

these equatorial forests. This is the story of the darkest places, and the darkest populations of the earth ; and of all the habitations of cruelty, these are the most cruel.

That numerous class of *savans* amongst us whose cosmopolitan science delights in tracing the affinity of the race to which they belong with the interesting and distinguished race of apes, will find in this volume innumerable facts to gratify at once their emotions of curiosity and wonder, and, perhaps, the simiatic tendencies of their nature. Perhaps the volume might not be inappropriately called the Exploration of the Great Ape Country. Mr. Du Chaillu has discovered several new species of the ape tribe, important links in the chain of human progression ; he has thought it worth his while to show, from the testimony of distinguished comparative anatomists, such as Professor Owen, that the evidence of our ancestry from that distinguished tribe is not more nearly established than before. Even in the gorilla, "the formation and setting of the great toe are essentially inhuman, and convert the foot into a grasping hand. It possesses thirteen ribs ; man has but twelve. The brain-case is not larger than an infant's, although the weight of the immense head is seven or eight times as great as that of a human skull." Some of the experiences of Du Chaillu in his discoveries of apes were very singular ; his discovery of the koola kamba, so called from its constant cry of "Koola, koola." Still more interesting was the capture of a little *nshiego mbouré*, in its baby state, with a face "pure white—very white indeed—pallid, but as white as a white child's." His Negro companions chaffed him on this fortunate occasion. "Look, Chelly," said they ; "look at your friend. Every time we kill gorilla you tell us 'Look at your black friend !' Now, you see, look at your white friend." Then comes a roar at what they thought a tremendously-good joke "Look ! he got straight hair, all same as you. See white face of your cousin from the bush ! He is nearer to you than gorilla is to us." Then another roar. "Gorilla no got woolly hair, like we. This one straight hair, like you." "Yes," retorted the writer, "but when he gets old his face is black, and you do not see his nose, how flat it is, like yours ?" Whereat there was a louder laugh than before, for so long as he can laugh the Negro cares little against whom the joke goes. The little ape who was the occasion of this satiric colloquy turned out to be a most docile and engaging specimen. He lived five months, answering to the name of Tommy, and, though clearly instructed in a sense of right and wrong, grew, nevertheless, to be a determined thief. He would watch till he thought Du Chaillu was asleep, and then proceed to ransack the hut ; and if Du Chaillu stirred he would fly with precipitation, or

affect to have come in to be fondled or caressed. He had clever ways of making known his legitimate wants and some illegitimate ones, which he gratified surreptitiously. He had a decided taste for Scotch ale, and even for brandy, and on one occasion broke a bottle from which he could not get out the cork, and was found in a state of maudlin sentimental intoxication. The *Times* suggests that had a conceited Caucasian skeleton reflected on the fuddled ape in this predicament, the ape might have fairly replied, "Am I not a toper and a brother?"

This same ape is that remarkable discovery of our traveller called also the Nest-building Ape. As the writer was trudging along, rather tired of shooting buffalo, he happened to look up at a high tree he was passing, and saw a most singular looking shelter built in its branches. "I asked Okabi whether the hunters here had this habit of sleeping in the woods, but was told, to my surprise, that this very ingenious nest was built by the *nshiego mbouré*, an ape, as I found afterwards, which I put in the genus *Troglodytes*, and called *Troglodytes calvus*; an animal which had no hair on its head—so Okabi told me." It appears that the male and female gather together in the forest a quantity of leafy branches with which to make a roof, and vines to tie these branches to the tree. The tying is done so neatly, and the roof is so well constructed, that until M. du Chaillu saw the *nshiego* actually occupying his habitation, he could scarce persuade himself that human hands had not built it. It appears that the male alone is the actual builder, while the female brings him the branches and the vines, acting in the inferior capacity of hodman. A shelter is built for each on different trees, and this shelter throws off rain perfectly, being neatly rounded at the top, evidently with this intent. The *nshiego* is not gregarious, but lives retired with his *nshiego* wife. Mr. Du Chaillu afterwards saw nests which were even quite solitary, and were occupied by very old *nshiego mbourés*, whose silvery hair and worn teeth attested their great age. "These seemed hermits who had retired from the *nshiego* world." On the first occasion when the patience of the hunter was rewarded by the appearance of a *nshiego* beneath his little dome of a roof, he was "as pleased a man as the world could well hold." There is a striking representation on page 423 of the *nshiego mbouee* in his shelter, with his manner of ascending and descending.

Here is the first distinct meeting with the Gorilla :—

"Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us

seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

"This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all was right; and then we marched on cautiously.

"The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

"Then the underbush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forest.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark*, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man, half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

“With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, he fell forward on his face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

“My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that they would come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I would myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla.”

But the apes were not the only curiosities of animated nature Du Chaillu discovered. Africa is associated in the memories of all readers from very early times with the ant; but of all ants, the *bashikouay*, now, we believe, for the first time made known to us, is the most terrible. Our traveller says:—

“I was glad to go to sleep early, but was scarce soundly asleep when I was turned out of the house by a furious attack of the *bashikouay* ants. They were already all over me when I jumped up, and I was bitten terribly. I ran out into the street and called for help. The natives came out, and lights were struck, and presently I was relieved. But now we found that the whole village was attacked. The great army was pouring in on us, doubtless excited by the smell of meat in the houses; and my unfortunate antelope had probably brought them to my door. All hands had to turn out to defend ourselves. We built little cordons of fire, which kept them away from places they had not yet entered, and thus protected our persons from their attacks; and towards morning, having eaten everything they could get at, they left us in peace. As was to be expected, I found my antelope destroyed—literally eaten up.

“The vast number, the sudden appearance, the ferocity and voracity, of these frightful animals never cease to astonish me. Last night they poured in literally by millions and billions, and only when many fires were lighted were they forced from that direct and victorious course which they generally hold. Then, however, they retreated in parties, and with the greatest regularity, vast numbers remaining to complete the work of destruction.”

The following description of this true and fearful lord of the forest and of the desert will most likely be new, and must be entertaining, to our readers:—

"This ant, also called *nchounou* by the Mpongwe, is very abundant in the whole region I have travelled over in Africa, and is the most voracious creature I ever met. It is the dread of all living animals from the leopard to the smallest insect.

"I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day, or during a storm.

"When they grow hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate with great speed their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

"They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kill a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleaned of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

"When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a *bashikouay* army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous *leap*. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

"The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in

the path of the *bashikouay* ants as the most cruel way of putting them to death."

Travellers in Africa must expect such little voluntaries as the following:—

"From this elevation—about 5,000 feet above the ocean level—I enjoyed an unobstructed view as far as the eye could reach. The hills we had surmounted the day before lay quietly at our feet, seeming mere molehills. On all sides stretched the immense virgin forests, with here and there the sheen of a watercourse. And far away in the east loomed the blue tops of the farthest range of the Sierra del Crystal, the goal of my desires. The murmur of the rapids below filled my ears. and, as I strained my eyes toward those distant mountains which I hoped to reach, I began to think how this wilderness would look if only the light of Christian civilization could once be fairly introduced among the black children of Africa. I dreamed of forests giving way to plantations of coffee, cotton, and spices; of peaceful negroes going to their contented daily tasks; of farming and manufactures; of churches and schools; and, luckily raising my eyes heavenward at this stage of my thoughts, saw pendent from the branch of a tree beneath which I was sitting an immense serpent, evidently preparing to gobble up this dreaming intruder on his domains.

"My dreams of future civilization vanished in a moment. Luckily my gun lay at hand. I rushed out so to 'stand from under,' and, taking good aim, shot my black friend through the head. He let go his hold, and, after dancing about a little on the ground, lay dead before me. He measured a little over thirteen feet in length, and his fangs proved that he was venomous.

"And now that Christian civilization of which I had mused so pleasantly a few minutes before received another shock. My men cut off the head of the snake, and, dividing the body into proper pieces, roasted it and ate it on the spot; and I—poor, starved, but *civilized* mortal!—stood by, longing for a meal, but unable to stomach this. So much for civilization, which is a very good thing in its way, but has no business in an African forest when food is scarce."

What do our readers think of the following pictures of the burial places of the savages of those regions. Here is an AFRICAN ACELDAMA:—

"During my stay in the village, as I was one day out shooting birds in a grove not far from my house, I saw a procession of slaves coming from one of the barracoons towards the further end of my grove. As they came nearer I saw that two gangs of six slaves each, all chained about the neck, were carrying a burden between them, which I presently knew to be the corpse of another slave.

They bore it to the edge of the grove, about 300 yards from my house, and, there throwing it down on the bare ground, returned to their prison, accompanied by the overseer, who, with his whip, had marched behind them hither.

“ ‘Here, then, is the “burying-ground” of the barracoons,’ I said to myself sadly, thinking, I confess, of the poor fellow who had been dragged away from his home and friends, to die here and be thrown out as food for the vultures, who, even as I stood in thought, began already to darken the air above my head, and were presently heard fighting over the remains.

“The grove, which was, in fact, but an African aceldama, was beautiful to view from my house, and I had often resolved to explore it, or rest in the shade of its dark-foliaged trees. It seemed a ghastly place enough now, as I approached it to see more closely the work of the disgusting vultures. They fled when they saw me, but only a little way, sitting upon the lower branches of the surrounding trees, watching me with eyes askance, as though fearful I would rob them of their prey.

“As I walked towards the corpse I felt something crack under my feet, and, looking down, saw that I was already in the midst of the field of skulls. I had inadvertently stepped into the skeleton of some poor creature who had been thrown here long enough ago for the birds and ants to pick his bones clean, and the rains to bleach them. I think there must have been a thousand such skeletons lying within my sight. The place had been used for many years, and the mortality in the barracoons is sometimes frightful. Here the dead were thrown, and here the vultures found their daily carrion. The grass had just been burned, and the white bones, scattered everywhere, gave the ground a singular, and, when the cause was known, a frightful appearance. Penetrating a little further into the brush, I found several great piles of bones. Here was the place where, when years ago Cape Lopez was one of the great slave-markets on the west coast, and barracoons were more numerous than now, the poor dead were thrown one upon another, till even the mouldering bones remained in high piles, as monuments of the nefarious traffic.

“The free African looks on these places with as much loathing and disgust as the white traveller. To the reader of this there may seem little real difference in condition between the African slave and free, but in reality the difference is quite as great here as it is in other and more civilized slaveholding nations. Even in this rude Cape Lopez country to be born of a slave mother is a disgrace, and debars the unfortunate from much of the respect and authority which his daily companions enjoy, and this though the child so born is in reality free, as it follows the condition of the father. The slave, in Africa, does not speak for himself. If he is in trouble, if there is an ‘adultery palaver,’ a ‘stealing palaver,’ or ‘trading palaver,’ his master must speak for him, and clear him if possible. And as for burial, the funeral of a free Oroungou man is a very ceremonious

affair, and he is laid away on the ground with the utmost care, and in a very specially prepared place. No worse insult could be offered to him than to suppose that his remains would rest in such a spot as this horrible barracoons' burying-ground.

"Indeed, the Oroungou cemetery, where the Cape Lopez people are laid to rest, is a place very well worth a visit."

"And this I went to visit the following morning. It lay about a mile from our camp toward Sangatanga, from which it was distant about half a day's pull in a canoe. It is in a grove of noble trees, many of them of magnificent size and shape. The natives hold this place in great reverence, and refused at first to go with me on my contemplated visit, even desiring that I should not go. I explained to them that I did not go to laugh at their dead, but rather to pay them honour. But it was only by the promise of a large reward that I at last persuaded Niamkala, who was of our party, to accompany me. The negroes visit the place only on funeral errands, and hold it in the greatest awe, conceiving that here the spirits of their ancestors wander about, and that these are not lightly to be disturbed. I am quite sure that treasure to any amount might be kept here exposed in perfect safety.

"The grove stands by the sea-shore. It is entirely cleared of underbrush, and, as the wind sighs through the dense foliage of the trees and whispers in the darkened, somewhat gloomy grove, it is an awful place, even to an unimpressible white man. Niamkala stood in silence by the strand while I entered the domains of the Oroungou dead.

"They are not put below the surface. They lie about beneath the trees in huge wooden coffins, some of which, by their new look, betokened recent arrivals; but by far the greater number were crumbling away. Here was a coffin falling to pieces, and disclosing a grinning skeleton within. On the other side were skeletons already without covers, which lay in dust beside them. Everywhere were bleached bones and mouldering remains. It was curious to see the brass anklets and bracelets in which some Oroungou maiden had been buried still surrounding their whitened bones, and to note the remains of goods which had been laid in the same coffin with some wealthy fellow, now mouldering to dust at his side. In some places there remained only little heaps of shapeless dust, from which some copper, or iron, or ivory ornament gleamed out to prove that here, too, once lay a corpse.

"Passing on to a yet more sombre gloom, I came at last to the grave of old King Pass-all, the brother of his present majesty. The coffin lay on the ground, and was surrounded on every side with great chests which contained the property of his deceased majesty. Among these chests and on the top of them were piled huge earthenware jugs, glasses, mugs, plates, iron pots and bars, brass and copper rings, and other precious things which this old Pass-all had determined to carry at last to the grave with him. And, also, there lay around numerous skeletons of the poor slaves who were,

to the number of one hundred, killed when the king died, that his ebony kingship might not pass into the other world without due attendance.

“It was a grim sight, and one which filled me with a sadder awe than even the disgusting barracoons’ ground.”

But Du Chaillu met with the famous tribes of the Fans—people who dispensed with all the needless formularies of cemetery, or grave-yard, by just eating one another. He met with races of indisputable cannibals; he made the acquaintance of the king of the cannibals. He says:—

“The next morning we moved off for the Fan village, and now I had the opportunity to satisfy myself as to a matter I had cherished some doubt on before, namely, the cannibal practices of these people. I was satisfied but too soon. As we entered the town I perceived some bloody remains which looked to me to be human; but I passed on, still incredulous. Presently we passed a woman who solved all doubt. She bore with her a piece of the thigh of a human body, just as we should go to market and carry thence a roast or steak.”

“While I was talking to the king to-day (9th), some *Fans* brought in a dead body which they had bought in a neighbouring town, and which was now to be divided. I could see that the man had died of some disease. I confess I could not bear to stay for the cutting up of the body, but retreated when all was ready. It made me sick all over. I remained till the infernal scene was about to begin, and then retreated. Afterwards I could hear them from my house growing noisy over the division.

“Eating the bodies of persons who have died of sickness is a form of cannibalism of which I had never heard among any people, so that I determined to inquire if it were indeed a general custom among the Fans, or merely an exceptional freak. They spoke without embarrassment about the whole matter, and I was informed that they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who, in return, buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families in their own tribes, and, besides this, get the bodies of a great many slaves from the Mbichos and Mbondemos, for which they readily give ivory, at the rate of a small tusk for a body.

“Until to-day I never could believe two stories—both well authenticated, but seeming quite impossible to any one unacquainted with this people—which are told of them on the Gaboon. A party of Fans who came down to the sea-shore once actually stole a freshly-buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them; and at another time a party conveyed a body into the woods, cut it up, and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them. The circumstances made a great fuss among the Mpongwe, and even the missionaries heard of it, for it happened at a village not far from the missionary grounds, but I

"I shall never forget the kindness of the women to me while I was sick. Poor souls! they are sadly abused by their taskmasters—are the merest slaves, have to do all the drudgery, and take blows and ill-usage besides; and yet, at the sight of suffering, their hearts soften just as in our own more civilized lands; and here, as there, no sooner did sickness come than these kind people came to nurse and take care of me. They tried to cook nice food for me; they sat by me to fan me; they brought more mats for my bed; brought me water; got me refreshing fruits from the woods; and at night, when I waked up from a feverish dream, I used to hear their voices as they sat around in the darkness, and pitied me, and devised ways for my cure. They thought some *aniemba* (devil) had entered my body, and could not be persuaded that I was not bewitched."

We ought not to omit to mention the frequent delineations of wild forest scenery with which the work abounds:—

"The gloom of the woods was something quite appalling to the spirits. It seemed a fit place for the haunt of some sylvan monster, delighting in silence and the shades of night. I was on the lookout for gorillas; but the natives did not seem to expect to find even many of them here, though they knew the animal.

"These lifeless forests, so different from the teeming woods of Southern Africa, fill the traveller with awe. Dependent in a great degree upon his rifle for his living, the miserable explorer finds himself here in momentary danger of starvation; for of the cumbrous provision of the negroes it is quite impossible to carry an adequate supply. With starvation staring us in the face, we pushed on energetically, and by the evening of the second day had made, by my reckoning, about sixty-five miles from the last Isogo village, in a crooked direction, or a little more than a hundred from Remandji's town.

Sometimes this gloom and grandeur, appears in conjunction with the wierd aspects of negro life:—

"The sun was just setting. In a huge kettle suspended over the fire was boiling a quantity of the juicy buffalo-meat; before us was a great pile of roasted plantains; and so, seating ourselves about the immense fire, for the evening was growing chilly, we took a hearty supper together; I eating off a plate and using a fork—which vestiges of civilization I have always managed to carry along—while the black fellows took fresh leaves for plates, and used the 'black man's fork,' as they call their five fingers.

"After dinner they drank a jug of palm-wine, which had been brought from Ngola; and then, to crown their feast with the greatest delight of all, I went to my box, and, lifting the lid, while the shining black faces peered at me with saucer eyes of expectation, took out a huge head of Kentucky tobacco. This 'brought down the

“ ‘Do you believe there is a God ?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Do you think you will see this God when you die ?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘After death all is done,’ is a proverb always in their mouths. The fear of spirits of the departed seems an instinctive feeling for which they do not attempt to account to themselves, and about which they have formed no theory. They believe the spirit is near and about them ; that it requires food and property ; that it can, and sometimes does, harm them. They think of it as a vindictive thing, to be feared and to be conciliated. But as the memory of the departed grows dim, so does this fear of his spirit vanish. Ask a negro about the spirit of his brother who died yesterday, and he is full of terror ; ask him about the spirit of those who died long ago, and he will tell you carelessly, ‘it is done ;’ that is to say, it has no existence.”

And the following, again, how it unites superstition, and idolatry, and unnatural cruelty :—

“ Many things contribute to this roving tendency, but first of all is their great fear of death. They dread to see a dead person. Their sick, unless they have good and near friends, are often driven out of the village to die in loneliness in the forest. I have twice seen old men thus driven out, nor could I persuade any one to give shelter or comfort to these friendless wretches. Once an old man, poor and naked, lean as death himself, and barely able to walk, hobbled into a Bakalai village where I was staying. Seeing me, the poor old fellow came to beg some tobacco—their most cherished solace. I asked him where he was going.’

“ ‘I don’t know.’

“ ‘Where are you from ?’

“ He mentioned a village a few miles off.

“ ‘Have you no friends there ?’

“ ‘None.’

“ ‘No son, no daughter, no brother, no sister ?’

“ ‘None.’

“ ‘You are sick ?’

“ ‘They drove me away for that.’

“ ‘What will you do ?’

“ ‘Die.’

“ A few women came up to him and gave him water and a little food. But the men saw death in his eyes. They drove him away. He went sadly, as though knowing and submitting to his fate. A few days after, his poor lean body was found in the wood. His troubles were ended.”

That testimony so beautiful and honourable to woman’s nature borne by Park and Layard, is also borne by Du Chaillu :—

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house,' so to speak ; there was a wild hurrah of joy as I distributed a good portion to each, and in a few minutes all were lying about the fire smoking, with that peculiar air of utter content into which the African falls so readily at the slightest opportunity of fire and tobacco-smoke. Then ensued wild stories of hunting adventures, of witchcraft, and evil spirits, well fitting the rude picturesque surroundings ; and they lay there talking and talking, till at last I was obliged to remind them that it was one o'clock, and time to feel sleepy.

"The negroes have a particular delight in lying around a comfortable fire at night and telling stories, and I have often found them thus engaged late at night when entering a village."

Or with the dangers incident to the scenery :—

"While exploring the cavern I thought several times I heard a trickling which seemed almost like the noise of rain ; in fact, when we got out I was surprised to find not a cloud in the sky. Turning for an explanation to Alapay, he led me along a path which evidently led to the trickling, which soon grew in our ears to the sound of rushing waters. Presently we came to the edge of a steep declivity, and here I saw before and around me a most charming landscape, the centre of which was a most beautiful waterfall. A stream which meandered along the slope of the plateau, and which had until now escaped us, had here made its way through a vast granite block which barred its course, and, rushing through the narrow round hole in this block, fell in one silvery cascade for fifty feet down to the lower level. Clear, sparkling, and pure as water could be, it rushed down to its pebbly bed—a sight so charming to my eyes, long wearied of the monotony of the interior forests, that I sat for some time and literally 'feasted my eyes' upon it.

"Then came an attempt to have a view from the bottom. After some difficult climbing we got to the bottom, and, looking up, beheld, under the fall, a hole in the perpendicular face of the rock, which formed evidently the mouth of a cavern.

"I determined to enter this. We lit some torches. I took my revolver and gun, and, accompanied by two men, made good my entrance without getting wet. Once inside, where probably man had never before stood, we excited the astonishment of vast numbers of huge vampire bats, which fluttered around our lights, threatening each moment to leave us in darkness, while the motion of their wings filled the cavern with a kind of dull thunderous roar.

"When we had advanced about one hundred yards from the mouth, we came to a stream or puddle of water extending entirely across the floor and barring our way. My men, who had gone thus far under protest, now desired to return, and urged me not to go into the water or beyond, because all sorts of wild beasts and snakes were sure to be lying in wait for us. At the word snakes I hesitated, for I confess to a great dread of serpents in the dark or in confined places, where a snake is likely to get the advantage of a man.

"Peering into the darkness beyond, I thought I saw two bright sparks or coals of eyes gleaming savagely at us. Without thinking of the consequences, I levelled my gun at the shining objects and fired. The report for a moment deafened us. Then came a redoubled rush of the great hideous bats; it seemed to me as though millions on millions of these animals were suddenly launched out on us from all parts of the surrounding gloom; our torches were extinguished in an instant, and, panic-struck, we all made for the cavern's mouth—I with visions of enraged snakes springing after and trying to catch up with me. We were all glad enough to reach daylight once more, and I think my men could not have been persuaded to try the darkness again.

"The scene outside was as charming as that within was hideous. I stood long looking at one of the most beautiful landscapes I saw in Africa. Before me, the little stream, whose fall over the cliff behind me filled the whole forest with a gentle roar, ran on between steep banks which sometimes seemed almost to meet and hide it. Away down the valley we could see its course, traced like a silver line over the plain, finally losing itself to our sight in a denser part of the forest. The valley itself was a pleasant wooded plain, which it seemed the hand of man had not yet disturbed, and whence the song of birds and the chatter of monkeys, and hum of insects, came up to us in a confusion of sounds very pleasant to the ear.

"We could not loiter long over this scene, however. I was anxious to get to the sea-shore, and we set off again to make as good progress before dark as possible. The forest abounded in vines, which were every moment getting in our way, and briars, which were even worse, so that travelling in the dark, if we had to do it, was likely to be very unpleasant. The whole of this country abounds in little rivulets and streams, which take their rise in these first hills which we were crossing this afternoon and run down towards the sea-shore, some losing themselves ere getting there, and others emptying their tiny loads of fresh water into the great Atlantic.

"I suppose the elephants like plenty of water; we found ourselves almost continually crossing or following elephants' tracks. Indeed, my men walked very cautiously, expecting every moment to find ourselves face to face with a herd. But they are very shy in this part of the country, being much chased for the ivory; and keep a good watch for their enemy—man.

"At last the country became quite flat, the elephant-tracks ceased, and presently, as we neared a stream, we came to a mangrove-swamp. It was almost like seeing an old friend, or an old enemy, for the reminiscences of mosquitoes, tedious navigation, and malaria, which the mangrove-tree brought up in my mind, were by no means pleasant. From a mangrove-tree to a mangrove-swamp is but a step. They never stand alone."

The volume of Mr. Macbrair, "The Africans at Home," which

we have also placed at the head of this article is a very entertaining *résumé* of the whole story of African discovery; it is fertile in illustrations, and very good ones. The story is told, too, not by a mere bookmaker, although it is a compilation. Mr. Macbrair has been himself a missionary to Africa, and is the author of two African grammars—the Mandingo and the Foola. The reader who cannot for himself travel through the three thousand pages of Dr. Barth, or the lengthy navigations of Burton and Livingstone, and Krapff, not to mention older travellers—Park and Clapperton—will find in this book much instruction, conveyed in a most lively and entertaining descriptive style. It must be a delightful book for the boys, but by saying this we by no means imply that older readers will not receive pleasure and instruction from it. Mr. Macbrair is acquainted by his own knowledge with the most distinctive features of African scenery and society, and he has put himself in possession of all the numerous facts which modern research and adventure have brought before the reading world, but which few readers, unless possessed of much time, can traverse for themselves.

III.

TWO VOLUMES OF POETRY.*

AMIDST the many volumes of Poetry which come to our hands, we are thankful for some. And we are thankful for these; they differ very much, but they are both volumes of Poems—both of a very gentle and unpretensive character. The author of the “Patience of Hope” is already well known and loved by a few, and those who quietly read these Poems will love and admire. The influence of Mrs. Browning is perceptible, as in the following, called—

POETS.

“ One spake to a Poet, ‘ And whence hast thou won
The key to the melodies vagrant that run
And throb along Nature’s strong pulse, like a strain
That haunts us by snatches, yet doth not attain,

* I. Poems, by the author of the *Patience of Hope*. Alexander Strahan and Co., Edinburgh.

II. *Heart Echoes from the East; or, Sacred Lyrics and Sonnets*. By Mary E. Leslie, Calcutta. James Nisbet and Co.

Save in thee, to completeness:
 The wind-song, the bird-song, the song of the leaves,
 The heart-song which breathes through them all, and receives
 E'en in giving them sweetness?'

"Then he answered, 'From God, who to each at His will
 From His fulness gives somewhat the yearning to still
 Of the soul, that as yet He designs not to fill;
 For He would not that any should tax him and say,
 "Thou gavest me nought as I went by the way
 To joy in and bless Thee.'"

"And His gifts are *all* blessed; He giveth to some
 Rich boons; they are happy, and so they are dumb,—
 There was Silence in Heaven;
 And the strength and the loving, to gaze on each thing
 That they have not with joy in its beauty, and sing,
 To some He hath given.

"These sit in their gladness, all robed and all crowned,
 As guests at Life's banquet, while swift circles around
 Life's rosy joy-bringer;
 But a banquet needs music, so *these* in the cold
 Stand singing without; though his harp be of gold,
 Wilt thou envy the singer?

"For one (was it *one* then?) went forth from the crowd,
 A warrior, chosen, and faithful, and vowed;
 Sore-wounded, they found him
 With a bright-blazoned banner wrapt round him, and prest
 To his bosom, to stanch its deep heart-hurt; none guessed
 That his life-blood welled over it darkly, so proud
 Was the purple that bound him.

"Ye sit by the hearth in the cold, bright spring weather
 At evening, and hear the birds chiming together;
 And ye say, 'Happy singers!' forgetting the trees
 Are leafless, and keen winds hold back o'er the seas
 The swallow, blithe comer;
 Yet Summer is coming for us as for these,—
 A long Summer."

And the same influence may be seen in the following pictured couplets with their spiritual refrain:—

"So spake she fervent: 'I have learned by knocking at Heaven's gate
 The meaning of one golden word that shines above it, "WAIT!"
 For with the Master whom to serve is not to ride or run,
 But only to abide His Will, 'WELL WAITED IS WELL DONE.'"

* * * *

"'Oh come unto thy place at last!' and to his heart, smit through
 With love and anguish, Guilbert then the dying woman drew;
 Two human hearts that Life had held apart with severance keen,
 Together met and mingled fast with only Death between.
 At length she raised a calm, glad face, and looking upward drew
 A long, deep, blissful breath—again—again—for now she knew
 The token,—it was Pain and Life together that withdrew.
 The sun brake solemn. "There," she spake, "I see the golden gate,
 But not the word that shone for me so long above it—'WAIT!'"

Indeed, now that love and admiration for Mrs. Browning have done so much, and we shall seldom reprove for loving and admiring too much where she is the object, we would entreat our author to go on her own way, and walk entirely alone. She will do far greater things than these; they are, many of them, very beautiful—and even more hopeful than beautiful. Our author is happy in drawing analogies and teachings from simple and, perhaps, unexpected suggestions; thus, the following lines are part of a poem suggested by the text, “The heart is a clock that gives warning before its hour strikes.”

“ Before they met they loved ;
 Their souls fore-felt each other : passing through
 This life's dim treasure-caverns, on them grew
 A whisper, clearer as they onwards moved ;
 ‘ There is a Sesame that opens to
 Yet richer chambers,’ so like Him who drew
 The perfect circle of our globe, and proved
 That waiting for him on its margin (*where*
 He knew not yet).”

“ So when they met they loved ;
 They took not counsel of the Eye or Ear ;
 These are but erring vassals, and the clear
 Soul-region in its rarer atmosphere
 Needs not their failing witness.”

“ They parted, yet they love ;
 And shall these spirits in an air serene,
 Where nought can shadow, nought can come between,
 Meet once again, and to the other grow
 More close and sure than could have been below ?
 Or will that State, that blissful Commonweal,
 Leave, each of all possessing, room to feel
 For other bliss than merges in the flow
 Of Love's great ocean, whence these drops did steal
 To Earth of old, and wandered to and fro ?
 —I know not of this now, but I shall know.”

We have been pleased with the Poems of Miss Greenwell, but those by Mary Leslie, while perhaps not evidencing so high a faculty of poetry, sink deeper—strike chords even more sacred, deal less in generalities, and more in the profound and touching spiritualities of devotional experience. Many of them have much of the quaintness of George Herbert—here, for instance :—

“ I AM THE VINE, YE ARE THE BRANCHES.”

“ Thou art the living Vine, the branches we ;
 O make Thou me
 One of those branches, for I ever pine
 So to be Thine
 As is the branch unto the living vine.

"I long to lose my life in Thine,—to say
 On every day,
 'I live;' yet straight thereafter quickly add,
 'Not I, the sad,
 But Jesus lives in me, and makes me glad.'

"I envy Paul what time he softly said
 Of the once Dead,
 'We bear about His dying marks: His life
 Throughout earth's strife,
 Is manifested in us, full and rife.'

"O thus to have Thy life in mine out-shown,
 Thy very own,
 That men may only say of me, 'This is
 His strength; and this
His wisdom; and this joy again *His* bliss;

"This sympathy is *His*; *He* ever lives,
 And ever gives,
 Day after day, the hidden life which we
 Outwardly see,
 From *His* own boundless, glorious treasury.

"This comfort from *His* fount of comfort flows,
 'Tis *He* bestows
 This peace, so very calm and shadowless;
 His righteousness
 Enfoldeth as a snow-white, shining dress.'

"O Saviour, make me one with Thee; I bear
 In mind Thy prayer,
 And bring it to Thee thus: In that dark night
 Of sorrow's might,
 Didst Thou not ask for me this deep delight?

"Grant, therefore, this blest oneness; let me feel,
 As now I kneel,
 I have no life whereof to say, 'tis mine,
 But only Thine,
 I but the branch, and Thou the living Vine!"

Indeed, most of the verses speak of the inspiration of Bemerton.

"HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM."

"'My servants there shall serve me!' O word sweeter
 Than, 'There shall be no death!' far, far completer
 Than 'Past is sighing!'
 Teach me, O God, while here I have my dwelling,
 The alphabet of service, and the spelling,
 And key-note of the anthem ever swelling
 From lips undying."

"HE IS RISEN!"

"Harp and psaltery awake
 Joyously ;
 Cymbal loud the silence break,—
 ' *Ἠγέρθη* !

"Glorious angel tidings run
 Speedily :
 With the early rising sun
 ' *Ἠγέρθη* !

"Nought the seal, the watchers nought,
 Gloriously ;
 Far exceeding mortal thought
 ' *Ἠγέρθη* !

"Death ! upon thy realm, this morn,
 Tremblingly
 Lookest thou, with look forlorn,—
 ' *Ἠγέρθη* !

"Grave ! the stone is rolled away—
 He is free !
 Thou hast lost thy noblest prey,—
 ' *Ἠγέρθη* !

"Earth ! the terror now is o'er ;
 Man can see
 Through the grave the starry floor,—
 ' *Ἠγέρθη* !

"Let once more the cymbals ring
 Gladsomely,
 Organs loud their thunders fling,—
 ' *Ἠγέρθη* !

"Join we in the angel strain
 Heartily ;
 Sending round the glad refrain,—
 ' *Ἠγέρθη* !

"JESUS SAID, CHILDREN, HAVE YE ANY MEAT?"

"I heard my Saviour say the other morn,
 ' Child, hast thou any meat ? '
 I answered, ' No,' for I had toiled forlorn
 Yet found no food to eat.

"He stood before me in the twilight dim
 So that I scarce could see,
 Yet by His voice and care, I knowing Him,
 My heart leaped joyously.

"He bade me cast my needy, empty net
 Down on another side ;
 The waves were rich, my table forth was set,
 And I was satisfied.

" Since then I fish not blindly, but first turn
 Unto the nearer brink,
 My Master hearing my thought to Him yearn
 Gives more than I can think.

" My Master, Saviour, Guardian, Friend, and more
 Than any earth-names tell,
 For ever let me see Thee on yon shore,
 Till there with Thee I dwell: "

There seems to us true pathos in the following lines :—

" Go thou in peace : our eyes grow dim,
 Impulsively we lean,
To keep aside the seraphim,
 Who crowding come between.

" Yet go in peace : we striving, still
 The bitter rising cry,
Depart thou first to rest ; we will
Be with thee by-and-by."

We believe many of our readers will thank the writer for " The Gathering Home," and with this we must close our notice :—

" THE GATHERING HOME."

" They are gathering homeward from every land
 One by one,
 As their weary feet touch the shining strand
 One by one,
 Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,
 Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
 And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,
 Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
 One by one.

" Before they rest they pass through the strife
 One by one,
 Through the waters of death they enter life
 One by one,
 To some are the floods of the river still
 As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill.
 To others the waves run fiercely and wild,
 Yet all reach the home of the Undeiled
 One by one.

" We too shall come to that river side
 One by one,
 We are nearer its waters each eventide
 One by one,
 We can hear the noise and dash of the stream
 Now and again through our life's deep dream,
 Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow,
 Sometimes in ripples the small waves go
 One by one.

" Jesus ! Redeemer ! we look to Thee
 One by one,
 We lift up our voices tremblingly
 One by one,
 The waves of the river are dark and cold,
 We know not the spots where our feet may hold ;
 'Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,
 Strengthen us, send us the staff and the light,
 One by one.

" Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread
 One by one,
 (On Thee let us lean each drooping head
 One by one,
 Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
 We shall cast all our fears and cares to the wind,
 Saviour ! Redeemer ! with Thee full in view,
 Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
 One by one."

IV.

A CHURCH FOR CHILDREN.*

WE quite believe it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the subject of this admirable volume, of which we are glad to see a reprint in this country. Whatever may be the points of debate or dispute suggested by some minor teachings of the book, there can be no doubt of the overwhelming importance of the principal doctrine of it, namely, that in a true Church state there will be great attention paid to children. The prophet Zechariah, speaking of the most glorious days of the Church, has said that in that day "the streets of the city of Jerusalem shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." The Church is entitled to entertain its highest hopes, founded on human action, from the development of the family principle in its members, and from the power that families have to transmit character ; or, to speak, perhaps, not only more guardedly, but more truly, to become the channels for the Divine influence. God has constituted us so that our character clothes us like a robe ; it flows over us, and it flows from us. Dr. Bushnell insists very strenuously on the organic connection between the child and the parents, as heads of the

* Christian Nurture. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster-row.

family, and indeed this transmission of character is set forth in Scripture, and is illustrated everywhere; thus we find the prophet saying,—“The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger.” Thus, in the idolatrous family worship, family transactions implicate ordinarily the whole circle of the house—young and old, male and female, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters—in all the larger divisions of the human family this truth is brought out with terrible distinctness. whatever working there is in the house, all work together: if the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead the cakes, the children will gather the wood, and the idol worship will set the whole house in action—the children are touched by, and animated by, the family character—whatever fire the fathers kindle, the children are always gathering the wood—always helping as accessories and apprentices. If the father reads the newspaper, or the sporting gazette on the Sabbath, the family must help him to read it. If the father writes a letter of business on the Sunday, even if it is not posted, the child must know and see it. If the mother is a scandal-monger, her children will be spies and eavesdroppers. If the servant is directed to say, “not at home,” the child will hear it. If the mother desires to excel in finery and fashion, her children will grow up in the spirit of it. If the house is a region of disorder, they grow up in it—fretfulness and ill-temper in the parents, are provocations, and produce a house of petulance and ill-nature. Children fall into their places naturally enough. Notice the education of character in the Society of Friends. Character is there surely transmitted—we mean among those who are Friends indeed: or—to take an illustration better still—if the reader enters a Moravian settlement—Fulneck—or, by what we have read, any other, it will at once be seen how the Church holds within its arms and influence, the children. It is so, for evil and for good, qualities are transmitted. The Jew, once a powerful and mighty person, crushed and persecuted, has become what we see him this day in all our large cities, while the Moravian Brethren, on the contrary, give the most ripe and graceful exhibition of piety among all the bodies of Christians perhaps on the face of the earth. These, and many other such illustrations, prove the responsibility of the Church, and the responsibility of the family. “The child,” says Dr. Bushnell, to whom we are indebted for the current of this remark and thought—“the child lies within the moral agency of the parent, and passes out by degrees through a course of mixed agency to a proper independence and self-possession.” It is most true that all society is mysteriously organic—Church, State,

School, Family. It is not only not good for man to be alone ; it is not possible that he should be. A pure, separate, individual man, living wholly within and from himself, is a mere fiction ; no such person ever did, or ever can, exist ; but this is wonderfully and especially true of the parent. "It is not intended," says Dr. Bushnell, "to assert that any power in the parent can renew the nature of the child by any agency less immediate than that by which he himself is renewed, but, as Paul said, 'I have begotten you through the Gospel,' so may the parent say who, having a living gospel enveloped in his life, brings it into connection with the soul of childhood."

In the invaluable little book now before us there is much with reference to family government and family education most desirable to be inculcated, but especially we give prominence to those remarks which bear upon the training of childhood ; referring to the text we quoted above, we believe it has been one of the sad circumstances and signs of Church relationship, that children do *not play* in the streets of Jerusalem. We have often said there is nothing more easy, and simple, and beautiful, than true play ; it is representative of the state of enjoyment and peace of heart, and ease, and happiness. We have sadly degraded religion in the estimation of children ; we have made it synonymous with all that is monotonous and wearying ; and should it be so—should it be regarded as a penalty that has to be paid, or as a fountain of joy—of quiet joy ? True, there may be many things in religion the child can scarcely enjoy ; but there ought to be a place in religion, and in religious ordinances, too, for a child. Dr. Bushnell says,—“It would be very singular if Christ Jesus, in a scheme of mercy for the world, had found no place for infants and little children ; more singular still, if he had given them the place of adults ; and worse than singular if he had appointed them to years of sin as the necessary preparation for his mercy.” And therefore Dr. Bushnell pleads for an ordinance which may possibly be startling to many of our readers, namely, the Church membership of children. He applies to modern Church government the words of the prophet's Lamentations,—“The daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness ;” as she deposits her eggs in the sand, to be quickened by the heat of the sun, so Christian people leave their children thus, and are then surprised that nature's sun has quickened into existence only nature's child. Is there a place for children in the Church, or is it true there is a place in the Church for publicans and harlots, and none for them ? The law recognizes the citizenship of the child ; is it true that the Church does not ? It is thus one of the sad signs and

circumstances of Church organization that we do not wish to provide for children in our churches.

“The poor child still is virtually counted or assumed to be an alien, required to be converted in just the same fashion as all heathens are, and to show the fact by the same kind of evidences. The little, saintly daughter, for example, of a venerable Presbyterian minister, aching for a place at the Lord’s table, goes to her father, after being several times postponed by him and by the session, asking, ‘Father, when shall I be old enough to be a Christian?’ He and his session, alas! did not believe that of such is the kingdom of heaven. Had the dear child gone to Jesus, she would most certainly have gotten a different answer.”

It is a sad anecdote—a little lamb bleating in the frosty air outside, “When will I be old enough to be taken into the fold?” and it would be a pretty answer for the pretty little bleater, that it was kept outside till it was seen whether it could stand the weather. Such a state of things justifies old Cotton Mather’s satiric description of a Church—“a few old Christians keeping one another warm while they live, and carrying away the Church with them when they die.” Dr. Bushnell says:—

“First of all, that, if there is really no place in the Church of God for infant children, then it must be said, and formally maintained, that there is none. And what could be worse in its effect on a child’s feeling than to find himself repelled from the brotherhood of God’s elect in that manner? What can the hapless creature think, either of himself or of God, when he is told that he is not old enough to be a Christian, or be owned by the Saviour as a disciple?”

“Again, it would be most remarkable if Christianity, organizing a fold of grace and love, in the world and for it, had yet no place in the fold for children. It spreads its arms to say, ‘For God so loved the world,’ and even declares that publicans and harlots shall flock in before the capitious priests and princes of the day; and yet it has no place, we are told, for children—children are out of the category of grace! Jesus himself was a child, and went through all the phases and conditions of childhood, not to show anything by that fact, as the Christian Fathers fondly supposed; he said too, ‘Suffer little children,’ but this was only his human feeling; he had no official relationship to such, and no particular grace for them! They are all outside the salvation-fold, hardening there in the storm, till their choosing, refusing, desiring, sinning power is sufficiently unfolded to have a place assigned them within! Is this Christianity? Is it a preparation so clumsy, so little human, so imperfectly graduated to man as he is, that it has no place for a full sixth part of the human race; a part also to which the other five-sixths are bound in

the dearest ties of love and care, and all but compulsory expectation? It would seem that any Christian heart meeting Christianity at this point, and surveying it with only a little natural feeling, would even be oppressed by the sense of some strange defect in it as a grace for the world. In this view it gives to little children the heritage only of Cain, requiring them to be driven out from the presence of the Lord and grow up there among the outside crew of aliens and enemies. Let no one be surprised that, under such treatment, they stiffen into alienated, wrathful men, ripened for wickedness by the ranges of all but reprobate exclusion in which they have been classed."

We believe Dr. Bushnell is right in maintaining that this family principle of Christianity is really the hope of the world, and of the Church. "If it is true that what gets power in any race by a habit or process of culture, tends by a fixed law of nature to become a transmitted quality, and passes by descent as a property inbred in the stock in this way, whole races of men are cultivated in properties that are peculiar into a savage, or into a civilized state."

"Having reached this closing point or consummation of the doctrine of nurture, we are able, I think, to see something of the dignity there is in it. How trivial, unnatural, weak, and, at the same time, violent, in comparison, is that overdone scheme of individualism, which knows the race only as mere units of will and personal action; dissolves even families into monads; makes no account of organic relations and uses; and expects the world to be finally subdued by adult conversions, when growing up still, as before, in all the younger tiers of life, toward a mere convertible state of adult ungodliness. Such a scheme gives a most ungenial and forlorn aspect to the family. It makes the Church a mere gathering in of adult atoms, to be increased only by the gathering in of other and more numerous adult atoms. It very nearly makes the scheme of existence itself an abortion; finding no great law of propagative good and mercy in it, and taking quite away the possibility and prospect of that sublime vindication of God which is finally to be developed, and by which God's way in the creation is to be finally crowned with all highest honours of counsel and beneficence. Opposite to this, we have seen how it is God's plan, by ties of organic unity and nurture, to let one generation extend itself into and over another, in the order of grace, just as it does in the order of nature; to let us expect the growing up of children in the Lord, even as their parents are to be parents in the Lord, and are set to bring them up in the nurture of the Lord; on this ground of anticipation, permitting us to apply the seal of our faith to them, as being incipiently in the quickening of our faith, even before they have intelligence to act it, and consciously choose it; so accepting them

to be members of the Church, as being presumptively in the life of the Church; in this manner incorporating in the Church a great law of grace and sanctifying power, by which finally the salvation will become an inbred life and populating force, mighty enough to overlive, and finally to completely people the world. And this is what we call the day of glory. It lies to a great degree, in the scheme of Christian nurture itself, and is possible only as a consummation of that scheme. If I rightly conceive the gospel work and plan, this is the regeneration [*παλιγγενεσία*] which our Lord promises, namely, that he will reclaim and re-sanctify the great principle of reproductive order and life, and people at last the world with a godly seed.

“The Church, as being made up of souls that are born of the Spirit is a new supernatural order thus in humanity,—a spiritual nation, we may conceive, that was founded by a colony from the skies. It alights upon our globe as its chartered territory. Can it overspread the whole planet and take possession? We see that it can unfold more of health, wealth, talent, than the present living races of inhabitants. It has within itself a stronger law of population, as well as a mighty power to win over and assimilate the nations. Its people have more truth, beauty, weight of character to exalt their predominance. And, what is more, God is in them by his all-informing, all-energizing Spirit, to be himself unfolded in their history, and make it powerful. Not to believe that the heavenly colony, thus constituted and endowed, will finally overspread and fill the world, is to deny causes, their effects, and to quite invert the natural order of strength and weakness. God, too, has testified in regard to this branch of his planting, ‘They shall inherit the land.’ ”

We believe that we have no right to hope for a healthy religion till we have established a family religion; till by our conduct we show our belief that it belongs not to the outside of life, but that it has a relation to the laws by which life is governed; it is too much an epidemic with us, or it is nothing—it is a fit of spasms, or a fire-ball shot down from the moon; hence it is often hard, and extravagant, and erratic, and hence we may date the inconstancy of our piety, and its desultory and irreligious character. We treat the Christian conquest of the world by Christ, as a nation might do scouring up and down the world trooping for prize-money and plunder, while forsaking the labours of the farm and the loom. How soon would he “see of the travail of his soul” if the Church would unfold the riches of the covenant by her firesides and tables.

V.

STANLEY'S EASTERN CHURCH.*

WHATEVER Dr. Stanley has attempted to do, he has done well. We do not doubt his power to make the most unattractive subjects pleasing and even charming; but he has always chosen topics so interesting that they needed no especial adornment to command for them a hearty attention. In the volume before us he has perhaps taken his most ambitious text—entered upon his most untravelled region, and we are thankful for much delightful and instructive reading; and our readers, when they turn to the volume (if they have not already done so) will find many characters and some interesting scenes in Church history portrayed, if not for the first time, for the first time probably in such a manner as at once copiously to illustrate them and to make them accessible to the eye of the greater number of readers and even students. The volume, large as it is, will no doubt strike most persons as rather a series of sketches from the Eastern Church than properly a history. And for the first lectures, on the province, study, and advantages of ecclesiastical history, while we are glad to see them reprinted here, we could wish they had been expanded into a larger volume; that is a subject upon which we need such a book as Dr. Stanley could well and very easily prepare. We are aware that our author, while speaking of the Eastern Church in terms of most Christian catholicity and respect, denies to it any place of importance in the great work of the world's politics, religion, or civilization; and this is no doubt true. There are few materials for a history. The churches and monasteries lie scattered like fossils over the wastes of Asia. The Eastern Church has never been a great unity; it has not been a proselyting, a missionary, a conquering, or a polemical Church. The world and its ages have rushed by it and left it like an anchorite in a dream-grotto, and whenever it appears upon the stage it comes with a rude, wild, barbaric magnificence—the glare of a savage pomp. There is perhaps in it little to remind us of civilization, and much that might confuse all our conceptions of Christianity in its work and its worship.

It is singular to say it, but until the publication of Dean

* Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church; with an Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1861.

Milman's "History of Christianity," and the appearance of his "Latin Christianity," Gibbon was our best historian of the early ages of the Church; and he still sets before us with most vigour and concision the events of the early days of the Eastern Church. We could wish that Dr. Stanley had devoted less space to some of the particulars and characters of the book before us, or more to the narrative of those days when that Church sprang into existence. The largest portion of the volume may be called the history of the Nicene Council, and the importance of that Council. It is, perhaps, impossible to over estimate it in its relation to Church history and theology; but we must even marvel that our author has been able to resist the attractions of such a subject, and confine his lectures, as he has done, to the comparatively-narrow field of investigation and description. The Greek Church assumed its importance after the period upon which this volume especially descants. The stream of narrative does not flow in the volume. We have said the book is really rather a series of sketches than a history; there are so many things omitted we could have desired to see introduced. We have the history of the Council of Nicæa somewhat copiously narrated, and we have the life of Constantine, and his relation to the Church somewhat copiously given; but it is a long spring to Mahomedanism and its influence upon Grecian Christianity, and it is a long leap from Mahomedanism to Ivan the Terrible, and Nikon, and the rise of the Russian Church and Peter the Great. The life and adventures of Chrysostom were as interesting as those of Athanasius; and the discussion touching the Incarnation was as influential and important, or nearly so, as that concerning the Trinity. A history of the Greek Church which omits all mention of the schools of Alexandria and the great Fathers Basil, and Cyril, and Gregory, must be regarded as defective. On the whole, Canon Stanley's "Eastern Churches" cannot take a place by the side of Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity," and we want a work which shall take this place. When we say, and say truly, we have derived much pleasure and instruction from this volume, it seems somewhat ungrateful to dilate upon omissions which did not enter into the author's plan; but in truth we have received so much pleasure that we wished it to be complete. The author has done so much he has left more to be desired.

"Behind the mountains there are people to be found," says a wise German proverb. This is true of all large bodies of the human family, from whom we are separated by natural or intellectual divisions; and thus we find that nearly a third part of Christendom, one hundred millions of souls, profess the Christian faith.

“Look for a moment at the countries included within the range of the Oriental Churches. What they lose in historical they gain in geographical grandeur. Their barbarism and their degradation have bound them to the local peculiarities from which the more progressive Church of the West has shaken itself free. It is a Church, in fact, not of cities and villages, but of mountains, and rivers, and caves, and dens of the earth. The eye passes from height to height, and rests on the successive sanctuaries in which the religion of the East has intrenched itself, as within large natural fortresses, against its oppressors—Athos in Turkey, Sinai in Arabia, Ararat in Armenia, the Cedars of Lebanon, the catacombs of Kieff, the cavern of Megaspelion, the cliffs of Meteora. Or we see it advancing up and down the streams, or clinging to the banks of the mighty rivers which form the highways and arteries of the wide plains of the East. The Nile still holds its sacred place in the liturgies of Egypt. The Jordan, from Constantine downwards, has been the goal of every Eastern pilgrim. Up the broad stream of the Dnieper sail the first apostles of Russia. Along the Volga and the Don cluster the mysterious settlements of Russian Nonconformity.”

Bishop Ken, when dying, said, “I die in the faith of the Catholic Church before the disunion of East and West.” We think that the pen of our historian has, perhaps, been too partial in the characteristics he has attached to the Churches of his history; the language of Rome, indeed, towards them is invariably insolent; but to what Church is not Rome insolent? He has too leniently and lovingly glossed over those superstitions which certainly do defile and deform it. Nor is it so wholly exempt from the conflict of the passions as our author would imply. It was born in the midst of controversy; it is the child of discussion and debate, and discussion upon the most abstract and occult themes—those questions which are now exclusively confined to the schools. The refining disputes upon the nature of the Godhead were the origin of the dispute between East and West. Our debates of positive and negative theology, or our divisions of sectarian and shadowy border-land are, indeed, faint and feeble compared with the agitations of those days. They were eminently disputes about words; it must ever be so when a language of great clearness and sharpness of definition incorporates conceptions left in the magnificent and awful vagueness of another language. Thus the Greek language sought not only to absorb Oriental ideas, but even to deal with them after its own exquisite sense of subtlety and distinctness of expression. Thus arose the agitations touching the doctrine of the Trinity. It is a most interesting epoch in the history of the human mind, not less than the Church. “According to the Arian,” says Dean Milman,

“there was a time, before the commencement of the ages, when the Parent Deity dwelt alone, in undeveloped, undivided unity. At this time, immeasurably, incalculably, inconceivably removed, the majestic solitude ceased, the Divine unity was broken by an act of the Sovereign Will, and the only begotten Son, the image of the Father, the Vicegerent of all the Divine power, the intermediate agent in all the long subsequent work of creation, *began to be.*” This was the statement which led to all the evils of human strife, hatred, persecution, and bloodshed, and especially which led to the celebrated Council of Nicæa.

The following passago sets before us the vehemence of the Council, as well as the metaphysical character of the questions involved in the discussion :—

“When we perceive the abstract questions on which it turned, when we reflect that they related not to any dealings of the Deity with man, not even, properly speaking, to the Divinity or the humanity of Christ, nor to the doctrine of the Trinity (for all these points were acknowledged by both parties), but to the ineffable relations of the Godhead before the remotest beginning of time, it is difficult to conceive that by inquiries such as these the passions of mankind should be roused to fury. Yet so it was, at least in Egypt, where it first began. All classes took part in it, and almost all took part with equal energy. ‘Bishop rose against bishop,’ says Eusebius, ‘district against district, only to be compared to the Symplegades dashed against each other on a stormy day.’ So violent were the discussions, that they were parodied in the pagan theatres, and the emperor’s statues were broken in the public squares in the conflicts which took place. The common name by which the Arians and their system were designated (and we may conclude that they were not wanting in retorts), was the Maniacs, the Ariomaniacs, the Ariomania; and their frantic conduct on public occasions afterwards goes far to justify the appellation. Sailors, millers, and travellers, sang the disputed doctrines at their occupations, or on their journeys: ‘every corner, every alley of the city’ (this is said afterwards of Constantinople, but must have been still more true of Alexandria) ‘was full of these discussions—the streets, the market-places, the drapers, the money-changers, the victuallers. Ask a man how many oboli, he answers by dogmatizing on generated and ungenerated being. Inquire the price of bread, and you are told, “The Son is subordinate to the Father.” Ask if the bath is ready, and you are told, “The Son arose out of nothing.”’

The Council was convened for the purpose of establishing, on the consentient authority of assembled Christians, the true doctrine on the contested points; it was a new and wonderful spectacle in the history of the Roman Empire and the world; there were three hundred bishops present, and presbyters and deacons

without number, and a great body of the laity. They assembled in a hall—a royal hall of the palace; and the Emperor Constantine himself gave his weight and dignity to the assembly. The emperor of the world, the successor of those emperors and Cæsars, who had used every device and ingenuity of cruelty for the purpose of extirpating Christianity from the earth, appeared to sanction and to advise in the discussion; and, singular to say, his was the most peaceful voice heard in the conclave—always politic; on this occasion he seems not to have been wanting in that prudence which sacrifices truth to peace; it was a strange assembly; the deputies composing it came from all parts of the Christian world. Hosius was there, the favourite friend and counsellor of the emperor, from his bishopric in Spain. Spyridion was there, an old shepherd, in a double sense, for he followed this occupation both before and after his elevation to the episcopate—a quaint old man. There float about him many legends, more or less wonderful; what makes him very interesting is, that his right eye had been torn out, and the sinews of his left hand cut, and he was sent to work in the mines beneath the persecution of Maximus; and there was Paphnutius the Confessor, who had also lost his right eye, and had been hamstrung in the same persecution; and Potammon, Bishop of Heraclea, who had suffered the same fate; and even after his escape from Pagan persecution, had been beaten with clubs by the Arians, and left on the ground as dead. There was Paul of Nocesærea, whose ears had been burnt off with hot irons; these are but a few of the names, but they represent the distinctive characters, and stern, strong, suffering material of which the Council was composed. Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, was there; and Nicolas of Myra, to whom tradition assigns the use of a somewhat energetic argument—not even now become quite obsolete; for it was he who, when the heretic Arius was pursuing the pathway of his speech, roused to righteous indignation, and unable any longer to forbear, assailed him with a tremendous box on the ear.

Widely distant, as we have said, were the regions from whence these men came, there was John the Persian, from the extreme East; there was Theophilus the Goth, from the extreme North; there was Cæcilian, from Carthage; there was Macarius of Jerusalem; and Aecius, the Novatian, from Byzantium; the great age of Sylvester, the Bishop of Rome, prevented his attendance, but the Pope Alexander was there; the most dignified of the prelates, and the representative of the most learned see of Christendom, that of Alexandria, he, in an unfortunate sermon, had provoked the quarrel which led to this convocation.

The following portraits of character, only too well known, will be interesting :—

“ But close beside the Pope Alexander is a small insignificant young man, of hardly twenty-five years of age, of lively manners and speech, and of bright, serene countenance. Though he is but the deacon, the chief deacon, or archdeacon of Alexander, he has closely riveted the attention of the assembly by the vehemence of his arguments. He is already taking the words out of the bishop's mouth, and briefly acting in reality the part he had before, as a child, acted in name, and that, in a few months, he will be called to act both in name and reality. His humble rank as a deacon does not allow of his appearance in the conventional pictures of the Council. But his activity and prominence behind the scenes made enemies for him there, who will never leave him through life. Any one who has read his passionate invectives afterwards, may form some notion of what he was when in the thick of his youthful battles. That small insignificant deacon is the great Athanasius.

“ Next after the Pope and Deacon of Alexandria, we must turn to one of its most important Presbyters—the parish priest, as we should call him, according to the first beginnings of a parochial system organized at Alexandria, the incumbent of the parish church of Baucalis. In appearance he is the very opposite of Athanasius. He is sixty years of age, very tall and thin, and apparently unable to support his stature ; he has an odd way of contorting and twisting himself, which his enemies compare to the wriggings of a snake. He would be handsome but for the emaciation and deadly pallor of his face, and a downcast look, imparted by a weakness of eye-sight. At times his veins throb and swell, and his limbs tremble, as if suffering from some violent internal complaint—the same, perhaps, that will terminate one day in his sudden and frightful death. There is a wild look about him, which at first sight is startling. His dress and demeanour are those of a rigid ascetic. He wears a long coat with short sleeves, and a scarf of only half size, such as was the mark of an austere life ; and his hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head. He is usually silent, but at times breaks out into fierce excitement, such as will give the impression of madness. Yet, with all this, there is a sweetness in his voice, and a winning, earnest manner, which fascinates those who come across him. Amongst the religious ladies of Alexandria, he is said to have had from the first a following of not less than seven hundred. This strange, captivating, moon-struck giant is the heretic Arius, or, as his adversaries called him, the Mad-man of Ares, or Mars.”

It is impossible in so limited a space as we have been compelled to assign to this article, important as is the subject of it, to give more than a glance at that Council. Most eloquent is Dr. Stanley's description of it, and to the volume we must refer our readers. Let none be deterred by the subject of the volume ; it

may be read anywhere, and by any person, however limited the scholarship, with interest and delight. Scenes, visions, discussions, and characters rise before the eye such as those which overawe in the gorgeously pedantic pages of Gibbon, and delight and charm in the pages of D'Aubigne, or present their curious suggestions in the pages of Bunsen. The discussion concerning the Homöousion—that occult word which has ever since haunted the memory of that age, and suggested heresies innumerable to the ages. Beyond a doubt, however, that Council fixed the landmarks of the Christian creed. By the distinct brand of persecution, indeed, dooming the writings of Arius to the fire, and any of his unhappy disciples to death in whose possession the writings should be found. Dr. Stanley does not quote the imperial decree, but our readers may be interested in reading it; it may serve also as a model to some of our cotemporaries who are desirous of imitating the Christians of that age in their mode of dealing with heresy:—

“I find this decree translated in a book in general use, Fleetwood's ‘Life of Christ,’ p. 681, note, edit. Glasgow, 1837.

“‘Constantine, the puissant, the mighty and noble emperor, unto the bishops, pastors, and people wheresoever. Inasmuch as Arius traceth the steps of detestable and impious persons, it is requisite that he be partaker with them of the self-same infamy and reproach; for as Porphyrius, the sworn adversary and deadly foe of Divine service, who lately published lewd commentaries in confutation and defiance of the Christian religion, was rewarded according to his desert; and so recompensed that, within the compass of these few years, he was not only grieved with great reproach and blemished with a shameful spot of infamy, but also his infamous and blasphemous works perished and utterly were abolished; even so now it seemed good unto us to call Arius and his accomplices the wicked brood of Porphyrius, that observing whose manners they have imitated, they may enjoy also the privilege of their name. Moreover, we thought good that if there can be found extant any work or book compiled by Arius, the same should be burnt to ashes: so that not only his damnable doctrine may thereby be wholly rooted out, but also that no relic thereof may remain unto posterity. This also we strictly command and charge, that if any man be found to hide or conceal any book made by Arius, and not immediately bring forth the said book, and deliver it up to be burnt, that the said offender for so doing shall die the death; for as soon as he is taken, our pleasure is, that his head be struck off from his shoulders. God keep you in his tuition.’—Scholasticus, Hist. book i. c. 6.”

Without entering into the debates of the Council, we feel that

we must trespass upon our readers with what we believe they will regard as a very delightful and characteristic extract, we are to remember that the majority of those who composed the Council would be simple, illiterate men like Spyridion the shepherd, or like Potammon the hermit; such men, of course, when brought into collision with the acute intellects of their age, naturally took up the position that safety consisted in holding by what had been handed down :—

“A story somewhat variously told is related of an encounter of one of these simple characters with the more philosophical combatants, which, in whatever way it be taken, well illustrates the mixed character of the Council, and the choice of courses open before it. As Socrates describes the incident, the disputes were running so high, from the mere pleasure of argument, that there seemed likely to be no end to the controversy; when suddenly a simple-minded layman, who by his sightless eye, or limping leg, bore witness of his zeal for the Christian faith, stepped amongst them, and abruptly said: ‘Christ and the Apostles left us, not a system of logic, nor a vain deceit, but a naked truth, to be guarded by faith and good works.’ ‘There has,’ says Bishop Kaye, in recording the story, ‘been hardly any age of the church in which its members have not required to be reminded of this lesson.’ On the present occasion the by-standers, at least for the moment, were struck by its application; the disputants, after hearing this plain word of truth, took their differences more good-humouredly, and the hubbub of controversy subsided.

“Another version of the same story, or another story of the same kind, with a somewhat different moral, is told by Rufinus and Sozomen, and amplified by later writers. The disputants, or rather disputant (for one is specially selected), is now not a Christian theologian, but a heathen philosopher, to whom, in later writings, is given the suspicious name of Eulogius, ‘Fairspeech.’ He was a perfect master of argument; the moment he seemed to be caught by one of his opponents, he slipped out of their hands like an eel or a snake. His opponent is, in this story, not a layman, but an aged bishop or priest (and here the later account identifies him with the shepherd Spyridion). Unable to bear any longer the taunts with which the philosopher assailed a group of Christians, amongst whom he was standing, he came forth to refute him. His uncouth appearance, rendered more hideous by the mutilations he had undergone in the persecutions, provoked a roar of laughter from his opponents, whilst his friends were not a little uneasy at seeing their cause entrusted to so unskilled a champion. But he felt himself strong in his own simplicity. ‘In the name of Jesus Christ,’ he called out to his antagonist, ‘hear me, philosopher. There is one God, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible: who made all things by the power of His word, and by the holiness of His holy spirit. This Word, by which name we call the Son of God, took compassion

on men for their wandering astray, and for their savage condition, and chose to be born of a woman, and to converse with men, and to die for them, and he shall come again to judge every one for the things done in life. These things we believe without curious inquiry. Cease therefore the vain labour of seeking proofs for or against what is established by faith, and the manner in which these things may be or may not be ; but, if thou believest, answer at once to me as I put my questions to you.'

"The philosopher was struck dumb by this new mode of argument. He could only reply that he assented. 'Then,' answered the old man, 'if thou believest this, rise and follow me to the Lord's house, and receive the sign of this faith.' The philosopher turned round to his disciples, or to those who had been gathered around him by curiosity. 'Hear,' he said, 'my learned friends. So long as it was a matter of words, I opposed words to words, and whatever was spoken I overthrew by my skill in speaking, but when, in the place of words, power came out of the speaker's lips, words could no longer resist power, man could no longer resist. If any of you feel as I have felt, let him believe in Christ, and let him follow this old man in whom God has spoken.' Exaggerated or not, this story is a proof of the magnetic power of earnestness and simplicity over argument and speculation."

Dr. Stanley, we believe, is most just to the various heroes of his story, to the inexplicable and mythical emperor, whose likeness to Henry VIII. becomes more apparent the more closely both characters are studied. This Christian emperor, with the Cross and the Apollo on his medals ; this orthodox emperor, burning the books of Arius and banishing Athanasius ; alternating his affections indeed between heresy and orthodoxy ; sitting in the Council, and never, till within the latest days of his life, baptized or received into the Christian Church : and justice is done to Athanasius too—to his magnanimity. "I, Athanasius against the world," to his earnestness. Even to his grim humour of character, prince of persecutors as he was, he moves through these pages a mighty and a many-sided man ; great everywhere, evidently, whether in his exile or in his enthronement ; nor let us be uncharitable to his memory or forgetful of the services he rendered to the Church ; it would sometimes seem as if the word of this father must have been rather the sincere vinegar than the "sincere milk ;" but he, perhaps, arrested and turned back a tide of heresy which was overflowing the church.

Thus with a graphic pen Dr. Stanley sketches for us the triumph of Athanasius :—

"Thus strong was the union of religious and national feeling which already in his life-time rallied round Athanasius, and assisted in

making him formidable to his opponents. No fugitive Stuart in the Scottish Highlands could count more securely on the loyalty of his subjects, than did Athanasius in his hiding-places in Egypt count upon the faithfulness and secrecy of his countrymen. Sometimes it was the hermits who afforded him shelter in their rocky fastnesses; sometimes his fellow-townsmen supported him as he lay hid in his father's tomb outside the walls of their city; sometimes it was the beautiful Alexandrian maiden who in her old age delighted to tell how, when he had suddenly appeared at midnight, wrapped in his short tunic and red cloak, she had concealed and tended him in her house, with provisions and books, till he was able, as suddenly, to reappear amongst his astonished friends. His whole course was that of an adventurous and wandering prince, rather than of a persecuted theologian; and, when in the brief intervals of triumph he was enabled to return to his native city, his entrance was like that of a sovereign rather than of a prelate.

“One such scene, thoroughly Egyptian in character, is recorded by Gregory Nazianzen, which lingered in the recollections of all who had seen it, as the most splendid spectacle of the age. It seems to have been his first return after the death of Constantine. There was more than delight; there was awe, almost amounting to consternation, at the greatness of the event. The population of Alexandria poured forth, as was their habit on such occasions, not in the indiscriminate confusion of a modern populace, but in a certain stateliness of arrangement. Each trade and profession kept its own place. The men and women, as in Oriental countries, were apart. The children formed a mass by themselves. As the mighty stream rolled out of the gates, it was (this was the truly Egyptian figure that suggested itself) as if the Nile, at the height of its flood, scattering fertility as it went, had turned in its course, and flowed backwards from Alexandria towards the first outpost of the city. As now, so then, the usual mode of moving to and fro along the roads of Egypt was on asses. Gregory, as he describes Athanasius so approaching, is carried into an extravagance of comparison and of symbolism. He thinks of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem; he thinks that the asses typified the heathen population whom Athanasius had loosed from their ignorance. Branches of trees were waved aloft; carpets of all the gayest colours and richest textures of Alexandria were spread under his feet. There was a long unbroken shout of applause; thousands of hands clapped with delight; the air was scented with the fragrant ointments poured out; the city at night flashed with illuminations; public and private entertainments were given in every house. In a wild enthusiasm of devotion, women became nuns, men became hermits—children entreated their parents, parents urged their children, to sacrifice themselves to the monastic life. In a still nobler sense of a Christian revival, the hungry and the orphans were sheltered and maintained, and every household by its devotion seemed to be transformed into a Church.

“Long afterwards when a popular Prefect of Alexandria was

received with vast enthusiasm, and two bystanders were comparing it with all possible demonstrations that they could imagine, and the younger had said :—‘ Even if the Emperor Constantius himself were to come, he could not be so received.’ The elder replied with a smile, and an Egyptian oath : ‘ Do you call that a wonderful sight ? The only thing to which you ought to compare it is the reception of the great Athanasius.’ ”

Thus vividly and freshly also our author puts before us a scene in the life of Athanasius often sketched both by historian and painter before :—

“ On the night of Thursday the 9th of February, 358, Athanasius with his congregation was, after the manner of the Coptic Church, keeping vigil through the whole night in the church of S. Theonas, in preparation for the Eucharist of the following day. Suddenly, at midnight there was a tumult without. The church, which was of unusual size, was surrounded with armed men. The presence of mind for which he was famous did not desert the bishop. Behind the altar was the episcopal throne. On this he took his seat, and ordered his attendant deacon to read the 136th Psalm, which has for every verse the response, ‘ For his mercy endureth for ever.’ It was while these responses were being thundered forth by the congregation, that the doors burst open, and the Imperial general and notary entered at the head of the soldiers. The soldiers were for a moment terror-struck by the chanting of the psalm. But as they pressed forward, a shower of arrows flew through the church. The swords flashed in the light of the sacred torches, the din of their shouts mingled with the rattle of their arms. The wounded fell one upon another, and were trampled down ; the nuns were seized and stripped ; the church was plundered. Through this mass of horrors, the two Imperial officers and their attendants passed on to the screen before the altar. Athanasius had refused to go till most of the congregation had retired. But now he was swept away in the crowd.

“ In his own version of the story, he is at a loss to account for his escape. But his diminutive figure may well have passed unseen ; and we learn, besides, that he was actually carried out in a swoon, which sufficiently explains his own ignorance of the means of his deliverance. The church was piled with dead, and the floor was strewn with the swords and arrows of the soldiers. He vanished, no one knew whither, into the darkness of the winter night.”

Here we must lay down this delightful volume ; we have no space for the patriarch Nikon or Ivan the Terrible. The reader of this book will find in it much that will remind him of Mr. Carlyle ; not in the style of the writing or the structure of the thought. Dr. Stanley would not thank us for any such left-handed compliments, as such commendation would involve. We do not

mean to imply this for a moment, but in the evident hero worship of the book he seems to love to linger round the shrines, or tombs, or portraits of great saints or great despots; and, let it not be supposed that we say it in his dispraise; he treats their infirmities tenderly. Nothing is more delightful in the volume than its genial charity and loveableness of spirit; there is in it a hope that somehow, in the Eastern Church, might be found the uniting nexus which might bind the Church in one, and bring together pope and prelate, patriarch and presbyter; we think not so, but we desire to register our admiration of the Catholicity of the soul which can dream it. He has moved amidst the churches of the East, still he has imbibed something of the spirit, in which the following scenes might be beheld:—

“Along the porticos of Eastern churches, both in Greece and Russia, are to be seen portrayed on the walls the figures of Homer, Thucydides, Pythagoras, and Plato, as pioneers preparing the way of Christianity. In the vast painting of the Last Judgment, which covers the west end of the chief cathedral of Moscow, Paradise is represented as divided and subdivided into many departments or chambers, thus keeping before the minds, even of the humblest, the great doctrine of the Gospel—which has often been tacitly dropped out of Western religion—‘In my Father’s house are many mansions.’ . . . In the fair of Nijni Novgorod, on the confluence of the Volga and Oka, the Mahometan mosque and the Armenian church stand side by side with the Orthodox cathedral.”

In conclusion, we may say the volume is a rich collection of Pictures and Mosaics of Men and Events not too well known in the history of the Church or if known in these pages, acquiring a freshness of colouring, or grouping, or attitude, so they come before us with the charm of novelty. We may well apply to the volume in closing the exquisite extract from Bunyan’s *Pilgrim*, with which our author opens it:—

“When Christian the Pilgrim, in his progress towards the Celestial City, halted by the highway-side at the palace of which the name was Beautiful, he was told that ‘he should not depart till they had shown him the rarities of that place. And first they had him into the study, where they showed him records of the greatest antiquity:’ in which was ‘the pedigree of the Lord of the hill, the Son of the Ancient of Days. . . . Here also were more fully recorded the acts that he had done, and the names of many hundreds that he had taken into his service: and how he had placed them in such habitations, that could neither by length of days or decays of nature be dissolved. Then they read to him some of the worthy acts that some of his servants had done: as how they had subdued kingdoms, wrought righteous-

ness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Then they read again, in another part of the records of the house, how willing their Lord was to receive in his favour any, even any, though they in time past had offered great affronts to his person and proceedings. Here also were several other histories of other famous things, of all which Christian had a view, as of things both ancient and modern, together with prophecies and predictions of things that have their certain accomplishment, both to the dread and amazement of enemies, and the comfort and solace of pilgrims.' ”

VI.

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND.*

THIS may be called a sea-idyll, and a very sweet and perfect little sea-idyll it is. Perhaps it is the most perfect of all the tales with which Mrs. Stowe has delighted us. It contains much to charm and entertain, and nothing to offend. The characters are not numerous, but they are drawn with delightful individuality ; especially Captain Kittridge, who, “in all matter-of-fact transactions, as between man and man, had a word as good as another's, and was held to be honest and just in his dealings. It was only when he mounted the stilts of foreign travel that his paces became so enormous ;” and his wife, Dame Kittridge, “one of those naturally care-taking people whom Providence seems to design to perform the picket duties for the rest of society, and who therefore challenge everybody and thing to stand and give an account of themselves ;” and Zephaniah Pennel, who, “when the winds were raving, felt a sort of secret relationship to the storm, as if it were in some manner a family connection—a wild, royster-ing cousin, who drew him by a rough attraction of comradeship.” It is a story of storms and wrecks, and of quiet, sea-side life ; a little sea-side society, godly for the most part, and simple, in which, however, Mrs. Stowe, of course, finds occasion for some of her satiric reminders, although all, we think, in better taste and temper than in some of her books. The snatches of old hymns float up from the different scenes with remarkable beauty and

* The Pearl of Orr's Island ; A Story of the Coast of Maine. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, London : Sampson, Low, and Son, Ludgate Hill.

effect. In these days, when amongst the superabundant shoals of fiction, it is so difficult to find one you can with confidence leave in the hands of the family of a daughter or a child, it is quite delightful to receive and to read this most innocent and life-like little tale. We must amuse our readers with one of Captain Kittridge's "long bows":—

"After supper was over, the Captain was besieged by the children. Little Mara mounted first into his lap, and nestled herself quietly under his coat—Moses and Sally stood at each knee.

"‘Come, now,’ said Moses, ‘you said you would tell us about the mermen to-night.’

"‘Yes, and the mermaids,’ said Sally. ‘Tell them all you told me the other night in the trundle-bed.’

"Sally valued herself no little on the score of the Captain's talent as a romancer.

"‘You see, Moses,’ she said, volubly, ‘father saw mermen and mermaids a-plenty of them in the West Indies.’

"‘Oh, never mind about ’em now,’ said Captain Kittridge, looking at Mr. Sewell's corner.

"‘Why not, father? mother isn't here,’ said Sally, innocently.

"A smile passed round the faces of the company, and Mr. Sewell said, ‘Come, Captain, no modesty; we all know you have as good a faculty for telling a story as for making a fire.’

"‘Do tell me what mermen are?’ said Moses.

"‘Wal,’ said the Captain, sinking his voice confidentially, and hitching his chair a little around, ‘mermen and maids is a kind o' people that have their world jist like our'n, only it's down in the bottom of the sea, 'cause the bottom of the sea has its mountains and its valleys, and its trees and its bushes, and it stands to reason there should be people there too.’

"Moses opened his broad black eyes wider than usual, and looked absorbed attention.

"‘Tell ’em about how you saw ’em,’ said Sally.

"‘Wal, yes,’ said Captain Kittridge, ‘once when I was to the Bahamas—it was one Sunday morning in June, the first Sunday in the month—we cast anchor pretty nigh a reef of coral, and I was jist a-sittin' down to read my Bible, when up comes a merman over the side of the ship, all dressed as fine as any old beau that ever ye see, with cocked hat and silk stockings, and shoe-buckles, and his clothes was sea-green, and his shoe-buckles shone like diamonds.’

"‘Do you suppose they were diamonds, really?’ said Sally.

"‘Wal, child, I didn't ask him, but I shouldn't be surprised, from all I know of their ways, if they was,’ said the Captain, who had now got so wholly into the spirit of his fiction that he no longer felt embarrassed by the minister's presence, nor saw the look of amusement with which he was listening to him in his chimney-corner. ‘But, as I was sayin’, he came up to me, and made the politest bow that ever

ye see, and says he, "Cap'n Kittridge, I presume," and says I, "Yes, sir." "I'm sorry to interrupt your reading," says he; and says I, "Oh, no matter, sir." "But," says he, "if you would only be so good as to move your anchor. You've cast anchor right before my front door, and my wife and family can't get out to go to meetin'."

"'Why, do they go to meeting in the bottom of the sea?' said Moses.

"'Law, bless you sonny, yes. Why, Sunday morning, when the sea was all still, I used to hear the base-viol a-soundin' down under the waters, jist as plain as could be—and psalms and preachin'. I've reason to think there's as many hopefully pious mermaids as there be folks,' said the Captain.

"'But,' said Moses, 'you said the anchor was before the front door, so the family couldnt get out—how did the merman get out?'

"'Oh! he got out of the scuttle on the roof,' said the Captain, promptly.

"'And did you move your anchor?' said Moses.

"'Why, child, yes, to be sure I did; he was such a gentleman, I wanted to oblige him—it shows you how important it is always to be polite,' said the Captain, by way of giving a moral turn to his narrative."

And the following little episode in the story may be used by our readers as a parable:—

"One of his exploits, however, had very nearly been the means of cutting short the materials of our story in the outset.

"It was a warm, sunny afternoon, and the three women, being busy together with their stitching, had tied a sun-bonnet on little Mara, and turned the two loose upon the beach to pick up shells.

"All was serene, and quiet, and retired, and no possible danger could be apprehended. So up and down they trotted, till the spirit of adventure, which ever burned in the breast of little Moses, caught sight of a small canoe which had been moored just under the shadow of a cedar-covered rock.

"Forthwith he persuaded his little neighbour to go into it, and for a while they made themselves very gay, rocking it from side to side.

"The tide was going out, and each retreating wave washed the boat up and down, till it came into the boy's curly head how beautiful it would be to sail out as he had seen men do—and so, with much puffing and earnest tugging of his little brown hands, the boat at last was loosed from her moorings and pushed out on the tide, when both children laughed gaily to find themselves swinging and balancing on the amber surface, and watching the rings and sparkles of sunshine and the white pebbles below. Little Moses was glorious—his adventures had begun—and with a fairy princess in his boat, he was going to stretch away to some of the islands of dream-land. He persuaded Mara to give him her pink sun-bonnet, which he placed for a pennon on a

stick at the end of the boat, while he made a vehement dashing with another, first on one side of the boat and then on the other—spattering the water in diamond showers, to the infinite amusement of the little maiden.

“Meanwhile, the tide waves danced them out and still outward, and as they went further and further from shore, the more glorious felt the boy. He had got Mara all to himself, and was going away with her from all grown people, who wouldn't let children do as they pleased—who made them sit still in prayer-time, and took them to meeting, and kept so many things which they must not touch, or open, or play with. Two white sea-gulls came flying toward the children, and they stretched their little arms in welcome, nothing doubting but these fair creatures were coming at once to take passage with them for fairy-land. But the birds only dived, and shifted, and veered, turning their silvery sides toward the sun, and careering in circles round the children. A brisk little breeze, that came hurrying down from the land, seemed disposed to favour their unsubstantial enterprize—for your winds, being a fanciful, uncertain tribe of people, are always for falling in with anything that is contrary to common sense. So the wind trolled them merrily along, nothing doubting but there might be time, if they hurried, to land their boat on the shore of some of the low-banked red clouds that lay in the sunset, where they could pick up shells—blue, and pink, and purple—enough to make them rich for life. The children were all excitement at the rapidity with which their little bark danced and rocked, as it floated outward to the broad, open ocean—at the blue, freshening waves, at the silver-glancing gulls, at the floating, white-winged ships, and at vague expectations of going rapidly somewhere, to something more beautiful still. And what is the happiness of the brightest hours of grown people more than this ?

“ ‘Roxy,’ said Aunt Ruey, innocently, ‘seems to me I haven't heard nothin' o' them children lately. They're so still, I'm 'fraid there's some mischief.’

“ ‘Well, Ruey, you jist go and give a look at 'em,’ said Miss Roxy. ‘I declare, that boy ! I never know what he will do next ; but there didn't seem to be nothin' to get into out there but the sea, and the beach is so shelving, a body can't well fall into that.’

“Alas ! good Miss Roxy, the children are at this moment tilting up and down on the waves, half-a-mile out to sea, as airily happy as the sea-gulls ; and little Moses now thinks, with glorious scorn, of you and your press-board, as of grim shadows of restraint and bondage that shall never darken his free life more.

“Both Miss Roxy and Mrs. Pennel were, however, startled into a paroxysm of alarm when poor Miss Ruey came screaming, as she entered the door,

“ ‘As sure as you 'r alive, them chil'en are off in the boat—they 'r out to sea, sure as I'm alive ! What shall we do ? The boat 'll upset, and the sharks 'll get 'em.’

“Miss Roxy ran to the window, and saw, dancing and curtsying on the blue waves, the little pinnace, with its fanciful pink pennon fluttered gaily by the indiscreet and flattering wind.

“Poor Mrs. Pennel ran to the shore, and stretched her arms wildly, as if she would have followed them across the treacherous blue floor that heaved and sparkled between them.

“‘Oh, Mara, Mara! oh, my poor little girl! oh, poor children!’

“‘Well, if ever I see such a young un as that,’ soliloquised Miss Roxy, from the chamber window; ‘there they be, dancin’ and giggiting about—they’ll have the boat upset in a minit, and the sharks are waitin’ for ’em, no doubt. I b’lieve that are young un’s helped by the Evil One—not a boat round, else I’d push off after ’em. Well, I don’t see but we must trust in the Lord—there don’t seem to be much else to trust to,’ said the spinster, as she drew her head in grimly.

“To say the truth, there was some reason for the terror of these most fearful suggestions; for not far from the place where the children embarked was Zephaniah’s fish-drying ground, and multitudes of sharks came up with every rising tide, allured by the offal that was here constantly thrown into the sea. Two of these prowlers, outward-bound from their quest, were even now assiduously attending the little boat, and the children derived no small amusement from watching their motions in the pellucid water—the boy occasionally almost upsetting the boat by valorous plunges at them with his stick. It was the most exhilarating and piquant entertainment he had found for many a day; and little Mara laughed in chorus at every lunge that he made.

“What would have been the end of it all it is difficult to say, had not some mortal power interfered before they had sailed finally away into the sunset.

“But it so happened on this very afternoon, Rev. Mr. Sewell was out in a boat, busy in the very apostolic employment of catching fish, and looking up from one of the contemplative pauses which his occupation induced, he rubbed his eyes at the apparition which presented itself.

“A tiny little shell of a boat came drifting toward him, in which was a black-eyed boy, with cheeks like a pomegranate, and lustrous tendrils of silky dark hair, and a little golden-haired girl, white as a water-lily, and looking ethereal enough to have risen out of the sea-foam. Both were in the very sparkle and effervescence of that fanciful glee which bubbles up from the golden, untried fountains of early childhood.

“Mr. Sewell, at a glance, comprehended the whole, and at once overhauling the tiny craft, he broke the spell of fairy-land, and constrained the little people to return to the confines, dull and dreary, of real and actual life.

“Neither of them had known a doubt or a fear in that joyous trance of forbidden pleasure, which shadowed with so many fears the wiser and more far-seeing heads and hearts of the grown people; nor was

there enough language yet in common between the two classes to make the little ones comprehend the risk they had run.

"Perhaps so do our elder brothers, in our Father's house, look anxiously out when we are sailing gaily over life's sea—over unknown depths—amid threatening monsters—but want words to tell us why what seems so bright is so dangerous."

VII.

THE NEAR AND THE HEAVENLY HORIZONS.*

THIS is just the volume for Sabbath afternoons in a Christian family—it is a book for the doubting and the bereaved. We are not disposed to take any exceptions to a work which has charmed us so much; else we might say it is a little too French in its style—something too much of Chateaubriand and Lamartine, and, compared with the intention of the story, the length of natural description sometimes seems disproportionate; but, then the descriptions are delicious; it is true they are conveyed rather in the manner of a painter than a poet. Here is a picture of a village:—

"The goats were just setting out for the mountains; little boys driving them along the wood-paths; you could hear their bells; a kid, perched in the middle of a bush, gave a startled glance at the grand procession, then returned eagerly to nibble the young shoots about him. The peasants were all at work in the country; the village was deserted.

"How charming a village is! how charming those fountains, with wooden basins! if the village be rich, with stone ones, with the water trickling down and running over.

"In the evening, the cows come heavily by, drink slowly, and return to their stalls, scattering sparkling drops from their cool, wet muzzles. The pleasant smell of hay is wafted from the open barns. Women come and go, and wash vegetables at the fountain; men, seated before their houses, sharpen their scythes, and fill the air with metallic notes; children sing and dabble and heap up handfuls of fine sand; hens seek their food with that little, anxious, monotonous cluck, that protest of a good housewife, who sighs each time she puts by a

millet seed ; cocks, proudly thrown back on their tails, send forth a warlike cry, which gets repeated by all the sultans near.

“ But on the day I speak of, it was morning ; the village was silent ; you only heard beneath a heap of fagots, in some mysterious corner, the self-complacent cackling of the laying hen.”

And here is a rich forest picture—

“ The forest, the real forest, lies before us. Do you wish for songs ? let us go under the old oaks. Do you prefer silence, with a vague stir in the air ? let us keep below the pines.

“ First of all then, under the oaks. There, where the grass grows, and brambles interlace ; where the sweetbriar stops up the way, and creeping plants abound ; there along that shining track where footsteps have trodden down the vegetation.

“ There it is that you are fairly lost ; there that exhale all round nameless perfumes, fresh emanations of the earth, of the old trunks, of the young foliage. The very light is green, the shade all interpenetrated with sun. Not a breeze, except every now and then indeed a mere puff, you know not whence, which just lifts the branches, wafts here and there still sweeter scents, then dies away, and leaves you half intoxicated with perfume.

“ What charming mysteries there are in these nooks ! Millions of insects, all dowered with intelligence, dressed for a festival, displaying, between the blades of glass, the purple, the ebony, the ultramarine of their elytra, their armour of malachite and gold, delicate antennæ, and little feathered crests. There are artisans among them, who lead a hard life, hewing, sowing, storing night and day. There are idlers who go to and fro, climb to the top of a stalk, look upon the world below, move right and left without any particular purpose ; take things as they find them. There are thinkers, too, motionless for hours beneath a sunbeam. There are busy-bodies who fly in haste, make sudden starts, long journeys, and prompt returns without very well knowing why. There are musicians who, for hours together, go on repeating their monotonous song. There are swarms of ephemera waving hither and thither in some brilliant spot, neither too high nor too low, seeking no sustenance, in a very ecstasy of life, light, and harmonious motion.

“ It is good to be here. The path glides under the bushes ; flowering branches strike against your face. As you advance, a low cry, a rapid flight, reveal to you nests that your hand sets gently rocking as you divide the branches before you. From every nook burst the brilliant notes of the *maestri* of the wood. Redbreasts, blackbirds, chaffinches, wrens—all except the nightingale, who finds the site too wild ; except the lark, who prefers the open sky of the fields ; except the quail, who hides her brood in the hay ;—all at the top of their voice ; all with throats proudly distended, sing, trill, call ! It is a glorious fulness of harmony, which affects you like the vibrations of the sunlight.”

"As for me, these words contain a large part of my life. As a child I followed the steps, now, alas! effaced, of a grandfather, a mother, and many others. These dusky avenues have heard many a cry of joy: many a fine story, lasting as long as we were in the forest, has unfolded itself along these winding paths. What fun it was when all the party chanced boldly to plunge into a swamp! What delight when, the great drops of rain falling one by one, we took refuge under the shelter of the oaks; the earth exhaling its healthy perfume; every opening in the leaves becoming a gutter, then the branches bending, then the shower turning into a cataract; we were wet through, we were, oh, how happy!

"The forest is still the same. In the spring the bee-orchis displays her velvet robe at the foot of the great pines; in the summer, the pink, with slashed petals of grey hue, balances itself at the end of a slender stalk—singular flower whence exhales a perfume that makes the very heart faint. The shade is the same, the freshness great as ever,—that rarefied freshness through which floats a passing aroma that soon dies away again, like those wandering notes that rise in wide expanses of country, then suddenly lose themselves without one's knowing whence they rose or where they died away.

"Nothing has changed; only I have been going on. Be it so; this immutable aspect of nature, the perennial character of seasons, flowers, birds' nests, I like it; it does me good. But some are soured by it, find in it almost an insult to our sorrows. It is no more so than the equable azure of the sky, the star-lamps kindled every night. It is the eternity of God's goodness, the eternity of youth; the eternal ideal affixed by the Lord's hand on creation's brow. And then are there not children, even while we are young; young lives while ours are declining; strong men rising round when we have to die? Is it not well that they should inhale the same flowers, rejoice in the same sunshine, quench their thirst at the same fountains?"

But these descriptions will convey no idea of the intention of the book; that intention is to illustrate not the glories of nature, but the glories of the Gospel. The near horizons are the experiences of life, told in a series of touching and most impressive stories; they read like facts in the author's life-knowledge, and may be so, for there is nothing strained about them, nothing far-fetched, and we have known such experiences in our own. And the heavenly horizons are the great widening, glorified expanses of being, made certain to the knowledge of the doubting heart by love and trust in the merits and mercy of the Redeemer. Be persuaded, reader, to get this beautiful volume among those you are laying in for your summer trip; there is nothing wearying in the book—you may read it on the Rhine, on the Lea, or among the lakes and the mountains; it will make a sweet gift in parting to be remembered by. There are passages in it just fitted for

the sick chamber, for pain and weakness—the very murmurings of the music of faith ; and there are words which must console the bereaved just returning from the grave. We are far from thinking we quote the best illustrations, but here is another :—

“There are flowers which only yield their fragrance to the night ; there are faces whose beauty only fully opens out in death. No more wrinkles ; no drawn, distorted lineaments ; an expression of extreme humility, blended with gladness of hope ; a serene brightness, and an ideal straightening of the outline, as if the Divine finger, source of supreme beauty, had been laid there. You cannot take your eyes away. Dead, your loved one consoles you for the agony of having seen him suffer. His face, his inexpressible grandeur, his smile,—all say to you, ‘Believe ; yet a little while, and thou shalt see me again.’

“I am about to relate to you one of the strong emotions of my life. I found myself in the crypt of a church at Palermo. My friends and I had gone down into it without exactly knowing where we went, and walked, with more of surprise than terror, between a double line of skeletons. And yet the spectacle was ghastly enough. Those perpendicular dead bodies, dressed in brown garments, that hung loosely around their bony limbs, with crossed hands, holding some sort of shield, with their names written on it ; had fallen into dislocated attitudes, even more grotesque than horrible. The portals of our Gothic cathedrals have no representations that equal this. And yet we were not conscious of any terror. Death presented us, indeed, with his material aspect—his sad repulsive aspect—but the likeness of humanity was still there.

“With one word, we felt God could call those dry bones to life again.

“The next chamber had a more appalling spectacle in reserve. All along the walls—as in the cabin of some great ship—were ranged berths of equal length, and on these, dressed in gorgeous attire, hands gloved, lay the corpses of women, with discoloured faces, empty eye-sockets, sunken features, hollow mouths, and wreaths of roses on their heads. There were hundreds upon hundreds of them, in all the pomp of their court dresses, and a nauseating smell—the cold, faint smell of death, rose from the vaults where the bodies were drying.

“In the presence of these faces, with their beauty so inexorably destroyed, of this ghastly satire on worldly vanities, I felt my blood congeal. But when at the end of the passage, lit by our guide’s torch, a well yawned before us, and he lowered the red and smoking light he held to show it better ; when I saw that nameless *detritus*, damp, pestilential, which overflowed the well’s mouth, and when our guide said—‘This is the dust of those yonder ; when they have lain there their time, we throw them in here.’ I remained almost lifeless with horror.

“With my hand half plunged in these ashes, looking at what they had left on my fingers, a despairing doubt flashed blighting across my soul.

“As I fled in haste from that fatal crypt, and mounted with unsteady step the stair that led us back into the nave, just where the daylight began to appear, I suddenly saw four letters carved on the wall, I. N. R. I. Then a voice sounded very near my heart—‘*Believest thou that I am able to do this?*’

“Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, yea verily thou wilt do it!

“From that day I have never for a moment doubted of the Resurrection of the Dead.”

Many readers would, no doubt, object to this book, that it speaks too much in sentiment, that it lies too near the region of the merely sentimental; the gifted author disclaims the use of logic, and the teaching of systematic theology; she aims to speak immediately to the deeper spiritual instincts; she desires to reach her hand out to help those who feel their spiritual strength, yet feel it unblessed, and who are perplexed amidst all the disappointments of life and time. Some readers will speak of the deficiency of hardness and rigidity in the volume, but few will peruse it without also feeling frequently how truly she has rendered many of the doubts and experiences of the soul. And there are, perhaps, few readers, who could not tell some anecdotes like these, which have met the heart in its life; not with the same richness of language and colouring but to the same effect and point. She uses the pains of life as tonics to strengthen, for the purposes of life; and in the midst of the labyrinth, she takes its silver chord for a clue. The Bible, Christ, and the Soul are the themes everywhere; and while often she speaks with pensive and tender beauty, sometimes her language and thought have even a grave majesty of expression. Thus she speaks of the doctrine of immortality as revealed in the Bible.

“One Book alone comes from God; one alone can reveal to us the secrets of God. It has its silences, its mysteries; it never deceives.

“Eternal life shines forth from every page of the Bible. At first it is a serene, diffused light, strong enough to rejoice the eyes; not perhaps to define each detail of the immense prospect. Nevertheless, as at the dawn of a fine day, there are peaks touched with light. The brightness increases, the hills are gilded, the sun penetrates the valleys. Beautiful already, grand and peaceful in its veil of mist, the marvellous region grows more and more glorious with the growing day. Everywhere life-eternal throbs and rises radiant around us. Promise after promise, fact after fact; at first immortality seems to hover over us, at last descends distinct and palpable. It is no longer a vague happiness; it is a positive felicity, and our hearts bound to meet it.

“This will be admitted by all with reference to the New Testament. There are who contest it with reference to the Old, and especially

some of its earlier books. These tell you that they seek for the immortality of the soul in the writings of Moses, and do not find it. They look for it in the desolations of Job, and meet only with a desponding Materialism. They ask it of the Psalms, and the Psalms answer by mournful elegies on the dead, who descend into the regions of oblivion. They expect it from Ecclesiastes, and the wise Ecclesiastes celebrates the pleasures of the world : for, after this life, what is there ?

“ Before examining into this, I throw back my thoughts over the earlier pages of the Divine Word. Here I do not find myself oppressed by low and narrow skies ; but, on the contrary, there is a feeling of the Infinite over all. The Eternal and the Immutable shine through the fleeting forms of this world. Man whose feet are in the dust, lifts high his head, and breathes the air of eternity.

“ That time when God took Enoch and transplanted him to heaven, and no one was astonished ; that time when Abraham spoke with God, as a friend speaks to a friend ; that time when the marvellous ladder was let down by the pillow of Jacob ; that time when a poor woman wandering on the sand of the desert with her suffering child saw, without surprise, the angel of the Lord descend from heaven — that time was not a time of Materialism ; be very sure of that. Then the princes of the East followed their flocks in the valleys of Judea ; then they pitched their tents on the borders of the desert, in regions whose solitude brought God more near. In these beautiful nights of Arabia, clear as our days, they stood at the door of their tents and prayed. They prayed under the oaks at Beersheba ; they preyed on the summit of mountains, and consequently there was a voice near them that gave answer. Sometimes it was a celestial messenger, with light from heaven on his brow, who came to the patriarch as he sat before his tent in the evening, reflecting on the past years of his life, distinguished by so many communications with his God.

“ Think you it was necessary to teach these men that the soul does not die ? Think you it was necessary to explain to these pilgrims, travelling incessantly to some land of promise, that their days were short, and that after their brief duration, there would commence a time that had no end ? Oh, with what a sublime smile would Abraham or Jacob have listened to such doctors ! The soul never doubted ; it believed as the body breathes ; it had no need to discuss its faith, it held firm what it held.

“ Proofs are for sceptics.

“ Would you prove the magic of the night, the rich harvests, the flowering meadows, to a man who, from dawn to twilight, and often under the moon, traverses the fields, who draws his scythe through the grass, glittering with dew, who returns in the evening by the side of rivers in which the stars are reflected ? But what eloquence would be necessary, what power of description and of reasoning to bring all this, living and real, to the child of a miner, some poor, dwarfed creature, who, in the bowels of the earth, a smoking lamp fastened on his head, pushes his truck along a dark gallery.

"To him who sees, belief is easy ; the thing exists ; I touch it ; it is mine.

"To him who sees not, you must bring faith : and he who names faith, names contest and conflict. Arguments are for the blind ; the loud voice of reasoning for the deaf.

"Do we resemble, then, the child of the miner ? Perhaps. Most certainly our world has, for ages, resembled a city over which an eternal fog is hanging. To such a city give torches, give beacons, at full day. The sun advances and blazes over it, but the fog constantly interposes ; nothing clear is seen. There, indeed, the lamp held by a hand that does not shake, is most needful. Nothing of all this is wanted by him who walks abroad in the magnificence of a summer's day.

"Those who study even those books of the Old Testament most charged with Materialism, find them, as it were, interpenetrated with eternal life ; find the doctrine of immortality everywhere implied. It vibrates in their diction ; constant allusions are made to it ; no one dies, but he is *gathered to his fathers*. One feels it breathe through every dialogue ; it is like a heavenly history running parallel with the earthly, written in indelible characters above, as the latter gradually unfolds amidst the hills and valleys of Palestine. God, who is educating man, is letting him draw his own inferences. This is a very striking feature of the first books of Moses, and agrees well with the positive intervention of God. Weaned from those direct relations, those familiar conversations, the patriarchs would have had greater need of written explanations and demonstrative reasoning. The hour came when God deprived man of his presence ; from that hour God bestowed on him prophets, into whose mouth He put a miraculous teaching.

"And even granting that man in those remote ages had no positive information given him on subjects upon which he never doubted ; still, from time to time, we find his assurance proclaimed in unpremeditated shouts of joy.

"Moses, on the borders of the Red Sea, just when the arm of the Lord has divided the waters, and His people have passed over—Moses, mentally transported to another passage, cries aloud, 'Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation. Thou shalt plant them in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for Thee to dwell in ; in the Sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.' "

On the whole, the volume will be read with delight, especially by those who trust their emotions to teach their thoughts, rather than determine that emotion shall always be cold where thought does not first strike the pathway.

VIII.

FOLK-LORE.

THERE is not a more interesting study than the comparatively modern one of "Folk-Lore," the investigation into the old ways, and manners, and usages, which still lurk in distant villages; the queer, grotesque superstitions, and strange fantastic pieces of phraseology, old proverbs, and legends; and cures still performing by old wifeism; and in the volume republished from the "Notes and Queries," there is a general collection of all these things of a very valuable character to those interested in the subject. We can conceive even a much more valuable collection; but in a small book it would not be possible, we suppose to exceed it in interest. Some of the sketches in which a hand of fancy has woven together the floating traditions, as in the "Folk-Lore" of an old-world Village, are very amusing; the account, especially of Newton Prodgers; and, indeed, we once heard the very tradition we quote below of the Manchester Bagman, related to us at a wild old house, far down in the fens of Norfolk. We suppose there must have been Newton Prodgers, though the locality seems doubtful.

"But it is moreover the true and only genuine site of the stupendous adventure of the Manchester Bagman, which the Yankees have appropriated with characteristic coolness, and pitched somewhere or other down in Alabama. The thing itself actually occurred to a respectable farmer of our village, no way connected with the public press, who set to work one fine morning to dig out a riding whip, the tip of which he saw sprouting out of the middle of the road. After an hour's hard digging he came to a hat, and under that, to his intense horror, was a head belonging to a body in a state of advanced suffocation. Assistance was procured, and after several hours of unremitting exertion, worthy of Agassiz or Owen, the entire organism of a bagman was developed. 'Now, gentlemen,' said the exhumed commercial to his perspiring diggers, who of course concluded their labours finished,

• I. Choice Notes from Notes and Queries. Folk-Lore. Bell and Daldy, 186 Fleet Street.

II. Poems and Lancashire Songs. By Edwin Waugh. Manchester: Edwin Slater.

III. English Surnames, and their place in the Tuetonic Family. By Robert Fergusson.

IV. Hwomely Rhymes. Poems in the Dorset Dialect. By William Barnes. London: John Russell Smith, 36 Soho Square. 1859.

‘now, gentlemen, you’ve saved my life ; and now oblige me by lending a hand to get out my mare !’ I am aware that at first sight this anecdote appears to tell against our village ; but then everybody knows it is the business of the Little Pudgington folks to mend these roads, and not ours. We never have repaired them, and it is not very likely we shall begin now, for we have a religious antipathy to all innovation, especially when it is likely to touch the rates. In M’Adam’s time, when the aforesaid Little Pudgington folks were going to bring the branch turnpike through a corner of Newton Prodgers, we rose as one man, called a public meeting, and passed a resolution expressing strong abhorrence of French principles ; and we have not degenerated ; for it is only the other day since we thrashed the surveyors of the ‘Great Amalgamated Central.’ Search the whole county, and I doubt if you find such another respectable old-fashioned place.”

In Newton Prodgers lives the celebrated Mr. John Gibbs, of whom the writer says :—

“In politics Jack was a thorough-going Church and King man, and stoutly swore, to the last day of his life, that tea and pantaloons had ruined England, and worked between them the fall of the Corn-laws. A more honest, thick-headed, open-hearted, and prejudiced old booby never drew breath. He was the last man for miles round our place who kept open house to all comers ; and, I regret to add, he was the identical old rascal who set the bells ringing when the lamented news of the death of the late Sir Robert Peel reached Newton Prodgers. If you took a peep into his stone-floored house-room on Christmas Eve, you would see *Misrule redivivus*. Hodge senior smokes long pipes, plays at cards, and looks on. Adolescent Agriculture dances quaint old country dances, not found in the *Ball-room Monitor*, and sings rough old songs, in rough old measures, that would scandalize Sims Reeves ; while the younger fry are wild and dripping at duck-apple, snap-apple, and half-a-score of other equally intellectual amusements.”

In the “Folk-Lore” there are a thousand interesting legends unexpected, which romance and poetry have not used as yet, but we must forego the pleasure of quotation, and refer to another section of the same wide field to which the volume on “Folk-Lore” we have referred to, does not make much reference. We allude to the variations of English words, and the singular testimony they bear to the variations of the population.

Our readers will frequently have noticed that English words become *a means of identifying the parts of our country with the people who settled here*. It is known that we are a very mixed people, composed of ancient Celts and ancient Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, who were but first cousins, or, at the remotest, second cousins, to the Danes. Thus our speech has

a Celtic, Latin, Teutonic, and Scandinavian element in it; since all these people brought their language and deposited it amongst us. The names of places lead us to a knowledge of the first settlers. Thus, how many places, especially in the South of England, end in *ton*, Brixton; *ham*, Lewisham; *bury*, Halybury; *forth*, Oxford, Deptford, or Fairford; *worth*, Isleworth. They are all of Anglo-Saxon origin, and when they are we may be sure we have a key to the ancient conquest and conquerors of the place, and to the kind of life they led there. But in the North of England we meet a different class of words or terminations, such as *toft*, Lowestoft; *beck*, Troutbeck; *tarn*, a small lake; *dell* and *fell*, a rocky mountain; *force*, a waterfall; *hause* or *howe*, a hill; *garth*, a large farm; *thwaite*, an isolated piece of land; and *ness* or *nase*, a promontory, as Holderness or Sheerness; and *eye*, an island; words like these become a clue, and an important one, to our local and even national history. It is clear that if we linger over this department of the subject we shall be verging rather too nearly to a discourse on *Philological Ethnology*. Enough then to say how certain forms and terminations of speech are finger hands pointing to Celtic, Teutonic, and Scandinavian England; by these terminations we see that a law obtains in local Etymology—our readers remember the old saying, by

“ Tre, Pol, Par, and Pen,
You may know the Cornish Men.”

others have amplified it as follows:—

“ By Tre, Rop, Pol, Han, Caer, and Pen,
You may know the most of the Cornish Men.”

But a similar generalization may be made by most of the towns of England. All the above are the old British roots, and we should be sure wherever we met with them that there had originally been an ancient British settlement; *tre* is the ancient British word for town; *ross*, a heath; *llan*, a church; *caer*, a castle. Wherever we meet the *chester* or the *caxter*, we know there was once a Latin element of life—a Roman fortification—as a *burg* or *borough*, immediately transfers us to a Saxon one. Sometimes a name rises like a seam of unexpected strata in the soil. The word *Sheerness*, for instance, is low Saxon, and all the names around are Saxon. We have no doubt then, even if we had not other knowledge, that the Danes and Northmen have been there and left the element behind them; the Danish *ness*, which is also genuine Sanscrit.

Closely connected with this study of local Etymology is the consideration of the forms of termination among English names.

Thus, *er* is derived from the Saxon word for man; *Salter* is salt man; *Miller* is mill man, and so on. Another of these terminations is *ster*; *spinster* is the feminine of *spinner*; and not of batchelor, as Lindley Murray somewhat absurdly remarks. This was a word much more frequent in Saxon times; and we find then *tapster* or *tapper*, *brewster* or *brewer*; *bagster*, the feminine of *baker*, and many others. *Grave* is the old Saxon for steward; *waldegrave* the steward of the forests; *murgrave*, steward of the marshes; and surely this Etymology gives a pathetic meaning to the spot which becomes the steward of beloved dust. Thus, looking at these words, we arrive at certain ancient ancestral institutions, characters, and occupations. As we have often said, we have but to pull these Etymological strings to be admitted into a kind of mental show room. But the reader must walk within the circle of the room himself; for he will find in every part of England curious phrases, strange words peculiar to the locality; strange mythological hints—for *folk-lore* is a comprehensive range of inquiry, and has within the last few years turned up some curious results; for instance, strange it seems as we walk along *the great Watling-street of England, and of the Romans*, to find Chaucer reminding us that this *was only the name of the milky way*—*the Watling-street* along the sky, and the Roman highway across the heaths and moors, was so named after the ancient bright way across the heavens. *Old Nick* is a character pretty generally known (better known than trusted), but originally there was nothing repulsive in this name; the *nickers* or *nicksies* were the wild water-fairies of the old mythology, the term is now singular and individual. We always think of the fairies as the good people, and Old Nick as a very bad fellow.

A fruitful subject is the variety of English dialects, and in this connection a very interesting department of folk-lore is the publication of many very admirable volumes of poems in the various dialects of our country. At the head of this article we have placed two, but we might refer to many. Those we have quoted are from widely opposite parts of England—Manchester and Dorsetshire; and first let Mr. Waugh recite to us one in the Manchester dialect:—

“COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN’ ME.”

“Aw’ve just mended th’ fire wi’ a cob;
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon;
There’s some nice bacon-collops o’th hob,
An a quart o’ ale posset i’th oon;
Aw’ve brought thi top-cwot, does ta know,
For th’ rain’s comin’ deawn very dree;
An’ th’ bar’stone’s as white as new snow;—
Come whoam to thi childer an’ me.

“ When aw put little Sally to bed,
 Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer ;
 So, aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw said
 'Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro th' fair ;
 An' aw gave her her doll, an' some rags,
 An' a nice little white cotton bo' ;
 An' aw kissed her again ; but hoo said
 At heo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

“ An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
 Afore aw could get him up stairs ;
 'Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,
 He said, when he're sayin' his prayers ;
 Then he looked i' my facc, an' he said,
 ' Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad ? '
 An' he cried till his e'en were quite red ;—
 He likes thee some weel, does yon lad !

“ At th' lung-length, aw geet 'em laid still ;
 An' aw hearken't folk's feet at went by ;
 Saw aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
 An' aw hanged 'em o' th maiden to dry ;
 When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
 Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
 An' aw rayley did feel rather hurt,—
 Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.

“ ‘ Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick ;
 Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal ;
 Aw've a book full o' babe ! an' a stick
 An' some 'bacco an' pipes for mysel ;
 Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—
 Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see* ;
 An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—
 But, aw olez bring summat for *thee* !

“ ‘ God bless tho, my lass ; aw'll go whoam,
 An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd ;
 Thae knows, that wheerever aw roam,
 Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd.
 Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass ;
 Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree ;
 But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
 Except wi' yon childer 'an thee ! ' ”

The following will illustrate the widely varying dialects of our country and justify us, we believe, in our assertion, that if the wo—Manchester and Poole—met together, they would find a difficulty in understanding each other :—

“ THE STAGE COACH.”

“ Ah ! when the wold vo'k went abroad
 They thought it vast enough,
 If vow'r good hosses beät the road
 Avore the coach's ruf ;
 An' there they zot,
 A-cowld or hot,

An' roll'd along the ground,
 While the whip did smack
 On the hosses' back,
 An' the wheels went swiftly round, Good so's ;
 The wheels went swiftly round.

" Noo iron rails did streak the land
 To keep the wheels in track.
 'The coachman turn'd his vow'r-in-hand,
 Out right, or left, an' back ;
 An' 'e stopt avore
 A man's own door,
 To teäke en up or down :
 While the reïns vell slack,
 On the hosses' back,
 Till the wheels did rattle roun' ageän ;
 Till the wheels did rattle roun'.

" An' there, when wintry win' did blow,
 Athirt the plain an' hill,
 An' the zun wer' peäle above the snow,
 An' ice did stop the mill,
 They did laef an' joke,
 Wi' cwoat or cloke,
 So warmly roun' em bound,
 While the whip did crack,
 On the hosses' back,
 An' the wheels roll'd swiftly roun', d'ye know ;
 The wheels went swiftly roun'.

" An' when the rumblèn coach did pass
 Where hufflèn winds did roar,
 They stopp'd to teäke a warmèn glass
 By the sign above the door ;
 An' did laef an' joke
 An' ax the vo'k
 The miles they wer' vrom town,
 'Till the whip did crack
 On the hosses' back,
 An' the wheels roll'd swiftly roun', good vo'k ;
 The wheels roll'd swiftly roun'.

" An' gaily rod wold age or youth,
 When zummer light did vall
 On woods in leaf, or trees in blooth,
 Or girt vo'k's parkside wall.
 An' they thought they past
 The pleäces vast,
 Along the dusty groun',
 When the whip did smack
 On the hosses' back,
 An' the wheels spun swiftly roun'. Them days
 'The wheels spun swiftly roun'."

"THE SHY MAN."

" Ah, good Meüster Gwillet, that you mid a-know'd,
 Wer' a-bred up at Coom, an' went little abroad;
 An' if 'e got in among strangers, 'e velt
 His poor heart in a twitter, and ready to melt;
 Or if, by ill luck, in his rambles, 'e met
 Wi' zome maidens a-tittren, 'e burn'd wi' a het,
 That shot all droo the lim's o'n, an' left a cwold zweet.
 The poor little chap wer' so shy,
 He wer' ready to drap, an' to die.

" But at laest 'twer' the lot o' the poor little man
 To vall deeply in love, as the best ov us can;
 An' 'twer' noo easy task vor a shy man to tell
 Sich a dazzlèn feäir maïd that he lov'd her so well;
 An' oone dae when 'e met her, his knees nearly smote
 Oone another, an' then wi' a struggle he brote
 A vew words to his tongue, wi' some mwore in his droat.
 But she, 'ithout doubt, could zoon vind,
 Vrom two words that come out, zix behind.

" Zoo at langth, when 'e vound her so smilèn an' kind,
 Why 'e wrote her zome laïns, vor to tell her his mind,
 Though 'twer' then a hard task vor a man that wer' shy,
 To be married in church, wi' a crowd stannèn by.
 But 'e twold her oone dae, ' I have houses an' lands,
 We could marry by licence, if you don't like banns,
 An' 'e cover'd his eyes up wi' oone ov his han's,
 Vor his head seem'd to zwim as he spoke,
 An' the air look'd so dim as a smoke.

" Well! 'e vound a good naighbour to goo in his pleëce
 Vor to buy the goold ring, vor he hadden the feëce.
 An' when 'e went up vor to put in the banns,
 'E did sheäke in his lags, an' did sheäke in his han's.
 Then they ax'd vor her neäme, an' her parish or town,
 An' 'e gied 'em a leaf, wi' her neäme a-wrote down;
 Vor 'e cooden a-twold 'em outright, vor a poun'.
 Vor his tongue wer' so weak an' so loose,
 When 'e wanted to speak 'twer' noo use.

" Zoo they went to be married, an' when they got there,
 All the vo'k wer' a-gather'd as if 'twer' a feäir,
 An' 'e thought, though his pleëce mid be pleasant to zome,
 He cood all but ha' wish'd that he hadden a-come.
 The bride wer' a-smilèn as fresh as a rwose,
 An' when 'e come wi' her, an' show'd his poor nose,
 All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried ' There 'e goes,'
 ' There 'e goes.' Oh! vor his peärt 'e velt
 As if the poor heart o'n would melt.

" An' when they stood up by the chancel together,
 Oh! a man mid ha' knock'd en right down wi' a veather,
 'E did veel zoo asheäm'd that 'e thought 'e would rather
 He wërden the bridegroom, but only the father.
 But, though 'tis so funny to zee en so shy,
 Eet his mind is so lowly, his aïms be so high,
 That to do a meän deed, or to tell oone a lie,
 You'd vind that he'd shun mwore by haef,
 Than to stan' vor vok's fun, or their laef."

When we hear the unity of the human race denied on the ground of the great variety of human languages, it seems to us just as reasonable to deny the unity of Englishmen on the ground of the variety of our dialects. We wish, for our readers' amusement, we could bring upon the platform a peasant from Kent, and another from Yorkshire, and set them to converse together; they could not understand each other. But in a paper so brief we can do little more than smile at the variety of dialects. We shall not succeed in showing you their essential unity; still, let not the reader smile only at the vulgar—the vulgar, also, in the matter of speech, frequently smile at the gentry, and even at the scholars; and every scholar will believe us when we say that frequently the vulgar have the best of the laugh; the reader knows the old conversation in Mr. Pegge's "Essay on the Speech of the Londoners" between a citizen of London in the old time and his servant.

Cit. : Villiam, I vants my vig. *Ser.* : Vitch vig, sir? *Cit.* : Vy, the vite vig, in the vooden vig box vitch I vore last Vensday in the westry.

Mr. Matthews used to describe very humourously the distress of a citizen who, on the deck of a Margate steamer, had lost his hat and wig by the too rude greeting of the wind. *Cit.* : Oh lor, misses, my hat and vig's overboard. *Wife* : My eye and Betty Martin; and there's a walo! *Passenger* : A whale! Where? where? I'd give a fi'pund note to see a whale. *Captain* : There aint never no vale, no veres, sir; it's the gen'l'man's mispronuncification, sir; it's his vife's wail vat she vears over her vig, sir, that's all." This is the vulgar transposition of letters so called; but we need not remind our readers that fashion has become vulgar lately, and has been transposing letters too. We were in church the other day when a young curate read from the Book of Duterteconomy, and took his text from the Epistle to the Womans. Mr. Christmas, in his notes to Pegge, says, that a lady at Cambridge told him that Richard had got some tracts which Mr. Carews had given him, and he was going to Trininity for some more. The old line, "Around the ragged rocks the ragged rascals ran their rural race," would be by some persons, in their elegant and euphonic nineteenth century dialect, pronounced "Around the ragged rocks the ragged rascals ran their ruriale race." These illustrative tones sound very differently to the emphatic and broad sounds of the old woman, quoted by Dr. Southey, in that wise and glorious book "The Doctor," who, in those days, when tailors were milliners for women, as well as mantua-makers for men, went to her tailorial confessor with these directions: "Here, tallcor, tak this petcut; thoo mun

bin me't, and thoo mun tap bin me't; thoo mun turn me't rangsid afoor top sid bottom, insid oot; thoo can do't, thoo mun do't, and thoo mun do't speedily;" and there is in directions like these as little possibility of misconceiving the lady's character as the directions she issued with such brevity and force. But what is especially to be noted in this view of the subject is that the view of the transpositions of letters, or the interchange of letters; the disappearance of a consonant, or the emphasis of a vowel, or the appearance of a coarse word, is not so arbitrary as many have supposed; these vulgarities are guides to aboriginal forms of speech. We sound a word very frequently by a polite termination or prefix until the original is almost lost sight of; but when the scholar uses his surgical knife and amputates the unnecessary affix then securely lodged in the heart of the word, is the test and the clue by which we identify the race and the speech.

And even at the risk of seeming most unmethodical in the direction of my remarks we must return again to a section of the subject we seem to have left—that of *proper names*. Mr. Lower, in his "Historical Essays on English Surnames," has touched a very fruitful subject for inquisitive antiquarians. The word *surname* itself has sometimes puzzled, although it is susceptible of two very plain interpretations, either *sur* name, that is from the French, a name on a name, as we say Boulogne *sur mer*, Boulogne on the sea—or *sir* name, which is more probable, that is the name of a father, or the *sire* name, in contradistinction to the name bestowed. Names do not grow as they did, although it is probable they still come into existence from year to year. Our names have undergone so many transmutations that we do not recognize many that were once very simple and necessary signs. Formerly every tradesman had a sign, not merely publicans, but the keepers of all other shops, and the keeper was usually called after the sign of his house. Wordsworth has written a poem called "Peter Bell," but there was a worthy who bore that name many a long generation back, and his name guides us to the mode in which perhaps, Peter's ancestry became possessed or the patronymic. In an old poem called "Pasquin's Nightcap," printed 1612 which we have never seen, but is quoted by Mr. Lower, we have the following lines:—

"First, there is Maister Peter at the Bell,
 A linen-draper and a wealthy man;
 Then Maister Thomas, that doth stockings sell,
 And George the grocer, at the Fryingpan.
 And Maister Timothy, the woollendraper,
 And Maister Salamon, leather scraper;
 And Maister Rank, ye goldsmith at the Rose;
 And Maister Philip, with the fiery nose.

And Maister Miles, the mercer at the Arrow,
 And Master Nicke, the silk-man, at the Plow ;
 And Master Giles, the salter, at the Sparrow,
 And Maister Dick, the vinter, at the Cow.
 And Harry, haberdasher, at the Horn,
 And Oliver, the dyer, at the Thorn ;
 And Bernard, barber-surgeon, at the Fiddle,
 And Moses, merchant-tailor, at the Needle."

This extract will show to us how many names came into existence. Every village and small town in England presents us with illustrations, and they, too, give a plain solution of the cause of the existence of that large family, the *Smiths*, who certainly abound everywhere. Somebody has said a man might as well have no name at all as be called John Smith, although the countryman did not think so who directed a letter to *Mr. John Smith*, London, with speed ; but if we derive this word from the Saxon *smitan*, to smite, and apply it to all artificers in wood, or stone, or iron, or copper, we shall see how the word might become so general. Wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, and blacksmiths are all *smitters*, and these are among the most common trades in every state of society. Indeed, it is certain that in a primeval age man would be indicated by his most ordinary pursuits. We have some curious illustrations of this in the names of many of the leaders who came over with William, at the Norman Conquest, and whose names are preserved in the Roll of Battle Abbey ; many are neither dignified nor graceful. We have one knight *William the Cowman* ; another, *Lord Hughes the Tailor* ; another is *Æil de Bœuf*, or *Sir Bull's Eye* ; another *Front de Bœuf*, or *Bull's Face* ; and crowds whose names are derived from a native town or village.

The names of the time of the Puritans have frequently afforded food for laughter. *The Barebones Parliament* has ever been a standing historical joke. But Mr. Lower has shown that the naming of children with abstract mental qualities and Scriptural expressions was not peculiar to that particular time. The parents have to be accountable for many names that seem to us now absurd enough. Indeed, the blame, if any, rests between the parents and the clergyman. Hume, the historian, quoting "Brome's Travels," says :—

"It was usual for the pretended saints of that time (1653) to change their names from Henry, Edward, Anthony, William, which they regarded as heathenish and ungodly, into others more sanctified and godly. Sometimes a whole godly sentence was adopted as a name. Here are the names of a jury of Sussex, enclosed about this time :—Accepted Trevor of Norsham ; Redeemed Compton of

Battle; Faint Not Hewell of Heathfield; Make Peace Heaton of Hare; God Reward Smart of Fivehurst; Stand Fast on High Stringer of Crowhurst; Earth Adams of Warbleton; Called Lower of the Same; Kill Sin Pimple of Witham; Return Spelman of Watling; Be Faithful Joiner of Britling; Fly Debate Roberts of the Same; Fight the Good Fight of Faith White of Emir; More Fruit Fowler of East Hadly; Hope For Bending of the Same; Graceful Harding of Lewis; Weep Not Billing of the Same; Meek Brewer of Okenham.

"These names were, no doubt, imposed as baptismal names. The taste seems doubtful; to many it will seem reprehensible; but in the minds of the parents there was usually no vain meaning. It became something of a custom; and, perhaps, most names, if tested and translated, might yield some such result of laughter. Perhaps the quarrel is rather with the euphony than with either the custom or the sentiment. The old Hebrew names, *Aaron, Moses, Benjamin*, &c., &c., have, to our ear, a more customary sound, but the principle of their formation is the same. Even at this day there is living in Jamaica, or there was but a short time since, one named, 'Through much Tribulation we must Enter the Kingdom—White.'"

But Mr. Swinton gives, in his little book on words, one still more objectionably ludicrous—"If Christ had not died for thee, thou'dst have been Damned Dobson."

Before the time of Barebones, we find such names as Free Gift, Reformation, Earth, Ashes, Dust, Delivery, More Fruit, Tribulation, The Lord is Near, More Trial, Joy Again, From Above. We have also similar names before the times of the Puritans, such as Approved Frewen, Be Thankful Maynard, Be Courteous Cole, Safety in High Street, More Fruit Fowler, Free Gift Mabbs, Fly Debate Smart, Fly Fornication Richardson, and so on, to a very great length, these might be quoted. They are historical, and, at any rate, are not more ludicrous than the Proud Norman Roll of Battle Abbey.

In our library we have those ponderous volumes by the Rev. Walter Whiter—it is probable most of their fellows found their way to the butter shop, but if our readers are interested in the topic of our present study, and those two volumes ever cross their path purchase them, and read them; rash, indeed, would be the man who would attempt to defend the main positions of Mr. Whiter, but the volumes are full of curious hints, extensive thought and reading, running over upwards of a thousand closely-printed quarto pages—we refer to this book because it preceded by many years the celebrated "Vocalisms" of Bopp. Mr. Whiter knew nothing of German criticism; indeed, what we understand by that did not then exist—but he anticipated very much of it—he

attempted to found etymological study on a general law, and so free it from the caprice of every successive student ; like all such men he, no doubt, followed in his retired vicarage his idea until it sometimes became almost ludicrous in his hands ; but there was truth in it beyond a doubt, and the truth was substantially the same as that now better known as Bopp's Theory ; it is if we understand it rightly, *that the vital portions of any language are in the consonant, the vowel indeed only giving the utterance, or the sound, while the writing retains its sameness.* If this be so, we can scarcely wonder that the flexibility of the mind of man may have made characters and tones to harmonize with that flexibility. Our language, and the languages of Europe in general, promise illustrations of this. The ideas of these Etymologists, their dreams and speculations, are marvellous. It was a favourite portion of Mr. Whiter's theory that all language—or, rather, all words, had *their origin in the soil and the occupations of the soil, and that this was expressed in those rude consonants which are the first efforts of speech.* It was his idea that the same elementary consonant conveys the same fundamental idea in all languages. It will be seen by all, that we have now reached really a most interesting, if ambiguous, and shadowy section of the study of the transformations and migrations of words,—we have come to the neighbourhood of Horne Tooke's celebrated "*Discussions in the Diversions of Purley*"—Whence do nouns come ? how do verbs grow ? are the verbs a branch of the tree of which nouns are the stem,—and how do nouns grow into verbs ? It must be interesting to trace *this* process by which things that exist, and are nouns, are made into things that move and feel, and think and feel, as *verbs* ;—you see there is the same relation between these as there is between natural philosophy, which is the study of matter dead ; and natural history, which is the study of matter alive ; or between the study of *mechanics* and *chemistry*.

But this question is connected with another ; all our readers have heard how that a dispute has been going on now for a good many years between *the two old families of Consonant and Vowel*. And the other day, Tom Consonant and Squire Vowel came to a regular battle in our hearing. The Squire provoked the battle by telling Tom to take himself off if he could not learn to speak better : "What do you mean," said he, "by coming here with your hard G's, and K's, and R's, and L's, I protest you make me sick—faugh—be off with your muck, and mend your manners." "Marry, come up," said Tom Consonant, "if I go far off, I shall take away all the L's and the S's with me, and that'll take the support from your family, Mr. Vowel. For much as you think of your-

self, and though I am a poor, plain, blunt-spoken Consonant, I can tell you I come of an older family than you ; why, the Consonants were born before you Vowels were ever thought of,—and what have you been good for since you were born ? I should like to know what are you but a puff of wind—you've got no backbone, Mr. Vowel, you've got no backbone in you. You talk about speaking, but, bless me, you cannot speak, you can't make a respectable word without me ; you Vowels, why you are only gentlemen farmers, we Consonants dig, and work, and manufacture, and navigate, and paint, and plough. Now, Mr. Vowel, take yourself out of dig, we d'g the same ; take your *o* out of work, and your *u* too, if you like, and we r'k the same ; take your *a*, and your *u* from manufacture, and we m'n'f'ct'r still ; and your *a*, *i*, *e*, from navigate, and we still n'v'g't ; and as to painting and ploughing, we can get on just as well without you. You tell me to be off ; I say to you, Mr. Vowel, be off, and where will you be ?" " My dear fellow," said Vowel, " don't excite yourself, do breathe freely ; the truth is, you see I know you are a useful fellow, but a little too rough ; why, the other day, in Wales, which is a great country of yours, I fell into a village called ' Nantyddthyllanmanooeloughghogg.' See what it is to be born without vowels—how barbarous—let us shake hands, and agree to make up the quarrel, and go along comfortable together." ' Whereupon they did so ;' but *we* plainly perceived that Consonant was the real worker in language, *that a language of vowels was impossible, but that however unpleasant it might be, to hear or speak, it was possible to have a language of consonants.*

These remarks are open to the charge of being broken and elliptical, from the pressure of space and the immensity of the topic ; we should like to introduce to the reader a series of dynasties of words. We think it will not be disputed that if men are all of one race, it is most probable that the growth of their speech should be—we may say simultaneous ; the same elementary sounds will, in all languages, be associated with the like impressions and wants. This is admirably illustrated, so far as the Latin is concerned, in Mr. Key's grammar of that language, on the crude forms ; by this system you throw away all the extraneous letters or syllables, and then what is left is considered the true word. We do not know language until we have studied those parts of a word which are its abbreviations or its affixes. Take, for instance, the Latin verb *verso* or *certo*, originally in its root, signifying to stir up ; from this we procure the " *Percersion* of the Mind ;" " *Versatility* of Character ;" " The *Subversion* of an Empire ;" " Johnson, *versus* Jackson ;" " In *Inverse* Proportion ;" " The *Rerersion* of an Estate ;" " The *Conversion* of the Heathen ;" " The *Celebration*

of an *Anniversary* ;” “The *Converse* of a Proposition ;” “A Witty or Pleasant *Conversation* ;” “The *Vertex* of a Triangle ;” “A Man *Conversant* or *Versed* in all sorts of Learning ;” “The *Advertisements* of a Newspaper ;” “A Devouring *Vortex* ;” “The *Diversions* of the Fashionable ;” “The *Miseries* of *Adversity* ;” “Seven *Animadversions* ;” “Notes and *Animadversions* on a Book ;” “He *Averted* the Danger ;” “Mortal *Aversion* ;” “Sublime *Verses* ;” “The *Version* of the Psalms ;” “*Vertigo* in the Head ;” “*Tergiversation* ;” “The System of the *Universe* ;” “The *University* of Cambridge *universally* celebrated for its Arts and Institutions ;” “He *Adverted* to the Subject.” All of these varied words lie locked up in the Latin *verso*—the idea of turning or ploughing up ; but we may *refer* to four hundred illustrations of the same wealth of verbal capital from even yet more unprofitable soil.

All language is imagery ; every word we utter, if we could trace it to its root, we should find to be an image. But it is surely remarkable how many of our words, nouns, and adjectives, and verbs, are derived from the earth, and associations and occupations connected with the earth. But this principle requires not a few pages—which is all we have at present to bestow upon the matter—but rather at least a volume, or volumes. Primitive sounds always express like emotions and affections ; R R O, long and short, what a variety of combinations they make. *Earth* is synonymous with *erish* in Arabic ; with *virga* in Latin ; with *yard*, *garden*, to *Hortus*, *orchard* ; this generation of words is infinite, but they all express the idea of that which is *routed*, *irritated*. The word *harrow*, also, and the word *harass*, harrowing the field, suggests the idea of harrowing the soul with fear and wonder ; and the same elementary consonants give *rout*, *rut*, *road*, *wroth*, *writhe*, *wreathe*, *wrick*, *wrack*, *wretched*, *rough*, *rugged*, *rake*, *route*. In these remarks we only wish to call attention to the study of the elementary sounds of consonants, whether the soft and labial, or the hoarse and guttural ; it is in this way we believe we shall discover the essential and rudimental unity of human speech. Stripping from words their factious, conventional, and local meaning—identifying names and emotions with sounds, we shall arrive at last at unity of expression.

But we can scarcely believe that we have said so much without involving a mental dispute with some of our readers. We will notice that, independent of that reason which we have first given, there is an exceeding interest in the study of English words, because as has been said a thousand times, that study is the study of things, and leads the mind on to the perception of the propriety and fitness of language and words in general. Yet how distant

seems the relationship of words. *Mantle* is the Saxon for a covering, yet we have *the liquor mantling in the glass*; we have "*the green mantle of the standing pond*," and Shakespeare tells us of "a kind of men whose visage do cream and *mantle* like a standing pool." Thus the noun grows into a verb, and the verb into an adjective. Look again at the word *warren*; this is one of those singular roots running through an infinite variety. We have a *rabbit warren*; we have *war*, a place of security for fish; the "*wares*" of merchandise are derived, no doubt, from the *warrant* for the soundness of the goods, and the judge's *warrant*, and the *ward* of chancery, and the *wariness* or circumspection of the careful man; these are all derivations from the same ancestry; as *warren*, a *security*, so the word *vessel*, a *ship*, a *cup*, the *reins* of the body, the *mind* of man. In all these the primary signification is kept sight of. Thus *field* is *felled*, or the *felled* land; and was spelt *feld* by old writers. The *felled* land was in opposition to the woodland. Thus, *cud*, to chew the *cud*, to chew the *cheived*, as Spenser has it:—

"In some cool shadow from the scorching heat,
Their whily his flock their *chawed cuds* do eat."

And from pastoral usages to less poetical, we may remark that a *quid* of tobacco is the same as *cud*; *wild* is *willed*, or the character of those who are self-willed in opposition to those who yield to the wills of society, or the family. The word *cancel*, and *chancellor*, are related to *lattice*, since the chancellor was in the old time supposed to sit behind lattices. It is somewhat difficult to find the relationship of the elegant occupation of sewing, with so undrawing-room like a creature as a *sow*, yet this passage of words came about in this way, the bristles of the animal were formerly used by shoemakers, as indeed they are to this day; the word, *suis*, the Latin word for sow, came to be the root of the verb to sew, and thus the occupation of the lady, the occupation of the shoemaker, and the ungraceful citizen of the stye, came to be acquainted with each other. Thus, again, what connection is there between *pontiff*, the sovereign bishop, *pontifical* robes, and *pont*, a bridge; yet the word *pontiff* is derived from what was supposed the highest dignity of an early age, namely, the bridging over that which was impassable and chaotic, and although a term unfit enough for so weak a creature as a *Pope* of Rome, no word more fitly expresses the capability, strength, and enterprize, of a strong commanding intellect. There does not seem much connection between that text, "Though thou bray a fool in a mortar among wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him," with *bread*—yet bread is only brayed wheat—that which is *brayed*, and so *dough* is the same

constantly in the mouths of the vulgar, would not be endured in polished society, though more privileged synonymes of Latin origin, or some classical circumlocution, expressing exactly the same thing, shall pass unquestioned. There may be nothing dishonest, nothing really vulgar about the old Saxon word ; yet it would be thought as uncouth in a drawing-room as the ploughman to whose rude use it is abandoned. Thus the word 'stench' is lavendered over into unpleasant effluvia, or an ill odour : 'sweat,' diluted into four times the number of syllables, becomes a very inoffensive thing in the shape of 'perspiration.' To 'squint' is softened into obliquity of vision ; to be 'drunk' is vulgar, but if a man be simply intoxicated or inebriated, it is comparatively venial. Indeed, we may say of the classical names of vices what Burke more questionably said of vices themselves, 'that they lose half their deformity by losing all their grossness.' In the same manner we all know that it is very possible for a medical man to put to us questions, under the seemly disguise of scientific phraseology and polite circumlocution, which, if expressed in the bare and rude vernacular, would be almost as nauseous as his draughts and pills."

Ah ! most strange have been the pranks we have played with the English language in these latter days. We have heard of the man who managed to spell his name "*Gikup*" for Jacob ; not one single letter that ought to have been in it ; and of that other worthy who sent in a bill containing the following hieroglyphic items, "*osafada*" "*agetinonimome*," which, being interpreted, signified "horse half a day," and a "getting on him home." But these are a joke in the history of language as the concealer of ideas, to the advertisement of Tanner's Pens, warranted to act "upon improved self-renovating philosophical principles." The advertiser says, "Depicting ideas into vision in the portraiture of conception by legible characters, is the noblest invention of which mankind can boast," and after a lengthy description, he proceeds,—"*Richard Tanner's celebrated resplendent, unparagoned caligraphy, incomparable, pre-eminently approved, graphometrical, prophylactic, parallel, trichotomical, coadjuvant pliancy unparalleled, self-renovating, ever-pointed emendated, dentulated, spheroidical, transilient, rectifications, mathematically serrated, of octagonal angulations, amalgamated of amaldine, zigzag, magnetic, trigonal, oblong, four springed Tannerian Pens.*" Such was an advertisement from the *Times* newspaper, and possibly some of our readers may think we might employ their time better than in reading the unmeaning jumble of words ; but, indeed, three hundred years ago, there were some writers who attempted to make this style of verbiage classical English. Mr. Rogers quotes a passage from the "*Jewel*" of Sir Thomas Urquest, a work we have not seen, in

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as *dew*, that which is wetted. Spencer abounds in confirmations of this—for instance :—

“And all the day it standeth fall of *deow*,
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.”

Mr. Rogers, in his admirable essay on “The Structure of the English Language,” has said some things upon this subject. We have sometimes imagined an amusing scene,—if old Father Idiom and young Idiom, junior, his great grandson, could meet together in the same drawing-room, we believe young Idiom would be sadly scandalized at the very blunt speech of his ancestor. We may conceive *old Idiom* throwing himself back in the arm-chair, and exclaiming, “Well, boy, I tell ye I’ve been a-coming so fast up here, that I’m all in a *sweat*.” *Young Idiom* : “My dear sir, pardon me, as a junior, venturing to correct so venerable a person, but it would have been much better had you substituted for that odious word *sweat*, the more euphonious polysyllable, *perspiration*.” *Old Idiom* : “Well, lad, correct or not correct, I don’t care ; just be so good as touch that bell, and tell them to let us have a mug of ale ; coming through that yard just now, they were moving a dung-heap, and, if you believe me, it *stunck* so bad, the stench almost knocked me down.” *Young Idiom* : “Pshaw ! My dear grandfather, how you talk ! those words are very unbecoming ; how much more elegant it would have been to have spoken of the *unpleasant effluvia*. I am sure your sufferings must have been very great, for I have experienced them all myself.” Old Idiom would give you plainly to understand that his acquaintance *squinted*. Young Idiom would soften it down to *obliquity of vision*. Old Idiom would plainly tell you his servant was *drunk*. Young Idiom would be sorry to inform you he was *inebriated* ; he might even go so so far as to say, *intoxicated*. When Old Idiom would rap out into a downright—“That’s a *lie*,” Young Idiom would politely inform you, that you were guilty of a *precarious equivocation*, possibly amounting even to *tergiversation*. Old Idiom told his neighbours if they did wrong, they *would go to hell* ; young Idiom, to quote Mr. Rogers, would imitate the courtly preacher “*who told his congregation that if they did not mend their manners, they would certainly go to a place which he could not think of mentioning in the ears of so polite an assembly*,” Mr. Rogers says :—

“Again, it is often necessary to convey ideas which, though not truly and properly offensive in themselves, would, if clothed in the rough Saxon, appear so to the sensitive modesty of a highly refined state of society ; dressed in Latin, these very same ideas shall seem decent enough. Once more : there is a large number of words which, from the frequency with which they are used, and from their being so

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which he elegantly expresses himself thus:—"I could have introduced, *in case of obscurity* (!), synonymal, exargastic, and palilogetic elucidations, for sweetness of phrase, antimetathetic commutations of epithets; for the vehement excitation of matter, exclamations in the front, and epiphonemas in the rear. I could have used, for the promptier stirring up of passion, apostrophal and prosopopæial diversions, and for the appeasing and settling of them some epanorthetic revocations and aposiopetic restraints. I could have inserted dialogisms displaying their interrogatory part with communicatively pysmatic and sustentative flourishes, or proleptically with the refutative scheme of anticipation and subjection and that part which concerns the responsory with the figures of permission and concession." "I suppose you mean so and so," a judge, said, some time since, from the bench to a witness who drench't his speech with scientific technicalities. "I do, my Lord." "Then why could you not say so." He had said so, but not in English.* Hearing some people speak, one is inclined to let them speak on, lest they should say with Mrs. Malaprop, "There, Sir, an attack on my language! What do you think of that? An aspersion upon my parts of speech? Was ever such a brute? Sure if I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue and a nice derangement of epitaphs." But if our language suffers from the tinsel finery and foppery of affectation, it suffers not less from the slang and tatterdemalionism of speech. We have plenty of illustrations of speech at the perfumers before the looking-glass. We have also speech in the dram-shop, and the dirt. All these, and manifestations like these, are the frivolities, the nonsense words, of language; but if any person shall say they rather tend to illustrate the mind and the style than the transformations of words. We reply, words are at once the monarchs and the subjects of the mind and the style. The style of every age and every man is made up of words, and words are the ink formed from the mental chemistry and the motions of the soul.

* Mr. Rogers.

Brief Notices.

THE OUTLINES OF THEOLOGY, or General Principles of Revealed Religion briefly stated, designed for the use of Families and Students in Divinity. By the Rev. James Clark. Vol. III. London: Ward & Co.

THIS book, of which the present is the closing volume, has already, in the issue of the preceding volumes, received the commendations of the *ECLECTIC*. We believe, with the author, in the doctrine of Robert Hall, that "a lax theology is the natural parent of a lax morality;" and, as we do fear that we have not a sufficient regard in our religious circles and families, to first principles, we are glad to welcome this work. The author desires that it may be useful to families, and in families we should think it very likely to be useful. The style is clear. This volume sustains the character of its predecessors; it is an able digest of doctrine, and, certainly, no reader will, by this author, be led any where within the neighbourhood of "negative theology."

THE CIRCLE OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, a Hand-book framed out of a Layman's Experience. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

IT is always delightful to meet with a book like this—so religious, and yet so real—in which the great subjects of controversy are handled in a calm and meditative tone and spirit, removed as far as possible from the heats and irritations of controversy. There are some expressions, verbal only, we believe, which we would perhaps have gladly seen altered, but the book is in itself quite "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit"—full of reflections calculated to instruct the mind, to quiet the spirit, and to heal the heart. Thus, the author speaks of Scripture difficulties:—

"When the subject is carefully pondered, it is perceived that such difficulties are not only naturally to be expected, but belong so essentially to the nature of a revelation from God, as actually to attest its authenticity. The subjects of which the Bible treats are, many of them, so far removed from the sphere of ordinary experience, as to gather round them the usual obscurity of distance. God, and God's nature, his attributes, and his ways, lie within a region of infinity, to the full scope of which a finite mind cannot stretch its grasp. Even as to the things within our reach, it is the characteristic of knowledge always to run into mystery. Clearness everywhere ceases beyond a certain point. How soon must it be lost, when the mind is called to enter that infinity in which God dwells. It follows from their distinctiveness of being, that some things will always be known to an infinite and omniscient God, which are not apprehended by finite and inferior creatures. No revelation will ever reveal all; and the knowledge which is imperfect is on that very account obscure. Difficulties so inevitably attend every revelation from above, that, in place of such difficulties forming an objection to its reception, it is more truly said that entire clearness would be ground of suspicion, and absence of difficulty form an impeachment of credibility."

And there will be much comfort to many hearts, we believe, from such a paragraph as the following, on the full assurance of faith:—

"One other, and a parting statement. It seems as though, with some Christians, it were necessary for the comfort of the spiritual life to have assurance of salvation always consciously before them, in the form of

an intellectual perception ; and hence their condition as to safety is, by such persons, made the subject of continual inquiry ; and frequently, from the fluctuating nature of human feelings, of very anxious and agitating thoughts. So much are these in error, that the highest kind of assurance is in reality that, in which the feeling of certainty so takes possession of the mind, as to exclude all question, and even all thought, on the subject. The happiest condition of affection is where the mutual reliance is such, that a formal inquiry, whether it exists, never once occurs to the mind. The members of the family, in which true love resides, go out, and come in, perform the appointed duties, enjoy the unceasing intercourse, without any heart putting to itself the question, whether it loves and is beloved. The assurance is such, that the inquiry never arises. So, with the believer, the highest condition of assurance is that, in which the feeling becomes so fixed and habitual, that the subject never presents itself, in any formal shape, to the mind. The question, whether the soul be safe for eternity, is unasked, and unanswered, because no doubt occurs regarding it. The believer performs his duties, enjoys his privileges, bears his afflictions, with heaven as undoubtedly before him, as is home at the termination of the path leading to it, to the member of the household wending from his daily toil. And how is such assurance attained ? Simply, by the renewed mind being so completely formed, that the believer is, in very deed, a child of God, a member of that Divine family, to which heaven and earth are but several parts of the same wide mansion, which is, to all equally, the house of a Father. The question, Does my Father love me ? no more occurs to such an one, than to the dutiful child who lives in every-day intercourse with a tender and bountiful parent. Assurance, with such an one, loses the character of intellectual apprehension, because it has put

on the higher character of uninterrupted feeling. He looks forward to the future life, with the same absence of emotion, as when viewing the continuation of a known and experienced course. Heaven is but a higher point on an upward path. Death is but a change of place in the same domain ; the arrival, in company with Christ, from the dusty way, at the evening habitation of repose. The song of the Christian in dying is his song through life prolonged : 'The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me : thy rod, and thy staff, they comfort me.'

After reading such a volume, we wish it were possible to spend an evening in communion with its thoughtful but unknown writer.

ATHENÆ CANTABRIGIENSES. By Charles Henry Cooper, F.S.A., and Thompson Cooper, F.S.A. Volume II. 1586-1609. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.; and Macmillan and Co. London: Bell and Daldy. 1861. Royal octavo, pp. 569.

To our agreeable surprise, and with a promptitude and punctuality worthy of all commendation, the second volume of this really national work is placed in our hands, only two short years after the publication of its predecessor. To insure so regular and speedy an issue must have involved an incalculable amount of care and industry—for the volume is large—a folio of matter, with its double columns and small type—and its contents are of a kind which forbid perfunctory manipulation. Its body of facts and dates, of names and *memorabilia* of all kinds, has imposed a weary task of compilation, comparison, and correction, that could neither be accomplished by sloth nor slurred over by negligence. In re-

urn for the pains so conscientiously bestowed upon the work, the English reader may now hope to possess, for the first time, a memorial and eclectic list of the celebrated sons of their Cambridge Alma Mater, which may vie with the kindred *Athenæ* of Anthony a-Wood, in full and minute detail. The public, too—especially the public of European scholars—will herein find a record of those distinguished mathematicians whose successive labours have formed the reputation of the most characteristic public school in England, while the work of the Messrs. Cooper will give still wider celebrity amongst emulous youngsters to the ancient ditty—

“O Cambridge Universitie’s a famous
Universitie,
Kenn’d farre and wide for scientifik
knowledge O.”

So voluminous a roll as that of the *Athenæ* will, of course, include a multitude of names which must be classed in all candour amongst the illustrious obscure. Yet, all these names represent scholarly men of more than average attainments, and persons who, in their generation, were the working staff of the University; less brilliant it may be than the *élite* of their fellows, but not less useful. The flowers spangle the mead, but it is the grass which feeds the ox.

That these lists should be so full and complete, considering the lapse of time, and the mishaps of circumstance, may well prove a matter of grateful surprise; but there is one circumstance to which it may be ascribed sufficiently curious to invite remark, namely, the rareness of flies in our University buildings. This seems to dispose of the vulgar slanders respecting the habits of our scholars, and forbids the supposition that drunken carelessness is common within the sacred bounds of *Acadēmus*. So far as we can tell, neither College registrar nor University librarian has ever had occasion to adopt the wail of the quaint mythologist,

Alexander Ross, who charges the God of Fire with an onslaught upon his cabinet:—“They make Vulcan lame and slow-paced, but I am sure he came too nimbly upon all my papers, manuscripts and notes, which I have been gathering these forty years, and consumed them all on a sudden. . . . But he was always an enemy to Minerva; and he hath showed it by destroying my papers.” How perfectly safe our records have been under the wing of their learned custodians will appear from the fact that the present large volume embraces the literati of only twenty-three years. Every life has subjoined to it a reference to the sources from which it is drawn, a feature of inestimable value to the student.

On the whole, the publication is one of rare utility; fills up a gap in literary history; is worthy of the highest praise for the manner in which it is produced, and will hand down the name of the gifted Editors to the most remote posterity as men of singular public spirit and laborious zeal.

SACRED HARMONIES FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL AND FAMILY. By James Sampson. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 18 St. Paul’s Church-Yard.

WE can heartily recommend this little book to public notice. It is well that some attempt should be made to introduce a higher order of music in our Sunday-schools, and amongst our children. And Mr. Sampson’s is no ordinary collection; his “harmonies” are simple, sweet, often pathetic, and never common-place. Children’s capacity for appreciating first-class music may be doubted; but whether they thoroughly enter into it, or not, it is surely far wiser early to accustom them to the very best—never to put them off with inferior music, because it is “only for children,”

It is an undisputed fact that children are the quickest learners, and in our own experience we have found no sweeter voices and no truer percep-

tions than amongst the juveniles. But there are many of Mr. Sampson's tunes equally suitable to grown people. His tendency is perhaps rather too much to what is plaintive and melancholy. His strains are like the "sweet and low wind of the western sea," and we feel we should be glad if there was a little more of the merry sparkling of the waves in the sunlight. Still, in most cases, they thoroughly enter into the conception, and completely carry out the idea, of the hymns for which they were composed; they need, therefore, a careful expression and sympathy in their interpretation.

REVERENCE FOR THE SANCTUARY. By Mrs. Paul J. Turquand. With Introductory Preface and Memoir, by her Husband. London: Henry James Tresidder.

A little judicious book on an important subject not sufficiently pondered even by Christian folk and Church Members. We can feel with her afflicted husband when he says the publication of this composition "gratifies and soothes my own heart." It must be useful if it is quietly and thoughtfully read. Mrs. Turquand must, from the slight sketch of her prefaced to the Essay, have been a woman whom it was a privilege to know. Her husband touchingly says, alluding to his doubts as to the wisdom of publishing, "a tear in the eye is apt to magnify the object on which we look;" but making every allowance for the magnifying power of tears, she must have been a woman of no ordinary piety. We have been much pleased by the account of her death-bed, her conversations with her husband, and the touching legacy of the three Bibles to her three children:—

"With eyes full of tears, she then alluded to her little ones: 'God, my dearest, will help you to bring them up aright. Go and get those three Bibles I have bought for them.' They were brought, when she dictated the following inscriptions:—'For dear little Paul, from his mother in

glory; and she hopes that he will read a chapter every day, and do what God tells him.' 'For dear little Sissy, from her dear mother in glory; and she hopes that she will read a chapter every day, and submit her will to God's.' 'For my own little Netty, who will never know her mamma till she meets her in glory. Read a chapter every day.' This done, she asked her husband to pray for them, and whilst he was doing so exclaimed, 'Jesus, take them now to Thy love. Some children are converted early; may mine be suffered now to come to Thee.'"

* * * * *

"To the last her intellect was unimpaired. 'Are you happy even now?' said her husband, when the breathing indicated that she had but a few moments to live. 'Yes.' 'Are you without any fear?' 'Yes.' 'Is Jesus still a sufficient Saviour?' 'Yes;' and then whispered, 'Pray.' A short prayer was offered, and whilst her husband said for her, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' she ceased to breathe.

"As, however, truthfulness is never more important than when depicting a death-bed scene, it is only right to add that one cloud did pass over her calm and holy soul. About four hours before her end she said to her husband, 'What, now, if there be no hereafter, no God, no heaven, and all my religion is a delusion? What, if I am now about to be annihilated?' Reference was made in reply to the life of Jesus, and the whole tendency of His teachings, as opposed to falsehood and deception; and that He had said, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' and 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' &c. 'Yes,' she said, 'I see it; it was only a momentary temptation of Satan.' So the temptation passed; and ere four hours more had gone by, her spirit, too, was gone to her Saviour and her God—no longer to see through a glass darkly, but face to face—no longer to know in part, but to know even as she is known."

RATIONALISM THE LAST SCOURGE OF THE CHURCH. Illustrated Principally from the Writings of the Rev. John Kirk, *Morrisonian*; Orson Pratt, Chief Mormon; William Maude, Editor of the "*Gospel Magazine*;" and the Heathen Philosopher Plato. By T. W. Christie, B.A. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie, 81 Princes Street.

THIS is a most edifying volume. It is as bulky as a brick, and has about as many bowels and mercies. In addition to those whose names are on the title-page, the author puts Andrew

Fuller, and William Arthur, and even Dr. Candlish, among the Rationalists. The Doctor has dealt such hard measure to others that we were glad to find him where he is. Candlish among the heretics! What a sweet and savoury little church our author must belong to! The poor, unhappy, opinionated mortal!—instead of finding Rationalism everywhere, we venture to suggest if it would not be better to try to find Christ somewhere.

ENLARGEMENT OF SIZE AND REDUCTION OF PRICE IN
THE NEW SERIES

or

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MONTHLY—ONE SHILLING.

MY DEAR SIR,

You asked me the other day if it were true that the ECLECTIC REVIEW had once more changed hands, and if it had at last fallen into mine. Yes, this is true. You further said to me, you thought the poor old ECLECTIC had done its work, and that, like an old ship, the sooner it was broken up the better. You rather ungratefully said that "every dog must have its day," and that the ECLECTIC had had its day; and you were reminded that somebody had said that same proverb was a great consolation to puppies. You will remember what I told you then, but I am desirous of saying the same thing to some thousands of despondents like you. I said the ECLECTIC might be like an old, and, for the time, disabled ship, which yet had a history, and could recount the story of battles; but I said that, with a little copper sheathing, and new masts, and sails, and rigging, the old timbers might yet do a good deal of service. I have taken the command of the vessel, and I propose to try what can be done.

I could not attempt any reorganization before the periodical came into my hands, in the middle of January. With all my ordinary work, I had to write myself the whole February number. It was impossible to recast or make any new arrangement then.

But now, convinced that the price of the Review is a barrier to its success in this day of eminently-cheap periodicals, I design first, if the sale can be sufficiently increased, to reduce the price from one shilling-and-sixpence to one shilling—and to increase the size from seven to eight sheets, 112 to 128 pages.

*I have already brought it back from the Magazine form of literature, to what it was in its old and more successful days—a Review. It will be a Shilling Review. We have plenty of magazines, religious and irreligious, political and literary. This I design to make the periodical: a useful, serious-minded, and cheerful-hearted Review; and the territory I shall occupy will be distinctly its own. The “British Quarterly” does its work worthily, nobly. The work of the ECLECTIC will be lighter—it will take a place somewhere between the lighter Monthly and the heavier Quarterly. I desire to make it something of a *Bibliotheca Sacra* for the students and ministers of our country, and yet something of the “North American Review” for Family readers. It shall have in it the Student element and the Family element. It shall contain what may render it a fitting companion for the Instructive Sabbath afternoon—interesting for the wife and daughter; while, in the same number, discussing questions which the Christian citizen or the Christian scholar would wish to see discussed, in such a manner as to be useful and attractive to a large variety of readers. I am desirous to discuss the *principles of Philanthropic and of Liberal Sociology*—the principles of Nonconformist Ecclesiology—while maintaining the truths of *Evangelical Religion*.*

Thus I am, as you desired me to be, necessarily most explicit as to principles. *I am told that, if the Review is to be successful, I must cast out the Nonconformist element.* Before I will do this, I will cast aside the Review itself. I throw it, on the contrary, on the body of Congregational Nonconformists, and respectfully claim their support for the only Monthly Review in the world devoted to *their* claims. Thus, before all things, it will be *distinctly Nonconformist, and distinctly Puritan*. This will express its politics and its theology. It will look with great respect and great affection on the Church of England as a Church, and will review, from time to time, all its manifold labours and varied shades of opinion, but it will be decidedly Nonconformist and Evangelical. Can you conceive an Eclectic Puritan? for this will be my aim in its structure and management. It was an *Eclectic Puritan* in the days of Parkin, of Hall, of Foster, Montgomery, and Josiah Conder. We live in a day when traditions go for nothing; but such are the traditions of the ECLECTIC. “*I shall be true to its old traditions,*” as our quiet neighbour across the Channel would say.

Of course, *it must occasionally be polemical; but it will be gentlemanly, I hope.* What we denounce we must discuss. I shall try to maintain the truth, but the truth in a truthful spirit: for the individual seeker the last is even of more importance than the first. I hope the ECLECTIC will be aggressive as well as defensive; and whatever you may say about its work being done, I hope it may show there are things among us yet both to smite and to sustain. It will be Protestant, not merely by the negative assertion of Protestant principles, but by *active and inveterate hostility to Popish tactics*; at the same time, by exercising a watchful scrutiny over Popish literature.

I intend that it shall be a *Retrospective Review* of religious literature—the remains of masters of theological and philosophical thought, the great heroes, and great heresiarchs amongst us; not to mention multitudes of the lesser known of those men of an age too glorious for many men among us to comprehend—whose works, year by year, go by tons upon tons to America. *I hope to devote some considerable space to American literature*, so that we in Old England may know what thinkers and writers are doing in New.

My expectations of success are modest; of course I know, as the whole world knows, that Nonconformists do not support a literature. But, to realise what I desire, I only need a sale of 4,000 copies. *Let every Minister of the two denominations, Baptist and Independent, secure a sale of two copies, and the work is more than done.* Will you take in one copy yourself, and procure the sale of two other copies? It will be cheap; *one hundred and twenty-eight pages for One Shilling*; it will equal in cheapness the “*Cornhill*,” or “*St. James’s*,” or “*Macmillan’s*,” and I hope that it will be to its own readers as interesting as those famous journals. IT WILL CERTAINLY BE THE CHEAPEST REVIEW IN ENGLAND OR AMERICA.

It has been sinking I know. But I think there must be power enough in our midst to sustain this enterprise. Have we not men of critical sagacity and acumen? Have we not men of skill in the grace, as well as in the force and pungency, of composition? I start with the design and determination to pay for every article—the amount paid must, of course, materially depend upon the sale—the larger the sale the more brain-power can we purchase for the periodical. The condition of the sale at present makes it impossible to pay either editor or contributor; *this is the state in which I found it.* I desire to make it worth the while of a scholar and a gentleman to devote some time to it. If this cannot be done, we have no constituency, and it had better drop out of existence. So far as I am concerned, one or the other shall be the case. It shall sail as I desire, or, for me, it shall sink.

You say you are a Nonconformist, but you do not care about it. Your indifference to it I believe to be very general. You say “It is not needed, let it go.” But do we not need a literature? Does not a religious corporation depend for its existence upon its speech and its pen? Corporations are usually considered doubtful things, and I believe most of the institutions on this earth, that I can hear of, have something doubtful about them. But it is pretty generally acknowledged that the corporate surrounding of any principle is its preservation. If you don’t take care of your body, your soul will soon become ashamed of it, and quit it, in fact. Souls cannot get on without bodies. You said to me, when I remarked that the *Eclectic* had served the Nonconformist and Puritan principles of the Congregationalists, Baptists, and Independents,—you did not care a snap for bodies, only for truth and principle. Very well; but by-and-by you find you have, in starving your body, dissipated your principles.

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